





# HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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## SELECT SPECIMENS OF BRITISH CLASSICAL AUTHORS

from the Elizabethan era to our days

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCHES

AND FRENCH EXPLANATORY NOTES

a Class-Book for the use of schools

BY

**H. SOLAZZI.**



————— Fair thy renown  
In awful Sages and in noble Bards.  
THOMSON. (Great Britain.)

VARESE

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## P R É F A C E.

La langue anglaise occupe aujourd'hui une place très-importante dans l'enseignement de nos établissements d'éducation et devient familière, parmi nous aussi, tous les jours de plus en plus. Il y a en cela de quoi se réjouir; car ce sera une source inépuisable de nouvelles jouissances intellectuelles et de connaissances très-utiles.

C'est grand dommage pourtant, que la jeunesse de nos écoles, faute de bons livres de lecture, soit condamnée à n'étudier cette langue que dans les grammaires et les manuels de conversation, sans tirer de cette étude tout le fruit qu'on en devrait attendre.

L'intelligence de la grammaire est sans doute nécessaire; mais elle n'est nécessaire qu'en ce qu'elle sert d'introduction à la connaissance d'une langue; comme l'intelligence d'une langue n'est utile qu'en ce qu'elle sert d'introduction à la connaissance d'un peuple.

La langue anglaise, telle qu' on la parle et telle qu' on l'écrit, est répandue toute entière dans la littérature anglaise: c'est là et non pas ailleurs, qu' il faut puiser pour l'apprendre.

Étudiée ainsi, cette langue ne sera pas une vaine acquisition de mots; ce sera au contraire apprendre, avec la véritable langue, l'histoire du développement moral d'un grand peuple, qui a atteint lui-même un très-haut degré de civilisation et contribué prodigieusement à la civilisation de l'ancien et du nouveau monde.

Ce fut dans l'intention d'offrir aux élèves de nos écoles, dans un livre de lecture, un tableau général de la littérature anglaise moderne, que nous avons entrepris la compilation de cet ouvrage.

Ainsi, au lieu de diviser ce livre en un certain nombre de genres tels que: *narrations*, *descriptions*, *tableaux*, *fables* etc, comme dans la plupart des recueils en prose et en vers, nous avons suivi l'ordre chronologique.

Entre autres avantages, cet ordre a celui de présenter le développement et le perfectionnement de la langue; il montre au lecteur le caractère particulier de chaque époque et lui

offre, en même-temps, plus d'intérêt et de variété.

Pour faciliter l'intelligence de ces morceaux, qui sont d'ailleurs des plus faciles, nous les avons éclaircis de nombreuses annotations. Ces annotations nous les avons faites en français, pour nous conformer à la prescription du programme ministériel sur l'enseignement de la langue anglaise: de cela nous nous flattons qu'on ne nous en saura pas mauvais gré.\*

Ce livre ayant été fait exprès pour nos écoles et pour la jeunesse en général, nous avons mis un soin scrupuleux dans le choix de tous les morceaux. Nous avons eu soin aussi, par indulgence envers cette même jeunesse qui se rebute de tout ce qui est trop austère ou trop au dessus de son intelligence, de ne choisir que les morceaux les plus intéressants, les plus caractéristiques et les plus charmants de littérature anglaise, afin de rendre la lecture de ce livre, non-seulement instructive, mais facile et agréable.

**H. S.**

Varese, 26 Mars 1867.

\* L'uso della lingua francese nell'insegnamento della lingua estera, inglese o tedesca o altra lingua moderna, è di rigore.

(Regolamento per l'Istruzione Industriale e Professionale 18 Ottobre 1865.)



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## PROSE-WRITERS.



## FRANCIS BACON.

Francis Bacon a great English philosopher, was born in London in 1561. His father was a distinguished lawyer in Queen Elisabeth's reign. He studied at Cambridge, and upon leaving the university spent some time on the continent, from whence he was recalled upon the death of his father in 1579. A valuable essay on the state of Europe appeared soon after, which showed that he had not spent his time there uselessly. Having in vain endeavoured to procure a situation under government in which he might devote a portion of his time to literature, he studied the law and during this period published his great work 'The instauration of the sciences divided into six parts. In 1593 he entered parliament and there showed the weakness of his character by first strongly adhering to one party and then becoming quite as partial to the opposite. He wrote many works, but his *Essays* are the principal and the most interesting, and continue to be read with great admiration to the present day. The philosophy of Aristotle had reigned for a long time in all Europe, but it became corrupted in the course of time, and Francis Bacon perceiving its barren and stationary character, formed it, as its name implies, into a search after truth; this he did in so masterly a manner that he has justly obtained the title of father of that science. He has written all his works in a highly finished style; his ideas are so lofty, his figures so beautiful and clearly drawn, that the reader is interested as well as instructed. He wrote also a work in 1610 entitled 'The Wisdom of the Ancients', 'The felicities of Queen Elisabeth's reign', History of King Henry VII., 'The New Atlantic', a philosophical romance and many other minor publications. In 1603 he was created Knight by James I. and in 1619 he was installed into the office of Lord chancellor of England. The death of this great man happened in a very singular manner, he was once riding during winter in his

carriage, when the thought struck him that flesh might be preserved as well with snow as with salt; he therefore alighted, purchased a fowl, and helped with his own hands to stuff it; after this he felt a chill come upon him; he rode immediately to the Earl of Arundel's, where his illness was increased by being put into a damp bed, and he died a few days after, aged 63. (1626).

## OF TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? said jesting <sup>1</sup> Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be <sup>2</sup> that delight in giddiness; <sup>3</sup> and count it a bondage to fix a belief; <sup>4</sup> affecting freewill <sup>5</sup> in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, <sup>6</sup> which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood <sup>7</sup> in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in the finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth <sup>8</sup> upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour, but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the latter school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand <sup>9</sup> to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; which neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. <sup>10</sup> But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, <sup>11</sup> and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily <sup>12</sup> as candle-lights.

Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that sheweth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valua-

tions; imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken <sup>13</sup> things, full of melancholy, and indisposition, and displeasing to themselves? One of the fathers called poesy *rinum daemonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and setteth in it, <sup>14</sup> that doth the hurt, such as we spoke of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; <sup>15</sup> the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature.

The first creation of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath-work, <sup>16</sup> ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light <sup>17</sup> into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. <sup>18</sup> The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost <sup>19</sup> upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below: <sup>20</sup> but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded; and where the air is always clear and serene; and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below: so always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to

have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, 21 and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged, 22 even by those that practise not, that clear and round dealing 23 is the honour of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but embaseth 24 it. For these winding and crooked courses 25 are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montagne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge? 26 Saith he, 'If it be well weighed, 27 to say, that a man lieth, is as much as to say, that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks 28 from man'. Surely the wickedness of falsehood, and breach of faith, cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal 29 to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, 30 that when Christ cometh, 'he shall not find faith upon the earth?'

1 En badinant, en raillant. — 2 Il y a des gens. — 3 Vertige. — 4 Et considèrent comme un esclavage l'avoir une opinion. — 5 Fianc arbitre, liberté. — 6 Esprits vagues. — 7 Sang, c'est à dire, perf, substance. — 8 La terminaison en *th* à la 3<sup>e</sup> p. d. s. n'est plus en usage que dans le style biblique; lisez *imposes*, en impose. — 9 Et s'est trouvé dans l'embarras. — 10 Pour l'amour du mensonge. — 11 Masques, momeries subterfuges. — 12 Majestueusement, fastueusement. — 13 Rabougri chétif. — 14 Vieux, pour *sinks* et *selles*, y pénétre et



s'y fixe. — 15 Faire l'amour, courtiser. — 16 Son oeuvre du sabbat. — 17 Souffla, exhala la lumière. — 18 Elu. — 19 Ballotté. — 20 Et les aventures qui s'y passent. — 21 Avoir une âme charitable et confiante. — 22 On reconnoitra. — 23 Qu'une conduite franche et droite. — 24 Qui rend le métal (apparemment) meilleur mais qui l'avilit. — 25 Voies obliques et tortueuses. — 26 Affront, accuse. — 27 A bien considérer. — 28 Plie lâchement. — 29 Appel. — 30 Prédit.

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## ON STUDY.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight, is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; <sup>1</sup> but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those who are learned. <sup>2</sup> To spend too much time in studies is sloth; <sup>3</sup> to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. <sup>4</sup> They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; <sup>5</sup> for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. <sup>6</sup> Crafty men <sup>7</sup> contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. <sup>8</sup> Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. <sup>9</sup> Some books are to be tasted, others

to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; <sup>10</sup> and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory: <sup>11</sup> if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; <sup>12</sup> and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. <sup>13</sup>

1 Les gens adroits, ou instruits par la seule expérience sont plus propres à l'exécution et pour juger des choses en détail. — 2 Les gens instruits, les savants, ont plus d'aptitude pour les vnes générales, la conduite, et la direction des affaires. — 3 C'est de la paresse. — 4 C'est dans la disposition, dans l'humeur, dans le caprice d'un homme de lettres. — 5 Les lettres perfectionnent la nature et sont eiles mêmes perfectionnées par l'expérience. — 6 Les talents naturels comme les plantes ont besoin d'être émondés, cultivés soigneusement car même les études produisent des diramations trop vagues si on ne les renferment pas dans le cercle de l'expérience. — 7 Les hommes rusés, les intrigants. — 8 Les lettres seules sont insuffisantes et ne suffisent pas même pour nous apprendre à bien user des lettres; Ce qui peut nous apprendre à en faire un bon usage c'est une certaine prudence qui n'est pas en elles mais qui est hors d'elles et qu'on ne peut acquérir que par l'expérience ou l'observation. — 9 Ni pour accepter comme une vérité mais pour réfléchir (peser). — 10 La lecture donne à l'esprit de l'abondance, de la fécondité; la conversation de la promptitude, de la facilité de s'énoncer. — 11 Il lui faut une bonne mémoire. — 12 Vivacité d'esprit. — 13 A besoin d'une grande adresse pour paraître savoir ce qu'il ignore.

## EDWARD HYDE

### EARL OF CLARENDON.

Edward Hyde was born in Wiltshire 1608; his parents intended him to enter the church, but this employment not suiting his fancy, he studied for the bar, in which position he highly distinguished himself. Upon entering parliament in 1640 he quitted the profession and gave himself up to public affairs, in which he sided with the Royalists. Charles I. while at Oxford, appointed him Chancellor of the Exchequer, and created him a knight. — From 1649 to 1651 he was employed by the exiled Charles as ambassador at Madrid. He then joined this unfortunate sovereign in Paris and officiated for him as Lord Chancellor. At the Restoration Hyde took his seat as speaker in the house of Commons, and had a large share in directing the government. By the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York, Hyde became the ancestor of two sovereigns, Mary and Anne. In 1665 he was compelled to give up the great seal at the command of Charles on account of his opposition to the profligacy of that monarch's court. He then retired to France, where he occupied himself with the accomplishment of his 'History of the Rebellion', a work in six volumes, which however is in many parts tedious. Among works of less importance he has written an autobiography and a superb 'Essay a an active and contemplative Life, and why one should be preferred to the other, which latter is a very valuable production. He died in the year 1674. A great part of his works were published after his death. The volume entitled, 'Religion and Policy, and the Countenance they should give to each other, with a Survey of the Power and the Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other princes,' appeared for the first time before the public in 1811.

#### CHARLES I.

It will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person; that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, <sup>1</sup> in being deprived

of a Prince, whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature, which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing: <sup>2</sup> and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public, that flowed from such his indulgence. <sup>3</sup> And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, <sup>4</sup> and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, <sup>5</sup> though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. <sup>6</sup> He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light <sup>7</sup> or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered: <sup>8</sup> and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst <sup>9</sup> bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. <sup>10</sup> He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that

particular durst not brag of their liberty: <sup>11</sup> and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay, that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. <sup>12</sup> He was not, in his nature, very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; <sup>13</sup> and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, <sup>14</sup> which made his Court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long, before he received them about his person: and did not love strangers nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the Council Board; <sup>15</sup> and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part: so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours <sup>16</sup> made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very careless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it: which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty; and his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils, proceeded

from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken <sup>17</sup> to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was King; and the major number of his servants being still of that nation, who he thought could never fail him. <sup>18</sup> And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew <sup>19</sup> from thence what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one Earl who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered', the King said, 'that he deserved to be hanged'; and that Earl coming shortly after into the room where his Majesty was in some gaiety, to shew how unhurt he was from that battle, the King sent one to bid him <sup>20</sup> withdraw from his Majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his

ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another; till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great King to so ugly a fate, it is most certain, that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share <sup>21</sup> in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for <sup>22</sup> by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts <sup>23</sup> and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice. <sup>24</sup>

1 Prét. d. v. *undergo*, subir, endurer. — 2 Chose inhumaine. — 3 Qui s'ensuivait d'une pareille indulgence. — 4 Vols commis dans les grands chemins. — 5 Divertissement de la chasse et de la pêche. — 6 A prêter leur service de bonne heure. — 7 Légère. — 8 Quelque spirituel ou sarcastique qu'il fût. — 9 Prét. d. v. *to dare*, oser. — 10 N'était pas en faveur. — 11 N'osait se vanter de leur libertinage. — 12 Qu'ils auraient dû produire. — 13 Ces munificences tombaient rarement. — 14 Il maintenait rigoureusement sa dignité. — 15 Table du conseil — 16 Que l'opiniâtreté capricieuse des hommes. — 17 Ecouter, prononcer. — 18 Il pensait qu'ils ne l'auraient jamais abandonné. — 19 Prét. d. v. *Withdraw*, se retirer. — 20 Pour lui ordonner. — 21 Il avait une part aussi grande. — 22 Désiré. — 23 Talents. — 24. Et si exempt de toutes sortes de vices.

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## JOHN BUNYAN.

the son of a tinker, was born at Eton in Bedfordshire in 1628; after receiving some little instruction in reading and writing he resolved to follow his father's trade, and travelled for many years about the country in this capacity. He represents himself as having during this period been deeply sunk in profligacy, but in 1665 he resolved to lead a religious life, was baptized and induced to become a preacher to a Baptist congregation. He retained this post five years, at the end of which time he was apprehended as an upholder of unlawful religious assemblies and confined in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a half and wrote several works of which that entitled 'The Pilgrim's Progress from this World into that which is to come' is the most celebrated. This allegorical work is, as its title denotes, a description of the life of a christian. After being released from his imprisonment, he resumed his occupation of an itinerant preacher until the proclamation of liberty to his sect was issued by James II., when he erected a meetinghouse in Bedford of which he became Pastor and many attended his preaching. He died when on a visit to London in 1688 in the sixty first year of his age.



## CHRISTIAN IN THE HANDS OF GIANT DESPAIR.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, calling Doubting Castle, the owner whereof <sup>1</sup> was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, <sup>2</sup> and asked them whence they were, <sup>3</sup> and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, <sup>4</sup> by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, <sup>5</sup> and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through <sup>6</sup> his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, <sup>7</sup> that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. <sup>8</sup> So she asked

him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, <sup>9</sup> and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, <sup>10</sup> and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating <sup>11</sup> them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. <sup>12</sup> So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, <sup>13</sup> their only way would be forthwith <sup>14</sup> to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end to them himself, but that he fell <sup>15</sup> into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take counsel or no; <sup>16</sup> and, thus they began to discourse: —

*Chr.* Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. <sup>17</sup> 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

*Hope.* Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide: <sup>18</sup> but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; <sup>19</sup> much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kill another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, etc. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, <sup>20</sup> and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With

these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of <sup>21</sup> the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth: —

*Hope.* My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? <sup>22</sup> What hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off <sup>23</sup> the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves.

Then said she, take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end,<sup>24</sup> thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces,<sup>25</sup> and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither.<sup>26</sup>

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case; as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks<sup>27</sup> about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. and sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant: I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.<sup>28</sup>

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out<sup>29</sup> in this passionate speech: What a fool am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful,

that's good news good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt <sup>30</sup> (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, <sup>31</sup> yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open <sup>32</sup> the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; <sup>33</sup> for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves <sup>34</sup> what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence: — „ Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle; which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims.“ many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

1 Duquel. — 2 Il leur ordonna de s'éveiller. — 3 D'où ils étaient.  
— 4 Vous avez empiété sur mon terrain. — 5 Les faisait marcher

devant lui. — 6 A cause de. — 7 C'est à dire. — 8 Ce qu'il pouvait leur faire souffrir encore. — 9 Et où ils allaient. — 10 Il prit un énorme, (affligeant) bâton de pommier sauvage. — 11 Il les gronda. — 12 Elle lui dit de les conseiller à se tuer. — 13 Comme il n'y avait aucune chance pour eux de sortir de là. — 14 Sur-le-champ. — 15 S'il n'était pas tombé. — 16 S'ils devaient ou non suivre son conseil. — 17 De sa propre main. — 18 Que de vivre toujours comme cela. — 19 Qui que ce soit. — 20 De reprendre courage. — 21 Tant pour défaut de pain et d'eau qu'à cause des... — 22 Jusqu' à présent. — 23 Couper, ôter. — 24 Avant qu' une semaine soit écoulée. — 25 Et quant il me parut convenable je les mis en pièces. — 26 Il les conduisit jusque là à coups de bâton. — 27 Rossignol, crochet. — 28 Pointe du jour. — 29 Il éolata. — 30 Verrou. — 31 Etait difficile à ouvrir. — 32 Ils ouvrirent la porte de toute sa largeur. — 33 Il senti que ses membres ne le soutenaient pas. — 34 A se concerter.

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## SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Richard Steele, born in Ireland 1667 of respectable family, was educated in London and at the university of Oxford. He enlisted as a private soldier in the horse guards, his family objecting to his becoming an officer, and led a very dissipated life, which he tried to counteract by the publication of several pamphlets of a moral tendency, for instance 'The Christian Hero.' He then published several comedies of very little merit 'The Funeral of Grief à la mode' (1701). 'The Tender Husband or the Accomplished Fool' (1703). 'The Lying Lover' (1704). The last mentioned of these works did not suit the public taste, in consequence of which the author did not again write for the stage until 1722, when the 'Conscious Lovers' appeared and met with general approbation. Meanwhile in 1709, Steele had begun the publication of a new periodical, entitled 'The Tatler', a paper published, as the author expresses it 'to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguise of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our

behaviour.' In 1711 Steele abandoned this task and commenced in conjunction with his friend Addison, the 'Spectator' which was of the same kind as 'The Tatler,' but more exclusively devoted to literature, etc. In this paper, Steele wrote the humorous parts, while Addison composed those, for which Steele had neither the talent nor the inclination. A quarrel unfortunately took place between the Editors, and their friendship was broken. Steele had twice a seat in parliament, but was the first time expelled on account of the sarcasm with which he commented upon public affairs in his pamphlets. He died in 1729.

### HERCULES' CHOICE.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, <sup>1</sup> he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment, her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast <sup>2</sup> towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment <sup>3</sup> as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance which she had helped <sup>4</sup> with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. <sup>5</sup> She cast her eyes upon herself,



then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him <sup>6</sup> after the following manner:

My dear Hercules, says she, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of Pleasure, and out of the reach of Pain, and remove you from all the noise and inquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell <sup>7</sup> for ever to care, to pain, to business.

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered: My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner:

Hercules, says she, I offer myself to you because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue, and ap-

plication to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship. I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down <sup>8</sup> this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; <sup>9</sup> if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness. The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in <sup>10</sup> upon her discourse: You see, said she, Hercules, by her own confession the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, <sup>11</sup> made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, <sup>12</sup> and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. <sup>13</sup> Your votaries <sup>14</sup> pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, <sup>15</sup> torment, and remorse, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of God, and of good men,

an agreeable companion to the artisan, and household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintances, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; <sup>17</sup> and, I believe every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

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1 Il devait suivre. — 2 Tournés, baissés. — 3 Habillements. — 4 Aidée augmentée, enrichie (la santé et la fraîcheur). — 5 Avec profit. — 6 L'aborda. — 7 Et dis adieu, et quitte. — 8 Poser, admettre. — 9 Vous donner la peine de l'adorer. — 10 Interrompt son discours. — 11 *To glow with passion* s'enflammer de colère. — 12 Excités suscités. — 13 L'objet, le travail de sa propre main. — 14 Dévots, adorateur. — 15 Accumler des angoisses. — 16 Domestique adj. — 17 Il donna son coeur.

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison, born in 1672, was the son of a countrygentleman and received his early education at the Charter-house in London, where he first became acquainted with Sir Richard Steele, with whom he afterwards associated in composing the 'Tatler, and 'Spectator.' In 1693 he obtained at Oxford the degree of Master of Arts, and from this period he enjoyed an exceedingly prosperous career. In 1695 he published a poem on William III. and addressed it to Lord Somers; this procured him the favour of the king and an annual pension of L. 300: at the same time he wrote other poems of less merit. The death of king William deprived him of his pension, but soon afterwards a poem, called 'The campaign', on Marlborough and the battle of Blenheim, appeared, for which he was rewarded by receiving the situation of Commissioner of the Appeals. In 1700 he was made Under-Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges, and continued in office under the Earl of Sunderland. About this time he composed an opera and a comedy which were however not well received. In 1708 Addison entered parliament, but he was of too timid a disposition to appear as a public speaker: he became soon afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State. In 1708 he accompanied the Marquis of Wharton to Ireland, and there commenced writing for periodicals. In 1709 the 'Tatler' a literary journal, founded by Sir Richard Steele, made its first appearance: Addison soon turned his attention to it and continued his assistance till it ceased to be published. After a short period the 'Tatler' was superseded by the 'Spectator,' in which the principal essays and literary productions of Addison appeared; and the service which he rendered his country through the writings, cannot be too highly appreciated. He at once refined and elevated the taste and tone of society in general, and brought knowledge and information within the reach of the lower classes. In 1716 he married the Countess dowager of Warwick, which union proved unhappy. Addison retired from the office of Secretary of State on account of his timidity in public speaking, after which he received a pension of L. 1500 per annum. During the latter part of his retired life he employed himself in writing a work on 'The Evidences of Christian Religion' which displays much learning, but which

he did not live to complete. He died on the 17th of June 1719 in the 79th year of his age.

### ABDALLAH AND BALSORA.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn <sup>1</sup> of an oriental tale; and as it has never been before printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim, the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the black palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin, the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises <sup>2</sup> five-and-thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest <sup>3</sup> the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: "Helim," said he, "I have long admired thy great wisdom and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design

that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. <sup>4</sup> By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim; after which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received his children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements <sup>5</sup> under him, that by the age of one-and-twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest <sup>6</sup> was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman <sup>7</sup> of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up <sup>8</sup> by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn <sup>9</sup> than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his dear Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who, pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the si-

ght of Balsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim knew very well the fate of all those unhappy who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy <sup>10</sup> to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter "Far be it," says he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, <sup>11</sup> keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence, as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise: but, upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, <sup>12</sup> and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and, after having recovered her out the trance <sup>13</sup> into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once, but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. <sup>14</sup> Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment, insomuch <sup>15</sup> that at length she fell into a raging fever. <sup>16</sup> The king was informed

of her condition by those that saw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours, and afterwards, in all the seeming distress <sup>17</sup> of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter: however, for his own reputation, he told the father that, since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death; that her body should be laid <sup>18</sup> in the Black palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the meantime, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper <sup>19</sup> into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim; it shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians to convey, <sup>20</sup> in a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black palace, which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the royal family after they



are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting <sup>21</sup> lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors <sup>22</sup> of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides <sup>23</sup> the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care, some time after, to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken had lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in, at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirement of the blest, <sup>24</sup> and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet in the company of his Balsora,

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up <sup>25</sup> in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal

family who are in a state of bliss do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight <sup>26</sup> for that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms <sup>27</sup> of Persia, with a long train <sup>28</sup> of linen, whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath <sup>29</sup> of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented <sup>30</sup> with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, <sup>31</sup> but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished by the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts <sup>32</sup> of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by <sup>33</sup> the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon <sup>34</sup> for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was seated on

mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness, <sup>35</sup> which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were so fraught <sup>36</sup> with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy <sup>37</sup> on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years, he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. <sup>38</sup> Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him <sup>39</sup> with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king, Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat

and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time, and, after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, <sup>40</sup> told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come; upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!" Having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company for some time remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for having so long deprived him of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that now she should be queen indeed; for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side of the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continued to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This caliph Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without chil-

dren, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was the king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

1. Le style la tournure. — 2 Soupçons. — 3 Craignant que. — 4 Dans la recherche, dans l'amour de la vérité. — 5 Progrès. — 6 L'ainé. — 7 Accomplie, parfaite, distinguée — 8 Elevée. — 9 Plus doux. — 10 Il connaissait. — 11 Qu'on amenât devant lui. — 12 Elle s'évanouit. — 13 Ravissement évanouissement. — 14 Et le congédia. — 15 Tellement, de sorte que. — 16 Fièvre ardente qui la faisai délirer — 17 Dans l'angoisse feinte, apparente. — 18 Déposé, enterré. — 19 Maladie. — 20 Transporter. — 21 Eternelles, perpétuelles. — 22 Portes à deux battants. — 23 Hors le, à exception du. — 24 Bienheureux. — 25 Employé. — 26 Essor. — 27 Tisse dans les principaux ateliers. — 28 Queue. — 29 Guirlande, couronne. — 30 Parfumé. — 31 Clarté, splendeur. — 32 Fantômes. — 33. Considéré par. — 34 Qu'ils avaient choisi. — 35 Pour le guérir de sa longue maladie. — 36 Chargé, doué. — 37 Pénible. — 38 Jardins. — 39 N'osa pas lui confier. — 40 D'un traitement si favorable.

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## JOHN DRYDEN.

This illustrious English poet was born in Northamptonshire in the year 1631. He studied at Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of arts and obtained a fellowship. In 1661 several dramatic pieces appeared from his pen. He never attained any great proficiency in his plays, and they are all infected with the licentiousness characteristic of his age, but in lyric, didactic and satirical poetry, Dryden surpasses almost any author that England ever possessed. In

1668 he was appointed Poet Laureate and in 1681 at the express desire of the king he published his splendid satirical poem of 'Absalom and Achitophel', in which he describes the political intrigues of the Duke of Monmouth and his party. Soon after the accession of James II to the throne, Dryden changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic and in order to justify his conversion, he wrote his poem of the 'Hind and Panther' in which he makes the animals discuss the doctrines of the churches of Rome and England. The hind is intended to represent the church of Rome and the panther, that of England; other sects are personified by various animals. During the last ten year of his life he wrote translations of Juvenal, Persius, Ovid and Virgil. Of the works of his later years, the most important is his 'Ode on Cecilia's Day' which may be looked upon as the finest lyrical composition in the English language. His last work of importance is his 'Fables' which consists in stories chosen from Chaucer, Homer and Boccaccio, in which, however, we again see traces of his great licentiousness. Dryden died on the first of May 1700 and was buried in Westminster-Abbey.

### BEN JONSON. <sup>1</sup>

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages <sup>2</sup>), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, <sup>3</sup> but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring <sup>4</sup> to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine <sup>5</sup> to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after

those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic<sup>6</sup> people. He was deeply conversant<sup>7</sup> in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft<sup>8</sup> in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved<sup>9</sup> it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his 'Discoveries,' we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage,<sup>10</sup> as any where with the French can furnish us.

1 Benjamin Jonson, Célèbre auteur dramatique, contemporain de Shakspeare. — 2 Folies, imbécilités. — 3 Esprit. — 4 *To endeavour*, s'efforcer tâcher. — 5 Chagrin, sombre, mélancolique. — 6 Mécaniciens, Ouvriers. — 7 Versé. — 8 Vol, plagiat. — 9 *To weave* tisser, entrelacer, mêler. — 10 Théâtre scène.

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### BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.\*

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, <sup>1</sup> that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. <sup>2</sup> What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ <sup>3</sup> to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their 'Philaster;' for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*.<sup>4</sup> Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, <sup>4</sup> especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, <sup>5</sup> and quickness of wit in repartees, <sup>6</sup> no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt



to believe the English language in them arrived its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, 7 are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos 8 in their more serious plays, which suits 9 generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete 10 and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs. 11

\* Deux célèbres auteurs dramatiques, contemporains de Shakspeare, qui ont composé plusieurs pièces ensemble. — 1 Comédies, pièces théâtrales. — 2 intrigue. — 3 Vieux, pour wrote. — 4 sousentendu plots. — 5 Débauches effrénées. — 6 Repartie, réplique prompte et vive. — 7 Introduits. — 8 Pathétique. — 9 Qui conviennent, qui sont dans le goût. — 10 Vieux, inusité. — 11 L'esprit de Jonson est inférieur, ou, n'est pas si vif, si piquant que l'esprit de B. et de F.

## JOHN LOCKE.

J. Locke was born in 1632 and received his education at Westminster school, after which he entered college at Oxford, and at a later period studied for the medical profession. In 1664 he accompanied Sir Walter Vane, who was sent as envoy from Charles II, to the Elector of Brandenburg. Upon his return to Oxford, a situation in the Irish church was offered to him, which, however, he refused and soon afterwards became an inmate of the Earl of Shaftesbury's house during which time he was employed in the education of this

..obleman's son. In 1672 Locke received from the Earl of Shaftesbury the office of secretary of presentations, of which he was deprived in the following year, when the Earl lost his own appointment of Lord Chancellor. Locke remained on the continent with the exception of one or two visits to England from 1675 till the revolution of 1688; during a part of this time he was obliged to lie concealed in Holland. In this interval he wrote his first letter on Toleration. In 1690 his most celebrated work, 'An Essay on the Human Understanding' was published; the composition of this production had occupied him eighteen years. In the same year he published two 'Treatises on Civil Government', and in 1695 was made a member of the 'Board of Trade', but soon found himself obliged to resign this office on account of ill health. Locke died in 1704 at the age of seventy two. Of his other works may be mentioned 'Thoughts concerning Education' (1693), 'The Reasonableness of Christianity' (1695), of which he also wrote two. Vindications' 1696, and a pamphlet on 'The Conduct of the Understanding'. His 'Essay on the Human Uderstanding' is a most complete and philosophical examination of the human mind, its powers, and capacities, and serves as well for a fundamental book in metaphysics. His style is clear and comprehensive and not spoiled by the great number of technical terms and scholastic phrases which had been generally used in learned books until that time. The Earl of Shaftesbury has said of him: 'No one has done more towards the recalling of philosophy into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the politer and better sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress'.

### IDEAS.

Every man being conscious to himself that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about whilst thinking, <sup>1</sup> being the ideas that are there, it is past doubt, that men have in their mind several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness, and others: it is in the first place then to be inquired how he comes by them? <sup>2</sup> I know it is a received doctrine, that men have native ideas, and

original characters, stamped upon their mind in their very first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and I suppose what I have said will be much more easily admitted, when I have shown whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind, for which I shall appeal to every one's own observation and experience.

Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas, how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy<sup>3</sup> of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word, from experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation employed either about external sensible objects or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.<sup>4</sup>

First, Our senses, conversant<sup>5</sup> about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things according to those various ways wherein<sup>6</sup> those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities, which, when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean, they, from external objects, convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have,

depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call SENSATION.

Secondly, The other fountain from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas is the perception of the operations of our own mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set <sup>7</sup> of ideas, which could not be had from things without; <sup>8</sup> and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds; which we being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive <sup>9</sup> into our understandings as distinct idea as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external object, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense. But as I call the other sensation, so I call this REFLECTION, the ideas it affords <sup>10</sup> being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations, within itself. By reflection, then, in the following part of this discourse, I would be understood to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations, and the manner of them, by reason whereof <sup>11</sup> there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I say, viz. <sup>12</sup> external material things, as the objects of sensation and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection, are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term operations here I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometime from them, such

as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

The understanding seems to me not to have the least glimmering of any ideas <sup>13</sup> which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us; and the mind furnishes the understanding with idea of its own operations.

These, when we have taken a full survey <sup>14</sup> of them and their several modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas, and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways. Let any one examine his own thoughts, and thoroughly <sup>15</sup> search into his understanding, and then let him tell me whether <sup>16</sup> all the original ideas he has there are any other than of the objects of his senses, or of the operations of his mind, considered as objects of his reflection; and how great a mass of knowledge soever <sup>17</sup> he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see that he has not any idea in his mind but what one, of these two have imprinted, though, perhaps with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding, as we shall see hereafter.

1 Et que l'objet qu' occupe son esprit au moment qu' il pense. —  
 2 Comment il y parvient, comment il arrive a avoir des idées. — 3  
 Imagination sans borne. — 4 Dérivent. — 5 Familier. — 6 En quoi  
 ou dans lesquelles, (voies). — 7 Assortiment, ordre. — 8 Extérieur.  
 — 9 Do receive, nous recevons. — 10 Donne, produise, fournit. —  
 11 De quoi. — 12 Pour *videlicet*, c'est à dire. — 13 Faible clarté,  
 c'est à dire, la moindre connaissance, ou notion des idées. — 14 Re-

gard, coup d'oeil, examination. — 15 Entierment, complètement. — 16 Si. — 17 *How great soever*, quelque grand, ou grande que.

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## SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield in 1709; at the age of nineteen he entered Oxford university, but on account of pecuniary embarrassments did not take his degree. In 1735 he married a widow, twenty years older than himself and established a boarding school, but had no more than three pupils; after a year and a half he removed to London determined to subsist by his pen, which he employed in writing for journals, especially for the *Gentleman's Magazine*: to which his first contribution was a Latin ode, published in 1737. In 1738 appeared his 'London,' a satire which gained him much reputation. Till 1743 Johnson wrote reports of the speeches in Parliament under the title of 'Debates in the Senate of Lilliputia' and in 1744 composed the life of the poet Savage, 'which (says the author of his life in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) 'had he written nothing else, would have placed him on a very high rank as a writer.' His 'Dictionary of the English language' was completed in the year 1754; its composition occupied him 7 year. In 1749 appeared his 'Vanity of Human Wishes', written in the stile of a Satire of Juvenal; in 1750 he edited the first number of the *Rambler*, a series of most exquisite essays amounting to two hundred and eight, all possessing an excellent moral tendency. He also wrote many contributions to 'The Idler', 'The Adventurer' and other magazines. In 1759 appeared his 'Rasselas' and in 1775 his 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland'. About this period a living in the church was offered him, which however he refused. In 1762 he received a pension of £. 300 per annum, and was thus enabled to lead an easy life. In 1764 he obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws at the Dublin university, and in 1774, the same at Oxford; in 1781 he completed his last work 'The Lives of the Poets'. He died in 1784 and was interred in Westminster-Abbey. His style is concise and forcible, and in all his works thoroughly manly; his ideas are generally in-

genious and lively; in short, energy combined with good sense is the feature which stands prominent in all his compositions.

### CHARACTER OF SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds <sup>1</sup> up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the custom of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity; such as the world will always supply, <sup>2</sup> and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design, that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence.

Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries <sup>3</sup> to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his

house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified <sup>4</sup> for the world; because he found nothing there which he should ever meet with in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned <sup>5</sup> by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage, the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened <sup>6</sup> or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival, into the fable; to entangle <sup>7</sup> them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass <sup>8</sup> them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress <sup>9</sup> them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered,—is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probabili-



ty is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; 10 and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents: so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world.

Shakspeare approximates the remote; and familiarises the wonderful: the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would be probably such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare:—that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed <sup>11</sup> his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

1 Qui offre, qui présente. — 2 *To supply*, procurer, subvenir, fournir. — 3 *To try*, Essayer, prouver, tenter. — 4 inabile, incapable, inepte. — 5 *To glean*, glaner, recueillir. — 6 *To quicken*, vivifier, hâter accélérer. — 7 Embrouiller embarrasser. — 8 ravage, dévaste. — 9 Rendre malheureux. — 10 Nain. — 11 *To maze* étonner, surprendre.

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## DANIEL DEFOE.

Daniel Defoe (born in London 1661) was educated for a presbyterian minister; but this not suiting his fancy, he pursued successively the avocations of hosier, tilemaker, and wool-merchant, but without receiving benefit from any of them. In 1692 he became celebrated by

the publication of his 'True-born Englishman', a poetical satire on foreigners and a defence of the king. In 1702 he wrote a treatise entitled 'The shortest Way with the Dissenters' for which he was imprisoned. He remained nearly two years in Newgate during which time he carried on a periodical paper 'The Review'. Upon his release he wrote an ironical political article for which he was again arrested. In 1719 appeared his 'Robinson Crusoe' the success of which induced him to write several other fictitious works of which we may mention 'Moll Flanders', 'Captain Singleton', 'Danea Campbell', 'Colonel Jack' ecc. He wrote his last works in a different style; amongst these publications were 'A Political History of the Devil', 'System of Magic', 'The Complete English Tradesman', 'A Tour through Great Britain' ecc. In all his works it may be noticed that he possessed a great power of giving the appearance of truth to all his accounts. He died in 1731, author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets.

### ROBIN<sup>n</sup>SON CRUSOE.

I was busy one morning upon something, when I called to Friday, and bid him go to the sea-shore, and see, if he could find a turtle, <sup>1</sup> or tortoise, a thing which we generally got once a week, for the sake of the flesh. Friday had not been long gone, when he came running back, and flew over my outer-wall, or fence, like one that felt not the ground, or the steps he set his feet on; and before I had time to speak to him, he cried out to me, 'O master! O master! O sorrow! O bad!' 'What's the matter, Friday?' said I. 'O yonder, there', said he, 'one, two, three canoe; <sup>2</sup> one, two, three! By this way of speaking, I concluded there were six, but, on inquiry, I found it was but three. 'Well, Friday', said I, 'do not be frightened.' <sup>3</sup> So I heartened him up as well as I could; however, I saw the poor fellow <sup>4</sup> was most terribly scared; <sup>5</sup> for nothing ran in his head but that they were come to look for him, and would cut him in pieces, and eat him; and the poor fellow trembled

so, that I scarce knew what to do with him. I comforted him as well as I could, and told him I was in as much danger as he, and that they would eat me as well as him. 'But,' said I, 'Friday, we must resolve to fight them. Can you fight, Friday?' — 'Meshoot',<sup>6</sup> said he; 'but there come many great number.' — 'No matter for that,' said I, again; 'our guns will fright them that we do not kill.' So I asked him whether, if I resolved to defend him, he would defend me, and stand by me, and do just as I bid him.<sup>7</sup> He said, 'Me die, when you bid die, master.' So I went and fetched him a good dram of rum<sup>8</sup> and gave it him; for I had been so good a husband<sup>9</sup> of my rum, that I had a great deal left.<sup>10</sup> When he had drank it, I made him take the two fowling-pieces,<sup>11</sup> which we always carried, and load<sup>12</sup> them with large swan-shot,<sup>13</sup> as big as small pistol-bullets; then I took four muskets, and loaded them with two slugs<sup>14</sup> and five small bullets each; and my two pistols I loaded with a brace<sup>15</sup> of bullets each; I hung my great sword, as usual, naked by my side, and gave Friday his hatchet.<sup>16</sup> When I had thus prepared myself, I took my perspective-glass,<sup>17</sup> and went up to the side of the hill, to see what I could discover; and I found quickly, by my glass, that there where one and twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes: and that their whole business seemed to be the triumphant banquet upon these three human bodies; a barbarous feast indeed, but nothing more than, as I had observed was usual with them. I observed also, that they were landed, not where they had done when Friday made his escape; but nearer to my creek,<sup>18</sup> where the shore was low, and where a thick wood came close almost down to the sea. This, with the abhorrence of the inhuman

errand these wretches came about, filled me with such indignation, that I came down again to Friday, and told him I was resolved to go down to them, and kill them all; and asked him if he would stand by me. <sup>19</sup> He was now gotten over his fright, <sup>20</sup> and his spirits being a little raised with the dram I had given him, he was very cheerful, and told me, as before, he would die when I bid die.

In this fit of fury, I took first and divided the arms which I had charged, as before, between us; I gave Friday one pistol to stick in his girdle, <sup>21</sup> and three guns upon his shoulder; and I took one pistol, and the other three myself; and in this posture we marched out. I took a small bottle of rum in my pocket, and gave Friday a large bag with more powder and bullet; and as to orders, I charged him to keep close behind me, and not to stir, or shoot, or do any thing, till I bid him; and, in the mean time, not to speak a word. In this posture, I fetched a compass <sup>22</sup> to my right hand of near a mile, as well to get over the creek as to get into the wood, so that I might come within shot <sup>23</sup> of them before I should be discovered, which I had seen, by my glass, it was easy to do.

While I was making this march, my former thoughts returning, I began to abate my resolution; I do not mean that I entertained any fear of their number; for, as they were naked, unarmed wretches, it is certain I was superior to them; nay, though I had been alone. But it occurred to my thoughts, what call? <sup>24</sup> what occasion? much less what necessity I was in, to go and dip my hands in blood, to attack people who had neither done me or intended me any wrong? who, as to me, were innocent, and whose barbarous customs

were their own disaster: being in them, a token indeed of God's having left them, with the other nations of that part of the world, to such stupidity, and to such inhuman courses; but did not call me to take upon me to be a judge of their actions, much less an executioner of his justice; that, whenever he thought fit, he would take the cause into his own hands, and, by national vengeance, punish them, as a people, for national crimes; but that, in the mean time, it was none of my business; that, it was true, Friday might justify it, because he was a declared enemy, and in a state of war with those very particular people; and it was lawful for him to attack them; but I could not say the same with respect to me. These things were so warmly pressed upon my thoughts all the way as I went, that I resolved I would only go and place myself near them, that I might observe their barbarous feast, and that, I would act then as God should direct; but that, unless something offered that was more a call to me than yet I knew of, I would not meddle<sup>25</sup> with them.

With this resolution I entered the wood, and, with all possible wariness and silence, Friday following close at my heels, I marched till I came to the skirt of the wood, on the side which was next to them; only that one corner of the wood lay between me and them. Here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree, which was just at the corner of the wood, I bade him go to the tree, and bring me word if he could see there plainly what they were doing. He did so, and came immediately back to me, and told me they might be plainly viewed there; that they were all about their fire, eating the flesh of one

of their prisoners, and that another lay bound upon the sand, <sup>26</sup> a little from them, which, he said, they would kill next, and which fired all the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men, whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror at the very naming the white, bearded man; and, going to the tree, I saw plainly, by my glass, a white man, who lay upon the beach of the sea, with his hands and his feet tied with flags, or things like rushes, and that he was an European, and had clothes on.

There was another tree, and a little thicket beyond it, about fifty yards nearer to them than the place where I was, which, by going a little way about, I saw I might come at undiscovered, and that then I should be within half shot of them; so I withheld <sup>27</sup> my passion, though I was indeed enraged to the highest degree; and going back about twenty paces, I got behind some bushes, which held all the way till I came to the other tree; and then I came to a little rising ground; which gave me full view of them, at the distance of about eighty yards.

I had now not a moment to lose, for nineteen of the dreadful wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor Christian, and bring him, perhaps, limb by limb, to their fire; and they were stooped down to untie the bands at his feet. I turned to Friday — Now, Friday,' said I, 'do as I bid thee,' Friday said he would. 'Then, Friday,' said I, 'do exactly as you see me do; fail in nothing.' So I set down one of the muskets and the fowling-piece upon the ground, and

Friday did the like by his, and with the other musket I took my aim at the savages, bidding him to do the like; then asking him if he was ready, he said, 'Yes.' 'Then fire at them,' said I; and the same moment I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I, that on the side that he shot, he killed two of them, and wounded three more; and on my side, I killed one, and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them who were not hurt jumped up upon their feet, but did not immediately know which way to run, or which way to look, for they knew not from whence their destruction came. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bid him, he might observe what I did; so, as soon as the first shot was made I threw down the piece, and took up the fowling-piece; and Friday did the like, he saw me cock and present; <sup>28</sup> he did the same again. 'Are you ready, Friday?' said I. — 'Yes,' said he. 'Let fly, <sup>29</sup> then,' said I, 'in the name of God!' and with that, I fired again among the amazed wretches, and so did Friday; and as our pieces were now loaden with what I called swan-shot, or small pistol bullets, we found only two drop, but so many were wounded, that they ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures, all bloody, and miserably wounded most of them; whereof three more of them fell quickly after, not quite dead.

'Now, Friday,' said I, laying down the discharged pieces, and taking up the musket which was yet loaden, 'follow me,' said I, which he did with a great deal of courage; upon which I rushed out of the wood, and showed myself, and Friday close at my foot. As



soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could, and bade Friday do so too: and running as fast as I could, which, by the way, was not very fast, being loaded with arms as I was, I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach or shore, between the place where they sat and the sea. The two butchers, who were just going to work with him, had left him at the surprise of our first fire, and fled in terrible fright to the seaside, and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way. I turned to Friday, and bade him step forwards, and fire at them; he understood me immediately, and running about forty yards, to be near them, he shot at them, and I thought he had killed them all, for I saw them all fall of a heap into the boat, though I saw two of them up again quickly; however, he killed two of them, and wounded the third so, that he lay down in the bottom of the boat as if he had been dead.

While my man Friday fired at them, I pulled out my knife and cut the flags that bound the poor victim; and loosing his hands and feet, I lifted him up, and asked him in the Portuguese tongue, what he was. He answered in Latin, *Christianus*; but was so weak and faint that he could scarce stand or speak. I took my bottle out of my pocket; and gave it him, making signs that he should drink, which he did and I gave him a piece of bread, which he eat. Then I asked him what countryman he was; and he said, *Espagnole*; and being a little recovered, let me know, by all the signs he could possibly make, how much he was in my debt for his deliverance. 'Seignior,' said I, with as much Spanish as I could make up, 'we will talk afterwards,'

but we must fight now; if you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword, and lay about you.' <sup>50</sup> He took them very thankfully, and no sooner had he the arms in his hands, but, as if they had put new vigour into him, he flew upon his murderers like a fury, and had cut two of them in pieces in an instant; for the truth is, as the whole was a surprise to them, so the poor creatures were so much frightened with the noise of our pieces, that they fell down for mere amazement and fear; and had no more power to attempt their own escape, than their flesh had to resist our shot; and that was the case of those five that Friday shot at in the boat; for as three of them fell with the hurt they received, so the other two fell with the fright.

I kept my piece in my hand still without firing, being willing to keep my charge ready, because I had given the Spaniard my pistol and sword: so I called to Friday, and bade him run up to the tree from whence we first fired, and fetch the arms which lay there that had been discharged, which he did with great swiftness; and then giving him my musket, I sat down myself to load all the rest again, and bade them come to me when they wanted. While I was loading these pieces, there happened a fierce engagement between the Spaniard and one of the savages, who made at him <sup>51</sup> with one of their great wooden swords, the same weapon that was to have killed him before, if I had not prevented it. The Spaniard, who was as bold and as brave as could be imagined, though weak, had fought this Indian a good while, and had cut him two great wounds on his head; but the savage being a stout, lusty fellow, closing in with him, <sup>52</sup> had thrown

him down, being faint, and was wringing my sword out of his hand; when the Spaniard, though undermost, wisely quitting the sword, drew the pistol from his girdle, shot the savage through the body, and killed him upon the spot, before I, who was running to help him, could come near him.

Friday being now left to his liberty, pursued the flying wretches, with no weapon in his hand but his hatchet; and with that he dispatched those three, who, as I said before, were wounded at first, and fallen, and all the rest he could come up with, and the Spaniard coming to me for a gun, I gave him one of the fowling-pieces, with which he pursued two of the savages, and wounded them both; but, as he was not able to run, they both got from him into the wood, where Friday pursued them, and killed one of them, but the other was too nimble <sup>33</sup> for him; and though he was wounded, yet had plunged himself into the sea, and swam, with all his might, off <sup>34</sup> to those two who were left in the canoe, which three in the canoe, with one wounded, who we know not whether he died or no, were all that escaped our hands of one and twenty.

Those that were in the canoe worked hard to get out of gun-shot, and though Friday made two or three shot at them, I did not find that he hit <sup>35</sup> any of them. Friday would fain have had me take one of their canoes, and pursue them; and, indeed, I was very anxious about their escape, lest <sup>36</sup> carrying the news home to their people, they should come back perhaps with two or three hundred of their canoes, and devour us by mere multitude; so I consented to pursue them by sea, and running to one of their canoes I jumped in, and bade Friday follow me; but when I was in the

canoe, I was surprised to find another poor creature lie there alive, bound hand and foot, as the Spaniard was, for the slaughter, <sup>37</sup> and almost dead with fear, not knowing what the matter was; for he had not been able to look up over the side of the boat, he was tied so hard neck and heels, and had been tied so long, that he had really but little life in him.

I immediately cut the twisted flags <sup>38</sup> or rushes, which they had bound him with, and would have helped him up; but he could not stand or speak, but groaned most piteously, believing, it seems, still, that he was only unbound in order to be killed. When Friday came to him, I bade him speak to him; and tell him of his deliverance; and, pulling out my bottle, made him give the poor wretch a dram; which, with the news of his being delivered, revived him, and he sat up in the boat. But when Friday came to hear him speak, and look in his face, it would have moved any one to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged <sup>39</sup> him, cried, laughed, hallooed, <sup>40</sup> jumped about, danced, sung; then cried again, wrung his hands, beat his own face and head; and then sung and jumped about again, like a distracted creature. <sup>41</sup> It was a good while before I could make him speak to me, or tell me what was the matter; but when he came a little to himself, he told me that it was his father.

1 Tortue. — 2 Canot, espèce de bateau. — 3 N'ayez pas peur. — 4 Compagnon, pauvre diable. — 5 Effrayé. — 6 Tirer fusillier. — 7 De faire ce que je lui ordonnais. — 8 Je lui donnai une bonne mesure de rhum. — 9 Ménagenr. — 10 J'en avais encore beaucoup. — 11 Fusil de chasse. — 12 To load charger. — 13 Boulets de fusil. — 14

Lingots. — 15 Paire. — 16 Hachette. — 17 Lunette d'approche. — 18 Petite baie. — 19 S'il m'assisterait. — 20 Il n'était plus effrayé. — 21 Ceinture. — 22 Faire un tour. — 23 A la portée du fusil. — 24 Quel droit, quelle autorité. — 25 Se mêler, avoir à quoi faire. — 26 Gisait lié sur le sable. — 27 Je Retint. — 28 Hausser le chien (du fusil) et viser. — 29 Déchargez. — 30 Frappez de tous côtés. — 31 Qui s'avança vers lui. — 32 *To close with* serrer, empoigner. — 33 Agile; lesté. — 34 *Swam off* il nagea vers... — 35 *To hit*, atteindre saisir. — 36 De peur que. — 37 Carnage, massacre. — 38 Jones tor-dus. — 39 Embrasser caresser. — 40 *To Halloo*, pousser des cris de joie. — 41 Comme un fou.

## LAWRENCE STERNE.

Lawrence Sterne, one of the most humorous authors England has ever produced, was born at Clonmel in 1713 and educated at Cambridge where he took the degree of master of arts, and then entered into the church; but his manner of life not being in accordance with his station, he was little liked by his brother clergymen. His first publication was entitled 'Tristram Shandy' of which two volumes appeared in 1759, two more in 1761 and the two last in 1762. The publication of this work instantly placed Sterne among the first writers of his day. Its merit consists in its style, which is easy and at the same time elegant, and in the many humorous and pathetic parts, which prove the ability of the author. Sterne travelled twice on the continent, and the publication of his 'Sentimental Journey' was the result of these tours. At the completion of the first part of this composition, the author died in London where he was staying to superintend its printing in 1768.

## MARIA.

### FIRST PART.

— THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard;

and I instantly let down the fore-glass <sup>1</sup> to hear them more distinctly — — 'Tis Maria; said the postillion, observing I was listening — — Poor Maria; continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line between us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, <sup>2</sup> with her little goat <sup>3</sup> beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune <sup>4</sup> to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines. — —

— — And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, <sup>5</sup> and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, <sup>6</sup> by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, <sup>7</sup> no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphring something in his face above his condition, and

should have sifted out <sup>8</sup> his history, had not poor Maria taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up in a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her——

God help her! <sup>9</sup> poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, <sup>10</sup> and think her senses are lost for ever

As the postillion said this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully <sup>11</sup> for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately——

——Well, Maria, said I softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!— adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—— but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe <sup>12</sup> with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregulare steps walked softly to my chaise.

1. The fore-glass of the coach. — 2 Sorte d'instrument à vent, chalumeau. — 3 Chèvre. — 4 En harmonie. — 5 Spirituelle. — 6 Publications de mariage interdites. — 7 *To come by something*, parvenir à posséder quelque chose, obtenir. — 8 *To sift out*, tamiser, examiner, faire des recherches. — 9 Que Dieu l'aide! — 10 Chapitre, sujet. — 11 Attentivement. — 12 Récit de douleur.

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## SECOND PART.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, <sup>1</sup> I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak <sup>2</sup> my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, <sup>3</sup> which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband which



fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before; She said, she was unsettled <sup>4</sup> much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine

leaves tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb. <sup>6</sup>

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, <sup>7</sup> said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe: nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, <sup>8</sup> as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs <sup>9</sup> go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment

or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings <sup>10</sup> in the market place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine: and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out <sup>11</sup> of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom; and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised <sup>12</sup> thee can only bind them up for ever.

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1. Taillis, buisson. — 2 Ordonner. — 3 Déliés, flottants. — 4 Derangée. — 5 Pierreux rocaillieux. — 6 Agneau tondue. — 7 Au vif. — 8 *To melt*, se liquéfier, s'attendrir. — 9 Elle voulait. — 10 Salutations. — 11 Effacé. — 12 Meurtri.

## YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breath'd his last, Eugenius stopt in <sup>1</sup> with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking him how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand——and, after thanking him for the many tokens <sup>2</sup> of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again, he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip <sup>3</sup> for ever.——I hope not, answered Eugenius with tears trickling <sup>4</sup> down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke——I hope not, Yorick, said he—— Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze <sup>5</sup> of Eugenius' hand——and that was all——but it cut Eugenius to the heart. <sup>6</sup>——Come, come, Yorick, quoth <sup>7</sup> Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him—my dear lad, be comforted——let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;— who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?——Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head, for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words——I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop <sup>8</sup>——and that I may live to see it.——I beseech <sup>9</sup> thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his nightcap as he could with his left hand—his right being

still grasped close <sup>10</sup> in that of Eugenius—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, <sup>11</sup> replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened <sup>12</sup> with the blows which have been so unhandsomely <sup>13</sup> given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon <sup>14</sup> be suffered to rain down from “heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.” <sup>15</sup> —Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lip, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream <sup>16</sup> of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor), were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard <sup>17</sup> under a plain marble slab, <sup>18</sup> which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription; serving both for his epitaph and elegy,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick’s ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with

such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him; a footway <sup>19</sup> crossing the churchyard close by his grave—not a passenger goes by <sup>20</sup> without stopping to cast a look upon it— sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

1 Entra. — 2 Marques, indices. — 3 *To give the slip*, fuir, quitter. — 4 Dégouttantes. — 5 Serrement, étreinte. — 6 *To be cut to the heart* avoir le cœur déchiré. — 7 Vieux, pour *said*. — 8 Evêque. — 9 Je te prie. — 10 Serrée. — 11 Je n'y vois rien de mal. — 12 Mençtré et difforme. — 13 Vilainement. — 14 La dessus, (sur sa tête.) — 15 *To fit*, s'adapter, seoir. — 16 Flux, au fig. flamme. — 17 Cimetière. — 18 Dalle. — 19 Sentier. — 20 *To pass by*, passer près de.

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## JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift, born in Dublin 1667, was educated by his relations, and enabled by his patron Mr. Temple to finish his studies at Oxford. He made his first literary efforts in political pamphlets written for the Whig party; then appeared his satire entitled 'The Battle of the Books,' which, as it chiefly treats of a contemporary struggle between Bentley and Wotton, afforded more interest at the time of its appearance than at the present day; it is full of sarcasm and coarse invective. In 1704 appeared one of his greatest satires, entitled 'The Tale of a Tub'. In this work Swift describes the progress of the three churches, the Roman, Lutheran and Calvinistic, which he represents in the persons of three brothers. The author has succeeded in rendering ridiculous the extravagances of the three churches' different sta-

ges of progression. Through the whole book the satire is as lively and fanciful, as it is cutting. Swift became afterwards a Tory and wrote as violently, and as frequently on this side of politics, as he had formerly done on the other. About the year 1708, appeared his famous pamphlets entitled 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man', 'Letters on the Application of the Sacramental Test', and his 'Apology for Christianity'. In 1724, Swift's 'Drapier's Letters' appeared in a Dublin newspaper with the signature 'M. B. Drapier'; they were directed against the Whig government, and the permission which was then about to be given to Mr. Wood, to coin copper money, to bring into Ireland; and such power did these writings possess, that they excited an immense indignation amongst the people of that country; on which account the government considered it unadvisable to grant the permission. In 1726 Swift produced his master piece 'Gulliver's Travels', perhaps the best satirical work that exists in any language. It is supposed to have been written by Gulliver himself who travels in different imaginary lands; as for instance to a country inhabited by giants and another by dwarfs. The whole is an admirable satire, principally upon the institutions of society, which are examined, and if we may use the term, dissected, and brought before us in the forms, first of the dwarfs and afterwards of the giants. The great fault of this work is its indecency, which is in many places very coarse. Had not Swift been a great prose writer, he would have been considered a poet, for he has left several poetical productions, of which we may mention 'Cadmus and Venepa', 'A Rhapsody on Poetry', Verses on my own Death' and the unfinished 'Legion Club'. About the year 1736 he was attacked with repeated fits of insanity, in the midst of the composition of his 'Legion Club', and he never recovered sufficiently to finish the poem. The last nine years of his life were passed in a state, first of madness, then of idiotcy. He died in Dublin 1745. Swift was undoubtedly one of the most powerful, and cutting satirists that England has ever produced; his genius and imagination are as fertile as his satire is strong. Of his smaller works we may mention his 'Conduct of the Allies', 'Public Spirit of the Whigs', 'Directions of Servants', 'Polite Conversation',

#### VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

Mr. Lemuel Gulliver was the third son of a gentle-

man in Nottinghamshire. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he studied very closely for three years: but the charge of maintaining him being too great for his father's narrow fortune, he was bound apprentice <sup>1</sup> to Mr. Bates, a surgeon in London. What little money he got, he laid out <sup>2</sup> in learning navigation and other parts of mathematics as he always fancied he should be a great traveller. When his time was expired he left Mr. Bates and studied physic two years at Leyden in Holland.

Soon after his return from Leyden, he was recommended to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Parnell commander, with whom he made a voyage or two into the Levant and other part. He then resolved to settle in London, and his old master, Mr. Bates, recommended him to several patients. He took a house in the Old Jewry, and being advised to marry, he espoused Miss Polly Burton, daughter of a hosier <sup>3</sup> in Newgatestreet, with whom he received a portion of four hundred pounds.

But Mr. Bates dying in two years after and Mr. Gulliver having few friends, his business fell off <sup>4</sup> very much; and therefore, having consulted his wife, he determined to go to sea again. He was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages to the East and West-Indies, by which he made some addition to his fortune. The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate he grew weary <sup>5</sup> of the sea; and intending to stay at home with his wife and family, he first took a house in Fetter-Lane and afterwards in Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but this did not answer his expectation. After waiting in vain for three years, in hopes that things would mend,



he accepted of an advantageous offer from Captain Pritchard, of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South-Seas.

They sailed from Bristol on the 4th of May 1699. Their voyage was at first very prosperous; till leaving these seas and steering their course towards the East-Indies they were driven <sup>6</sup> by a storm to the northward of van Diemen's land. Twelve of the crew <sup>7</sup> were dead by hard labour and bad food, and the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the 5th of November (the beginning of summer in those part) the weather being hazy, they espied a rock within a cable's length <sup>8</sup> of the ship, and the wind being strong, they immediately split <sup>9</sup> upon it. Mr. Gulliver and five of the crew, heaved out the boat, and made a shift to get clear of <sup>10</sup> the ship and the rock. They rowed till they could work no longer; and then, trusting to the mercy of the waves, in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden squall <sup>11</sup> from the north. What became of the other seamen Mr. Gulliver knew not; but he swam with wind and tide, <sup>12</sup> and often in vain let his legs drop in hopes of feeling the bottom; at last when he was almost ready to expire, he found himself within his depth. And the storm being greatly abated, he walked above a mile before he reached the shore; he then advanced near half a mile up the country, but could not discover either houses or inhabitants. He laid himself down on the grass, which was very short and soft, and slept about nine hours. He awoke just at daybreak and upon attempting to rise, he found that he could not stir; for as he lay on his back, he found his arms and legs fastened to the ground, and his hair, which was long and

thick, tied in the same manner. In a little time he felt something alive moving on his left leg, which advanced almost up to his chin, when bending his eyes downwards, he perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hand and a quiver <sup>13</sup> at his back. He then felt at least forty more following the first; and being greatly astonished, he roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them broke their limbs by leaping from his sides to the ground. They soon after returned; and one of them who ventured to get a full sight of his face, with the greatest astonishment cried out: *He-hinak Degul*. He did not understand their language, and by often struggling to get loose, <sup>14</sup> he at last wrenched out the pegs and strings by which he was fastened to the ground, and so far released his hair, that he could turn his head sideways; upon which the creatures ran off a second time, with a great shout. Soon after one of them cried aloud *Tolgo Phonak*; when instantly Mr. Gulliver perceived some hundreds of arrows discharged upon his hands and face, which pricked him like so many needles, and gave him so much pain, that he strove again <sup>15</sup> to get loose. Some of them attempted to stab him in the side with their spears, but they could not pierce his buff waistcoat. When the people observed that he lay quiet they discharged no more arrows. He saw them busy in erecting a stage <sup>16</sup> at a little distance, about a foot and a half high, which they had no sooner finished, than four of them ascended it by a ladder. One of them who seemed to be a person of quality, was taller than those who attended him, one of whom held up his train, <sup>17</sup> and was about four inches high. He cried out three ti-

mes: *Langro Dehul San*; on which they cut the strings that bound the left side of his head. The little monarch made an oration, not one word of which Mr. Gulliver could understand; he observed however many signs of threatening, and other of promises, pity and kindness, and he answered by motions of submission and friendship. Being almost famished with hunger, he put his finger frequently to his mouth, to signify to them that he wanted food. The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great Lord) understood him very well; he descended from the stage, and ordered several ladders to be placed against Mr. Gulliver's sides, by which above a hundred of the people mounted and walked towards his mouth, laden with baskets of meat; there were shoulders, legs and loins, shaped like those of mutton, but smaller than the wings of a lark. He eat two or three of them at a mouthful, and took three of the loaves<sup>18</sup> which were as big as a musket-bullet at a time. The inhabitants were astonished at his bulk and appetite; and, on his making a sign for drink, they slung up one of their largest hogsheads, <sup>19</sup> rolled it towards his hand and beat out the top. He drank it off at a draught, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like Burgundy. They afterwards brought a second hogshead which he also dispatched; and calling for more found they had no more to give him. When he had done these wonders, they shouted for joy, and after warning the people on the ground, the king desired he would throw the empty barrels as far as he could; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinak Degul*.

Mr. Gulliver could not help <sup>20</sup> wondering at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who ventured to

mount and walk upon his body, while one of his hands was at liberty, without trembling at the sight of so prodigious a creature as he must appear to them. After some time an ambassador from the King appeared before him, who, producing his credentials under the royal seal spoke about ten minutes without any sign of anger, and yet with great resolution; pointing often towards the metropolis which was distant about half a mile, whither it was his majesty's pleasure that he should be conveyed. Mr. Gulliver made signs that he should be glad to be released; and the ambassador understood very well what he meant, <sup>21</sup> for he shook his head, by way of disapprobation, and signified that he must be carried as a prisoner; he therefore gave tokens that they might do what they would with him, whereupon <sup>22</sup> the *Hurgo* and his train withdrew with cheerful countenances. Soon after the people shouted out *Peplom Selau*, and he felt the cords so far relaxed, that he was able to turn upon his right side. They then rubbed his hand and face with an ointment which took off the smart of their arrows, and this circumstance, added to the plentiful meal he had made caused him to fall fast asleep.

The natives of Lilliput are excellent mathematicians and mechanics; and the king immediately set <sup>23</sup> five hundred carpenters to work, to prepare an engine by which he might be conveyed to the capital. It was a wooden frame, three inches high, seven feet long and four broad and moved upon twenty two wheels. It was brought close to Mr. Gulliver's side as he lay. To raise so immense a creature upon this vehicle, eighty poles each a foot high were erected and very strong ropes, of the bigness of packthread, <sup>24</sup> were fastened

by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round his neck, hands, body and legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by pullies \* fastened on the poles, and in a few hours he was raised and slung into the engine and tied down. All this Mr. Gulliver was told afterwards; for, while the whole operation was performing, he lay fast asleep, by the force of a medicine that had been purposely infused in the wine he had drunk. Fifteen hundred strong horses, about four inches and a half high, were yoked <sup>25</sup> to the machine, and had much ado to drag it along.

They made a long march this day, and Mr. Gulliver was guarded in the night by five thousand men on each side, one half of them with torches, and the other half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot him if he offered to stir. Early the next morning they continued their march and at noon arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates.

The carriage stopt near an old temple, the largest in the kingdom, but which on account of a murder having been committed therein was never frequented. In this edifice it was agreed Mr. Gulliver should lodge. The gate was four feet high and two feet wide and on each side were four windows. To this temple he was fastened by ninetyone chains, which were fixed to his leg with thirty-six padlocks. <sup>26</sup> Just opposite stood a famous turret, five feet high, to the top of which the Emperor and many lords ascended, for the sake of seeing so large a monster; vast numbers of people came also upon the same errand; and when the workmen

\* Poulie, machine en forme de roue qui sert pour élever ou descendre des fardeaux.

found that they had thoroughly secured him, they cut all the strings with which he was bound, and upon his rising upon his legs they shewed <sup>27</sup> the greatest marks of wonder and astonishment.

Mr. Gulliver was no sooner on his legs, than he was pleased at beholding the prospect of the country, large fields of forty feet square; woods, at least sixteen feet long; and tall tree almost seven feet high; and the city on the left hand, which looked like the view of London in a raree-show. <sup>28</sup>

The Emperor, having descended from the tower, came forward with the queen and many ladies, to examine Mr. Gulliver more minutely. He had ordered his cooks and butlers to prepare ten waggon-loads of meat and ten of wine; and his attendants sat at some distance to see him dine. With regard to the emperor's person, he is taller by a quarter of an inch than any of his subjects, which is enough to strike them all with awe. <sup>29</sup> His dress was plain and simple; but he wore a golden helmet on his head, adorned with jewels and a plume of feathers. He suffered Gulliver to take him upon the palm of his hand, after having drawn his sword to defend himself if he should not be used kindly. The Emperor spoke often to Mr. Gulliver, and Mr. Gulliver as often answered him, but all to no purpose, for they could not understand one another. When the court withdrew, he was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence of the rabble, many of whom, supposing he would devour all the country had the audacity to shoot their arrows at him; but the colonel ordered six of them to be seized and delivered into his hands; they were immediately bound and pushed towards him. He placed them upon his right hand

and made a sign as if he would eat them up alive; they were greatly affrighted and squalled <sup>50</sup> terribly when they saw him take out his knife; but afterwards looking mildly and cutting the strings with which they were bound he placed them gently on the ground, and away they ran as fast as they were able. This mark of clemency was represented much to his advantage at court.

For a fortnight <sup>31</sup> he lay upon the naked pavement of his house, which was smooth stone; during which time six hundred beds were brought in carriages and worked up within the building; one hundred and fifty were sown <sup>32</sup> together in breadth and length; and these were four-double, which however was barely sufficient to relieve him from the hardness of the floor; and in the same manner also he was provided with sheets, blankets and coverlets. <sup>33</sup>

The Emperor however had frequent councils concerning him; the court apprehended his breaking loose, <sup>34</sup> that his diet would be very expensive and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve him, or to shoot him in the face and hands with poisoned arrows; but again they foresaw <sup>35</sup> that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the land. In one of these consultations an officer of the army went to the Council-Chamber, and gave an account of his behaviour to the six criminals just mentioned, which worked so favourably on the mind of his Majesty, that he issued orders for all the villages within nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, <sup>36</sup> four sheep and a proper quantity of bread and wine for his subsistence, for all which they were to be paid by the treasury-board. <sup>37</sup> Six

hundred domestics were also allowed him, upon board wages, 38 who lived in tents on each side of the door of his house. Three hundred taylors were employed in making him a suit of clothes. Six men of learning attended to teach him their language; and the Emperor's horses and troops frequently exercised near him, to accustom them to so huge a sight. He soon learned enough of the language to acquaint the King of his great desire of liberty which he repeated on his knees; but the mighty monarch informed him that his request could not be granted without the advice of council, and that he must swear peace with him and his Kingdom; and further advised that by his discreet behaviour he might obtain the good opinion of him and all his subjects.

He next desired that certain officers might search him, for probably he might have weapons about him, which were dangerous to the state. To this Mr. Gulliver consented; he took the two officers in his hand and put them first into one pocket and then into another. These gentlemen set down in writing every thing they found, and after putting them safely on the ground, they presented the inventory to the emperor which was as follows:

In the right-hand coat pocket we found a large piece of coarse cloth, large enough for a floor-cloth 39 to the chamber of state. In the left pocket a silver chest with a cover of the same metal; we desired to see it opened and on our stepping into it found ourselves mid-leg deep in a sort of dust which made us sneeze wonderfully. In the right waistcoat pocket we found a number of white thin substances folded, about the bigness of three men, tied with a cable and marked



with black figures. In the left an engine from the back of which were extended row of long poles resembling pallisadoes. In the right hand breeches pocket we saw a hollow <sup>40</sup> pillar of iron about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; on one side of which were huge pieces of strong iron sticking out; and in the left pocket another engine of the some kind. In a smaller pocket of the right hand several pieces of white and red metal of different sizes; some of the white ones were so heavy that we could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two strange engines with one of which he told us he shaved himself and that with the other he cut his victuals. There were two other smaller pockets, from one of which he took a large globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal, this he put close to our ears and we were surprized with a noise as loud as the fall of a water-mill. This engine he called his oracle and said it pointed out the time of every action of his life; we therefore presume it is the god that he worships. From the left fob <sup>41</sup> he took out a net, large enough for a fisherman: in this were several pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, are of more value than all the wealth in your Majesty's coffers.

Round his waist was a belt <sup>42</sup> made of the skin of some unknown animal, from which hung a sword, the length of nine men. On his right side was a bag containing two cells, in one of which were several balls as big as a man's head and which we were scarce able to lift; the other was filled with black grains, about fifty of which we could hold in the palm of our hands.

When this inventory was read over, the king desired Mr. Gulliver to give up the several particulars. He the-

refofe first took his fcimitar out of the fcabbard, and waving it backward and forward, the reflection of the fun greatly dazzled the eyes of the beholders. Te next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; Mr. Gulliver took it out of his pocket, and charging it with powder only, he let it off in the air; on which hundreds of the Lilliputians fell on the ground as if they had been dead and even the Emperor was greatly confounded. His pistol were then delivered up, together with the pouch of powder and bullets after begging that the former might be kept from the fire, for fear his Imperial Majesty's palace might be blown <sup>43</sup> into the air. The Emperor being defirous of seeing his watch, two of the yeomen <sup>44</sup> of the guards flung it across a pole, as the draymen <sup>45</sup> do a barrel of beer in England; and he and the learned men were amazed at the noise it made, and at the motion of the minute hand. His money, knife, razor, comb etc. were then given up. The fcimitar, pistols and pouch were conveyed by broad-wheel waggons to the king's stores, <sup>46</sup> but the rest of the things were restored.

1 Mis en apprentiffage. — 2 *To lay out*, dépenser. — 3 Marchand de bas. — 4 *To fall off*, diminuer. — 5 *To grow weary*, s'ennuyer. — 6 Chassés. — 7 Équipage du vaisseau. — 8 *Cable's length*, encâblure. — 9 *To split* se brifer. — 10 Ils firent un détour pour ne pas heurter contre... — 11 Rafale. — 12 Marée. — 13 Carquois. — 14 *To get loose*, s'enfuir. — 15 Essaya de nouveau. — 16 Échafaudage, estrade. — 17 Tenait la queue (du manteau.) — 18 Plur, de loaf, pain, miche. — 19 Muids. — 20 Ne put s'empêcher de... — 21 P. d. v. *to mean*, fignifier. — 22 Sur quoi, après quoi. — 23 *To set to*, mettre à. — 24 Ficelle. — 25 Attelés. — 26 Cadenas. — 27 Montrèrent, témoignèrent. — 28 Curiosité. — 29 *To strike with awe*, frapper

de terreur. — 30 *To squall*, crier. — 31 Quinze jours. — 32 Cousins. — 33 Draps et couvertures. — 34 *To break loose*, s'échapper. — 35 Prévoir. — 36 Plur de *beef*, boeuf. — 37 Pour les dépenses de la table et de la maison. — 38 Trésor public. — 39 Tapis. — 40 Creux. — 41 Gousset. — 42 Ceinture. — 43 Saunter en l'air. — 44 Soldats, gardes. — 45 Charretiers. — 46 Magazins, dépôts.

## TOBIAS SMOLLET.

Tobias Smollet, the author of *Peregrine Pickle* and *Roderick Random*, was born in Dumbartonshire 1721. At an early age he went to London with the intention of living by his pen, but his efforts not being successful he joined the naval expedition to Carthage. In 1746 he returned to England and wrote pamphlets, chiefly of a political nature; he also published some poetry consisting in satires and odes. In 1747, Smollet published '*Roderick Random*', which established his fame. The most prominent features of this work are the wit and humour displayed in it, and the great variety of comic adventures which are related as having occurred. '*Peregrine Pickle*' was the next novel which Smollet brought before the public; its style is similar to that of the former; but the scenes into which we are conducted are of a less genteel nature, than those in *Roderick Random*. Yet these faults are overbalanced by the neverceasing wit, and drollery of the book. His next work was '*The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*' which appeared in 1754, and is certainly written in a somewhat higher moral tone than its predecessors. It relates the circumstances of the fall of a young man from virtue to infamy, and in many of the scenes there is a force of description which is seldom to be found in any other book. His translation of *Don Quixote* is considered in general a failure; he has not succeeded in expressing the feelings conveyed in the original. In 1762 appeared his, *Lancelot Graves*, which is perhaps the worst of his productions. After this Smollet published a continuation of Hume's *History of England* in which composition he is said only to have employed two months. His last work was '*Humphrey Clinker*', which although written in the last year of the

author's life, shows no diminution of talent. Smollet died at Leghorn, in 1771, whither he had repaired for the recovery of his health.

### COUNT FATHOM IN THE ROBBER'S HOUSE.

Having rode some furlongs <sup>1</sup> into the forest, he took his station under a tuft <sup>2</sup> of tall trees, that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council within himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveller to some gang <sup>3</sup> of robbers with whom he was connected; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to these banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes <sup>4</sup> of the wood.

Harrowed <sup>5</sup> with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hurricane, <sup>6</sup> as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forwards through some devious opening until he should be delivered from the forest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the direction of the high-road which he had left, on the supposition that the robbers would pursue that track in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway, to traverse an unknown forest, amidst the darkness of such a boisterous <sup>7</sup> night. After he had continued in this progress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, <sup>8</sup> by which not only his clothes, but also his skin, suffered in a grievous manner, while every nerve quivered with eagerness of dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and, pursuing his course, in full hopes of arriving at

some village where his life would be safe, he descried a rushlight <sup>9</sup> at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune, and riding towards it at full speed, <sup>10</sup> arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered <sup>11</sup> traveller, received him with great hospitality.

When he learned from his hostess, that there was not another house within three leagues, that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, <sup>12</sup> he thanked Heaven for his good fortune in stumbling upon this homely <sup>13</sup> habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand, that her husband, who was a faggot-maker, <sup>14</sup> had gone to the next town to dispose of his merchandise, and that, in all probability, he would not return till next morning, on account of the tempestuous night. Ferdinand sounded the beldame <sup>15</sup> with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure; and after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, <sup>16</sup> desired she would conduct him to the chamber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder <sup>17</sup> into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. <sup>18</sup> He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectation; and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

Fathom, whose own principles taught him to be su-

spicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellow-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care, in confining her-guest to his chamber, and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt <sup>19</sup> on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate survey of every object in the apartment, and, in the course of his inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man still warm, who had been lately stabbed, <sup>20</sup> and concealed beneath several bundles <sup>21</sup> of straw.

Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable <sup>22</sup> horror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a miracle in his favour. In the first transports of his dread, he ran to the window, with a view to escape by that outlet, <sup>23</sup> and found his flight effectually obstructed by diverse strong bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, <sup>24</sup> and knees to totter; his thoughts teemed <sup>25</sup> with presages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced a species of resolution akin <sup>26</sup> to that which is inspired by brandy, <sup>27</sup> or other strong liquors, and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hurried into measures for his own preservation.

What upon a less interesting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding

among the straw, and conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked <sup>28</sup> in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is often the production of despair. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder, the door was softly opened, he saw the shadow of two men stalking <sup>29</sup> towards the bed, a dark lantern being unshrouded <sup>30</sup> directed their aim to the supposed sleeper, and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart; the force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe <sup>31</sup> of the defunct; the stroke was repeated, without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present; with a design to return and rifle <sup>32</sup> the deceased at their leisure.

Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation; the whole surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with an universal palsy; <sup>33</sup> in short, he remained in a trance that, in all probability, contributed to his safety; for, had he retained the use of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transports of his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat; and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect, by sallying out <sup>34</sup> upon them, at the hazard of his life, had not he been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing, that the ruffians <sup>35</sup>

were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey: they accordingly departed, after having laid strong injunctions upon the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence; and Ferdinand took his resolution without farther delay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, <sup>36</sup> moved softly towards the bed, and rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well-stored <sup>37</sup> with ducats, of which, together with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldame, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag <sup>38</sup> did not behold this apparition without giving signs of infinite terror and astonishment, believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest who had been murdered: she fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints; crossing <sup>39</sup> herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate, when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the real substance of the stranger, who, without staying to upbraid <sup>40</sup> her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse, to which being conducted, he set her upon the saddle without delay, and, mounted behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing in a most preremptory tone, that the only chance she had for her life was in



directing him safely to the next town; and so soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance <sup>41</sup> of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

This declaration had its effect upon the withered <sup>42</sup> Hecate, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other conveniences, for pursuing his intended route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency; and they accordingly took their departure together, she being placed astride <sup>43</sup> upon the saddle holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch <sup>44</sup> in the other; and our adventurer sitting on the crupper, <sup>45</sup> superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle <sup>46</sup> of a pistol close at her ear. In this equipage they travelled across part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him: and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunt <sup>47</sup> of robbery and assassination.

Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion. The first <sup>instinct</sup> ~~he~~ had taken for his preservation were the effects of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed with despair; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse <sup>48</sup> menaces of murder, the shaking of the boughs <sup>49</sup> was constructed into the brandishing of poniards, and every shadow of a tree became the appa-

rition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occurrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger; and at every fillip <sup>50</sup> of his fear he acted as remembrancer to his conductress, in a new volley of imprecations, importing that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

Human nature could not long subsist under such complicated terror: at last he found himself clear <sup>51</sup> of the forest, and was blessed with the distant view of an inhabited place: he then began to exercise his thoughts upon a new subject. He debated with himself, whether he should make a parade of his intrepidity and public spirit, by disclosing his achievements, and surrendering his guide to the penalty of the law; or leave the old hag and her accomplices to the remorse of their own consciences, and proceed quietly on his journey to Paris, in undisturbed possession of the prize he had already obtained. This last step he determined to take, upon recollecting that in the course of his information the story of the murdered stranger would infallibly attract the attention of justice, and, in that case, the effects he had borrowed from the defunct must be refunded for the benefit of those who had a right to the succession. This was an argument which our adventurer could not resist; he foresaw that he should be stripped <sup>52</sup> of his acquisition, which he looked upon as the fair fruits of his valour and sagacity; and moreover, be detained as an evidence against the robbers, to the manifest detriment of his affairs: perhaps too he had motives of conscience, that dissuaded him from bearing witness against a set of people whose principles did not much differ from his own.

Influenced by such considerations, he yielded to the first importunity of the beldame, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly <sup>53</sup> exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes by sacrificing her associates to the demand of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favour she had found: then she betook <sup>54</sup> herself to her habitation, with full purpose of advising her fellow-murderers to repair with all despatch to the village, and impeach our hero, who, wisely distrusting her professions, staid no longer in the place than to hire a guide for the next stage, <sup>55</sup> which brought him to the city of Chalons sur Marne.

1 Demi vergée, ou huitième partie d'un mille anglais. — 2 Touffe, bosquet. — 3 Troupe, bande. — 4 Labyrinthes. — 5 Torturé. — 6 Ouragan. — 7 Bruyante, impétueuse. — 8 Bocages, marais, broussailles et buissons, ou bruyères. — 9 Lumière. — 10 Au grand gallop. — 11 Perdu. — 12 Avoine. — 13 Sans ornements, simple. — 14 Faiseur de fagots. — 15 Vieille femme. — 16 Lard. 17 Échelle. — 18 Bottes de paille. — 19 Verron. — 20 Poignardé. — 21 Monceaux. — 22 Inexprimable. — 23 Passage, sortie. — 24 Se hérissier. — 25 Etaient plein. — 26 Parent, allié, (qui a de l'affinité, de la conformité.) — 27 Eau-de-vie, (cognac). — 28 Armé. — 29 Marchant doucement. — 30 Découverte. — 31 Trachée-Artère. — 32 Dérober. — 33 Paralysie. — 34 Sortant. — 35 Vilains, scélérats. — 36 Cachette, repaire. — 37 Pleine, bien garnie. — 38 Vieille sorcière. — 39 Faisant le signe de la croix. — 40 Réprimander, blâmer. — 41 Exécution. — 42 Flétrie, fanée. — 43 A califourchon. — 44 Fouet. — 45 Croupière de la selle. — 46 Musélière, bouche d'une arme à feu. — 47 Repaire, retraite. — 48 Rauque. — 49 Rameaux. — 50 Chiquenaude, secousse — 51 Hors — 52 Privé déponillé. — 53 Sérieusement, avec chaleur. — 54 P. d. v. *to betake*, se rendre, se sauver. — 55 Relais, étape.

## HENRY FIELDING.

Henry Fielding, born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire 1707 of highly respectable parents, was educated at Eton and afterwards studied for the law. By his marriage he inherited a fortune which however he ran through in three years, at the end of which time he renewed his legal studies and became a barrister: but his practise not enabling him to support his family, he began to write for the theatre and political pamphlets. In 1742 appeared his novel of 'Joseph Andrews', which at once showed him to be an author of great original merit. His next works of importance are—'A Journey from This World to the Next', and a 'History of Jonathan Wild'. In 1749 Fielding was appointed a justice of Westminster and Middlesex, in which capacity he actively discharged his duties and in the midst of these engagements he produced 'Tom Jones', his best novel. In 1751 appeared 'Amelia' which was Fielding's last fictitious work. The irregular life of his younger days brought on a premature old age and dropsy, on account of which he was advised to try a warmer climate. In 1754 he departed for Lisbon, where he died in the same year.

### AFFECTATION.

The only source of the true ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But though it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious field it afford to an observer. Now affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour <sup>1</sup> to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. And though these two causes are often

confounded (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them), yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations: for indeed, the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to truth than the other; as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected: and therefore, though, when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes <sup>2</sup> of the nature of ostentation: for instance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man differ visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly <sup>3</sup> on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverse of what he would seem to be.

From the discovery of this affectation arises the ridiculous; which always strikes the reader with surprise and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy, than when from vanity: for to discover any one to be the exact reverse of what he affects is more surprising, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he desires the reputation of. I might observe that our Ben Jonson, who of all men understood the ridiculous the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical affectation.

Now from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very

ill-framed <sup>4</sup> mind, who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any man living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and sit <sup>5</sup> or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor house, and behold a wretched family shivering <sup>6</sup> with cold, and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter <sup>7</sup> (at least we must have very diabolical natures if it would): but should we discover there a grate, <sup>8</sup> instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the sideboard, <sup>9</sup> or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furniture, we might then indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastical an appearance. Much less are natural imperfections the object of derision: but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness <sup>10</sup> endeavours to display agility, it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

The poet carries this very far:

None are for being what they are in fault,  
But for not being what they would be thought.

Where if the metre would suffer the word "ridiculous" to close the first line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation. smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to me the only true source of the ridiculous.

1. Nous force à. — 2 Partage, partcipe. — 3 Maladroitement, lourde ment. — 4 Mal constitué. — 5 Voiture à six chevaux. — 6 Frissonnant, tremblant. — 7 Rire. — 8 Grille. — 9 Buffet. — 10 État de celui qui est estorpié.

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## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

This popular prose-writer and poet was born 1729 at Pallas in Longford, Ireland, and was the son of a poor curate. After a good village-education he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where, however, he did not distinguish himself. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1749 two years later than is usual. He then studied medicine, but without any success. The next period of his life is full of adventures, he made a tour over almost all Europe on foot, in which time he had excellent opportunities of observing human character, which proved at a later period of great service to him. He returned to London in 1759 after a most eventful journey without a penny in his pocket, and served for some time behind the counter in a small apothecary's shop and afterwards as an usher in a school. A friend then supplied him with funds to set up as a surgeon: but he was not fortunate in this line of business and in order to procure a subsistence he wrote articles for the 'Monthly Review.' He also contributed to 'The British Magazine', 'Critical Review', 'Public Ledger', etc. In 1759 he published his 'Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe', soon after which he penned 'the Citizen of the World', and in 1761 'The Vicar of Wakefield', which was not published until 1766 when it appeared with the Traveller, and the ballad called 'The Hermit'. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' is considered one of the best English novels. In 1768 he issued his comedy of the 'Good-Natured Man'. His next productions were 'Letters on the History of England' and a 'History of Rome'. He also wrote three biographies and his poem 'The Deserted village' in which he has admirably described his father, the schoolmaster, and one or two other real character of his native place. In 1773 he wrote a comedy

entitled 'She Stoops to Conquer' the plan of which was founded on incidents in the experience of the author; it was received with enthusiasm and still retains a prominent place among English comedies. One of his last works is called 'History of the Earth and Animated Nature.' It was not published till two years after his death which took place in 1774. The writings of Goldsmith shew a close observation of human nature, a good amount of sarcasm, and a vivacity and truth scarcely equalled by any other author. One of the most prominent traits of his character was an inability to see his fellow creatures suffer when it was in his power to help them.

#### THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'S ESTABLISHMENT.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood consisting of farmers, who tilled <sup>1</sup> their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought <sup>2</sup> with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, <sup>3</sup> sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, <sup>4</sup> eat pancakes on Shrove-tide; <sup>5</sup> showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. <sup>6</sup> Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping <sup>7</sup> hill sheltered with a beautiful underwood be-



hind, and a prattling <sup>8</sup> river before; on one side a meadow, <sup>9</sup> on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures: the elms and hedge-rows <sup>10</sup> appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with a thatch, <sup>11</sup> which gave it an air of great snugness; <sup>12</sup> the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour <sup>13</sup> and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, <sup>14</sup> being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, <sup>15</sup> the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled <sup>16</sup> by the servant: after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal <sup>17</sup> and an

hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, <sup>18</sup> and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; <sup>19</sup> for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last goodnight, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, <sup>20</sup> which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut; <sup>21</sup> my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the

rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, <sup>22</sup> their trains bundled up into a heap <sup>23</sup> behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now."

"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, <sup>24</sup> the very children in the parish will hoot <sup>25</sup> after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings; and patchings, <sup>26</sup> will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours.—No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; <sup>27</sup> for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats <sup>28</sup> for Dick and Bill, the two little ones: and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing. <sup>29</sup>

At a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn, and honeysuckle. <sup>30</sup> Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, <sup>31</sup> in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll <sup>32</sup> down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, <sup>33</sup> talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted <sup>34</sup> both health and harmony,

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own particular pleasures, every morning waked us to a repetition of toil, <sup>35</sup> but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

1. Cultivaient, labouraient. — 2 Travaillaient. — 3 Chant, louange

da Noël. — 4 Ils s'envoyaient des présents, comme gage de sincère amour, le jour de S. Valentin. — 5 Ils mangeaient le pouding le Mardi gras. — 6 Ils cassaient des noix la veille de S. Michel. — 7 En pente. — 8 Babillant, murmurant. — 9 Prairie. — 10 D'ormes et de haies. — 11 Chaume. — 12 De comodité, de confortabilité. — 13 Parloir, petit salon au rez-de-Chaussée. — 14 Ustensiles de cuisine en cuivre. — 15 Rayons tablettes. — 16 Allumé. — 17 Repas. — 18 Foyer. — 19 Vin de groseilles. — 20 Parure, toilette. — 21 Jais et cordons. (cordes à boyau). — 22 Mouchetées, tachetées de mouches, (c'étaient de petits morceaux de taffetas noir que les femmes se mettaient autrefois sur le visage). — 23 La queue de leur robe recueillie en un monceau. — 24 Habillement, accoutrement. — 25 Huer. — 26 Ces garnitures, ces fleurs et ces mouches. — 27 D'une façon plus simple. — 28 Gilôts. — 29 Retranchement. — 30 D'aubepine et de chèvre-feuille. — 31 Paysage. — 32 Excursion, promenade. — 33 Cloches, et centanrées, (fleurs). — 34 *To waft*, flotter, porter au travers des airs. — 35 Travail.

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## HENRY MACKENZIE.

Henry Mackenzie was born in Edinburgh 1745, where he afterwards studied the law in the court of Exchequer. In 1771 he published his first novel 'The Man of Feeling' which was succeeded by 'The Man of the World' and 'Julia de Ronbigné.' He contributed largely to 'The Mirror' and to 'The Lounger.' His style is elegant, but not powerful, and in his novels, although they do not possess much interest, yet, there are many traits of humour and good taste which render their perusal agreeable. His first is considered decidedly his best; but some of his later and smaller productions are not without their merit. In 1804 he was made controller of taxes for Scotland, and in 1831 died at the age of eighty-six.

## A VISIT TO BEDLAM.\*

OF these things called sights <sup>1</sup> in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, <sup>2</sup> proposed a visit. Harley objected to it; "Because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with a painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies), and they went in a body to Moorfields.

The conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. <sup>3</sup> Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beast for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those resi-

\* Célèbre hôpital des fous à Londres.

de, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread and little balls of clay. <sup>4</sup> He delineated the segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, <sup>5</sup> and marked their different vibrations by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," <sup>6</sup> said he, "to the theory of comets, for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled <sup>7</sup> a variety of figures on a piece of slate. <sup>8</sup> Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which was marked South Sea annuities, <sup>9</sup> India stock, <sup>10</sup> and Three per cent. annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. <sup>11</sup> He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the

garden wall, and so returned to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing <sup>12</sup> a little longer, when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences he should be some hundreds above a plum." <sup>13</sup>

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, <sup>14</sup> was a schoolmaster of some reputation; he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley. But delusive ideas, sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited; the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large mad house." "It is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madneses, and sometimes very fatal in their effects.

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was, indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal, indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it,"

"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance.



"Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Cham of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck <sup>15</sup> by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement; and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, <sup>16</sup> was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper who accompanied them, observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady who was born to ride in her coach-and-six. <sup>17</sup> She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune. <sup>18</sup> But love, they say, is blind; and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors if ever she saw him again. Upon this, the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one who knew him. This news soon reached his mis-

tress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly <sup>19</sup> fellow who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one and her aversion to the other, <sup>20</sup> the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, <sup>21</sup> and he died almost a beggar." Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced <sup>22</sup> in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet <sup>23</sup> ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she, "Do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep, too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!"—She drew nearer to Harley.—"Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven."—"Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man" (pointing to the keeper) "not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; <sup>24</sup> I have almost forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing;—you shall hear me—hush!— <sup>25</sup>

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,  
And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be

withstood; <sup>26</sup> and except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened <sup>27</sup> eye around her. "Do you weep again?" said she, "I would not have you weep; you weep; you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!—

"'Twas when the seas were roaring.

"I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him."—She stretched out <sup>28</sup> her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears.—"Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited <sup>29</sup> to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl;—but my heart is harmless: my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!"—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—"Hark! <sup>30</sup> one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—But I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger—"Farewell! I must leave you now."—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—"I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell!"—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand. "Be kind to that unfortunate."—He burst into tears, and left them.

1 Vues, ce qui est digne d'être vu. — 2 Spectacles. — 3 Choquant, horrible. — 4 Argile. — 5 Craie. — 6 Il tomba victime. — 7 Griffonné. — 8 Ardoise. — 9 Rentes annuelles. — 10 Fonds public. — 11 Bourse. 12 Agiotage. — 13 Cent mille livres sterling. — 14 Barbouillé de tabac. — 15 Frappé, étonné. — 16 Amaigri. — 17 Voiture à six chevaux. — 18 Il était du même âge, mais beaucoup moins riche qu'elle. — 19 Avaricien. — 20 Tant pour desespoir pour la mort de celui la que pour.... — 21 Ruine. — 22 Saisie de frayer. 23 Grenat, pierre précieuse. — 24 Depuis quelque temps je suis devenue méchante. — 25 Silence. — 26 P. d. v. *To withstand* résister. — 27 Pas monillé. — 28 Elle allongea, tendi — Tressé. — 30 Écoutez.

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## DAVID HUME.

David Hume, the historian, was born in Edinburgh 1711; he studied the law, which profession however did not accord with his taste, he therefore turned his attention to composition and 1737 published his first philosophical work under the title of 'A Treatise on Human nature'; in 1740 he became the author of two volumes of Essays, Moral and Physical. In 1751 he issued the former revised and remodelled under the title of 'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals'. Hume now abandoned metaphysics and applied himself to the study of history and in 1754 appeared the first volume of his 'History of Great Britain'. The unfavourable reception of this volume was a great disappointment to the author, nevertheless he persevered and in 1757 published a second volume with greater success. A third and fourth followed in 1759 and the last in 1665, by which time he had risen to be considered the first historian of his age. In 1764 he was promoted to the office of Under-Secretary of State, which post he held for two years, when he retired to Edinburgh, where he remained till his death in 1776. The History of Hume is more to be regarded as a specimen of a flowing and easy stile, than as an historical authority; for his prejudices and indolence have caused him to state many facts which the experience of later days has proved to be untrue.

## JOAN OF ARC.

In the village of Domremi near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc, who was servant in a small inn, <sup>1</sup> and who in that station had been accustomed to tend the horses of the guests, <sup>2</sup> to ride them without a saddle to the watering-place, and to perform other offices, which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the share of the men-servants. This girl was of an irreproachable life, and had not hitherto been remarked for any singularity; whether that she had met with no occasion to excite her genius, or that the unskilful <sup>3</sup> eyes of those who conversed with her had not been able to discern her uncommon merit. It is easy to imagine, that the present situation of France was an interesting object even to person of the lowest rank, and would become the frequent subject of conversation; a young prince expelled from his throne by the sedition of native subjects, and by the arms of strangers, could not fail to move the compassions of all his people whose hearts were uncorrupted by faction: and the peculiar character of Charles, so strongly inclined to friendship, and the tender passion; naturally rendered him the hero of that sex whose generous miads know no bounds <sup>4</sup> in their affections. The siege of Orleans, the progress of the English before that place, the great distress of the garrison and inhabitants, the importance of saving this city and its brave defenders, had turned thither the public eye; and Joan, inflamed by the general sentiment, was seized with a wild <sup>5</sup> desire of bringing relief to her sove-

reign in his present distresses. Her inexperienced mind, working day and night on this favorite object, mistook 6 the impulses of passion for heavenly inspirations; and heard voices, exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France, and to expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of temper made her overlook 7 all the dangers which might attend her in such a path; and thinking herself destined by Heaven to this office, she threw aside all that bashfulness 8 and timidity so natural to her sex, her years, and her low station. She went to Vaucouleurs; procured admission to Baudricourt, the governor; informed him of her inspirations and intentions; and conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke through her, but to second those heavenly revelations which impelled her to this glorious enterprise. Baudricourt treated her at first with some neglect; but on her frequent returns to him, and importunate solicitations, he began to remark something extraordinary in the maid, and was inclined, at all hazards, to make so easy an experiment. It is uncertain whether this gentleman had discernment enough to perceive that great use might be made with the vulgar of so uncommon an engine; 9 or, what is more likely in that credulous age, was himself a convert to this visionary; but he adopted at last the schemes of Joan; and he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time reside at Chinon.

It is the business of history to distinguish between *miraculous* and the *marvellous*; to reject the first in all narrations merely profane and human, to doubt the second; and when obliged by unquestionable testimony, as in the present case, to admit of something extraor-

dinary, to receive as little of it as consistent with the known facts and circumstances. It is pretended, that Joan, immediately on her admission, knew the king, though she had never seen his face before, and though he purposely kept himself in the crowd of courtiers, and had laid aside <sup>10</sup> every thing in his dress and apparel which might distinguish him; that she offered him, in the name of the supreme Creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims, to be there crowned and anointed; and on his expressing doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some sworn <sup>11</sup> confidants, a secret which was unknown to all the world beside himself, and which nothing but a heavenly inspiration could have discovered to her: and that she demanded, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword which was kept in the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen it, she described by all its marks, and by the place in which it had long lain neglected. This is certain, that all these miraculous stories were spread abroad in order to captivate the vulgar. The more the king and his ministers were determined to give into the illusion, the more scruples they pretended. An assembly of grave doctors and theologians cautiously examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it undoubted and supernatural. She was sent to the parliament, then residing at Poitiers, and was interrogated before that assembly: the presidents, the counsellors, who came persuaded of her imposture, went away convinced of her inspiration. A ray of hope began to break <sup>12</sup> through that despair in which the minds of all men were before enveloped. Heaven had now declared itself in favour of France, and had laid bare its outstretched <sup>13</sup> arm

to take vengeance on her invaders. Few could distinguish between the impulse of inclination and the force of conviction, and none would submit to the trouble of so disagreeable a scrutiny.

After these artificial precautions and preparations had been for some time employed, Joan's requests were at last complied with: she was armed *cap-à-piè*, mounted on horseback, and shown in that martial habiliment before the whole people. Her dexterity in managing her steed, <sup>14</sup> though acquired in her former occupation, was regarded as a fresh proof of her mission, and she was received with the loudest acclamations by the spectators. Her former occupation was even denied; she was no longer the servant of an inn; she was converted into a shepherdess <sup>15</sup> an employment much more agreeable to the imagination. To render her still more interesting, near ten years were subtracted from her age; and all the sentiments of love and of chivalry were thus united to those of enthusiasm, in order to inflame the fond fancy <sup>16</sup> of the people with prepossessions in her favour.

When the engine was thus dressed up in full splendour, it was determined to essay its force against the enemy. Joan was sent to Blois, where a large convoy was prepared for the supply of Orleans, and an army of ten thousand men, under the command of St. Sever, assembled to escort it. She ordered all the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out <sup>17</sup> on the enterprise: she banished from the camp all women of bad fame: she displayed in her hands a consecrated banner, where the Supreme Being was represented grasping the globe of earth, and surrounded with *flower-de-luces*: <sup>18</sup> and she insisted, in right of her prophetic



mission, that the convoy should enter Orleans by the direct road from the side of Beauce; but the Count of Dunois, unwilling to submit the rules of the military art to her inspirations, ordered it to approach by the other side of the river, where he knew the weakest part of the English army was stationed.

Previous to this attempt, the maid had written to the regent, and to the English generals before Orleans, commanding them, in the name of the omnipotent Creator, by whom she was commissioned, immediately to raise the siege, and to evacuate France; and menacing them with divine vengeance in case of their disobedience. All the English affected to speak with derision of the maid, and of her heavenly commission; and said, that the French king was now indeed reduced to a sorry pass <sup>19</sup> when he had recourse to such ridiculous expedients: but they felt their imagination secretly struck with the vehement persuasion which prevailed in all around them; and they waited with an anxious expectation, not unmixed with horror, for the issue of these extraordinary preparations.

As the convoy approached the river, a sally <sup>20</sup> was made by the garrison on the side of Beauce, to prevent the English general from sending any detachment to the other side; the provisions were peaceably embarked in boats, which the inhabitants of Orleans had sent to receive them; the maid covered with her troops the embarkation; Suffolk did not venture to attack her: and the French general carried back the army in safety to Blois; an alteration of affairs which was already visible to all the world which had a proportional effect on the minds of both parties.

The maid entered the city of Orleans arrayed in her

military garb, <sup>21</sup> and displaying her consecrated standard, and was received as a celestial deliverer by all the inhabitants. They now believed themselves invincible under her influence; and Dunois himself, perceiving such a mighty alteration both in friends and foes, consented that the next convoy, which was expected in a few days, should enter by the side of Beauce. The convoy approached: no sign of resistance appeared in the besiegers: the waggons and troops passed without interruption between the redoubts of the English: a dead silence and astonishment reigned among those troops, formerly so elated with victory, and so fierce for the combat.

The Earl of Suffolk was in a situation very unusual and extraordinary, and which might well confound the man of the greatest capacity and firmest temper. He saw his troops overawed, <sup>22</sup> and strongly impressed with the idea of a divine influence accompanying the maid. Instead of banishing these vain terrors by hurry, and action, and war, he waited till the soldiers should recover from the panic; and he thereby gave leisure for those prepossessions to sink <sup>23</sup> still deeper into their minds. The military maxims which are prudent in common cases deceived him in these unaccountable events. The English felt their courage daunted and overwhelmed, <sup>24</sup> and thence inferred a divine vengeance hanging over them; the French drew the same inference from an inactivity so new and unexpected.— Every circumstance was now reversed in the opinions of men, on which all depends: the spirit resulting from a long course of uninterrupted success was on a sudden transferred from the victors to the vanquished.

The maid called aloud, that the garrison should re-

main no longer on the defensive; and she promised her followers the assistance of Heaven in attacking those redoubts of the enemy which had so long kept them in awe,<sup>25</sup> and which they had never hitherto dared to insult. The generals seconded her ardour: an attack was made on one redoubt, and it proved successful: all the English who defended the entrenchments were put to the sword, or taken prisoners: and Sir John Talbot himself, who had drawn together, from the other redoubts, some troops to bring them relief, durst not appear in the open field against so formidable an enemy.

Nothing, after this success, seemed impossible to the maid and her enthusiastic votaries. She urged the generals to attack the main body of the English in their entrenchments; but Dunois, still unwilling to hazard the fate of France by too great temerity, and sensible that the least reverse of fortune would make all the present visions evaporate, and restore every thing to its former condition, checked<sup>26</sup> her vehemence, and proposed to her first to expel the enemy from their forts on the other side of the river, and thus lay the communication with the country entirely open, before she attempted any more hazardous enterprise. Joan was persuaded, and these forts were vigorously assailed. In one attack the French were repulsed; the maid was almost left alone; she was obliged to retreat, and join the runaways;<sup>27</sup> but displaying her sacred standard, and animating them with her countenance, her gestures; her exhortations, she led them back to the charge, and overpowered the English in their intrenchments. In the attack of another fort, she was wounded in the neck with an arrow; she retreated a moment behind

the assailants; she pulled out the arrow <sup>28</sup> with her own hands; she had the wound quickly dressed; and she hastened back to head the troops, and plant her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy.

By all these successes the English were entirely chased from their fortifications on that side: they had lost above six thousand men in these different actions, and, what was still more important, their wonted courage and confidence was wholly gone and had given place to amazement, <sup>29</sup> and despair. The maid returned triumphant over the bridge, and was again received as the guardian angel of the city. After performing such miracles, she convinced the most obdurate incredulity of her divine mission: men felt themselves animated as by a superior energy, and thought nothing impossible to that divine hand which so visibly conducted them. It was in vain even for the English generals to oppose with their soldiers the prevailing opinion of supernatural influence; they themselves were probably moved by the same belief: the utmost they dared to advance was, that Joan was not an instrument of God; she was only the implement <sup>30</sup> of the devil: but as the English had felt, to their sad experience, that the devil might be allowed sometimes to prevail, they derived not much consolation from the enforcing of this opinion.

It might prove extremely dangerous for Suffolk, with such intimidated troops, to remain any longer in the presence of so courageous and victorious an enemy; he therefore raised the siege, and retreated with all the precaution imaginable. The French resolved to push their conquest, and to allow the English no leisure to recover from their consternation. Charles for-

med a body of six thousand men and sent them to attack Gergeau, whither Suffolk had retired with a detachment of his army. The siege lasted ten days, and the place was obstinately defended. Joan displayed her wonted intrepidity on the occasion. She descended into the fossée in leading the attack, and she there received a blow <sup>31</sup> on the head with a stone, by which she was confounded and beaten to the ground; but she soon recovered herself, and in the end rendered the assault successful: Suffolk was obliged to yield <sup>32</sup> himself prisoner to a Frenchman called Renaud; but before he submitted, he asked his adversary, whether he were a gentleman? On receiving a satisfactory answer, he demanded, whether he were a knight? <sup>33</sup> Renaud replied, that he had not yet attained that honour. Then I make you one, replied Suffolk: upon which he gave him the blow with his sword, which dubbed <sup>34</sup> him into that fraternity, and he immediately surrendered himself his prisoner.

The remainder of the English army was commanded by Fastolffe, Scales, and Talbot, who thought of nothing but of making their retreat, as soon as possible, into a place of safety; while the French esteemed the overtaking <sup>35</sup> them equivalent to a victory. So much had the events which passed before Orleans altered every thing between the two nations! The vanguard of the French, under Richemont and Xantrailles, attacked the rear <sup>36</sup> of the enemy at the village of Patai. The battle lasted not a moment: the English were discomfited and fled: the brave Fastolffe himself showed the example of flight to his troops; and the order of the garter <sup>37</sup> was taken from him, as a punishment for this instance of cowardice. Two thousand men were

killed in this action, and both Talbot and Scales taken prisoners.

In the account of all these successes, the French writers, to magnify the wonder, represent the maid (who was now known by the appellation of the Maid of Orleans) as not only active in combat, but as performing the office of general; directing the troops, conducting the military operations, and swaying <sup>38</sup> the deliberations in all councils of war. It is certain, that the policy of the French court endeavoured to maintain this appearance with the public; but it is much more probable, that Dunois and the wiser commanders prompted her in all her measures, than that a country girl, without experience or education, could, on a sudden, become expert in a profession which requires more genius and capacity than any other active scene of life. It is sufficient praise that she could distinguish the persons on whose judgment she might rely; that she could seize their hints <sup>39</sup> and suggestions, and, on a sudden, deliver their opinions as her own; and that she could curb, on occasion, that visionary and enthusiastic spirit with which she was actuated, and could temper it with prudence and discretion.

The raising of the siege of Orleans was one part of the maid's promise to Charles, the crowning of him at Rheims was the the other; and she now vehemently insisted that he should forthwith set out on that enterprise. A few weeks before, such a proposal would have appeared the most extravagant in the world.—Rheims lay in a distant quarter of the kingdom; was then in the hands of a victorious enemy; the whole road which led to it was occupied by their garrisons; and no man could be so sanguine <sup>40</sup> as to imagine

that such an attempt could so soon come within the bounds of possibility. But as it was extremely the interest of Charles to maintain the belief of something extraordinary and divine in these events, and to avail himself of the present consternation of the English, he resolved to follow the exhortations of his warlike 41 prophetess, and to lead his army upon this promising adventure. Hitherto he had kept remote from the scene of war: as the safety of the state depended upon his person, he had been persuaded to restrain his military ardour: but observing this prosperous turn of affairs, he now determined to appear at the head of his armies, and to set the example of valour to all his soldiers; and the French nobility saw at once their young sovereign assuming a new and more brilliant character, seconded by fortune, and conducted by the hand of Heaven, and they caught fresh zeal to exert themselves in replacing him on the throne of his ancestors.

Charles set out for Rheims at the head of twelve thousand men: passed by Troyes, which opened its gates to him: Chalons imitated the example: Rheims sent him a deputation with its keys, 42 before his approach to it: and he scarcely perceived, as he passed along, that he was marching through an enemy's country. The ceremony of his coronation was here performed with the holy oil, which a pigeon had brought to King Clovis from heaven on the first establishment of the French monarchy: the Maid of Orleans stood by his side in complete armour, and displayed her sacred banner, which had so often dissipated and confounded his fiercest enemies: and the people shouted 43 with the most unfeigned joy on viewing such complication of

wonders. After the completion of the ceremony, the maid threw herself at the king's feet, embraced his knees, and with a flood of tears, which pleasure and tenderness extorted from her, she congratulated him on this singular and marvellous event.

Charles, thus crowned and anointed, became more respectable in the eyes of all his subjects; and seemed, in a manner, to receive anew, from a heavenly commission, his title to their allegiance. The inclinations of men swaying <sup>44</sup> their belief, no one doubted of the inspirations and prophetic spirit of the maid: so many incidents, which passed all human comprehension, left little room to question a superior influence: and the real and undoubted facts brought credit to every exaggeration, which could scarcely be rendered more wonderful. Laon, Soissons; Chateau-Thierry, Provins, and many other towns and fortresses in that neighbourhood, <sup>45</sup> immediately after Charles's coronation, submitted to him on the first summons; <sup>46</sup> and the whole nation was disposed to give him the most zealous testimonies of their duty and affection.

Nothing can impress us with a higher idea of the wisdom, and address of the Duke of Bedford, than his being able to maintain himself in so perilous a situation; and to preserve some footing <sup>47</sup> in France, after the defection of so many places, and amidst the universal inclination of the rest to imitate that contagious example. This prince seemed present every where by his vigilance and foresight: <sup>48</sup> he employed every resource which fortune had yet left him; he put all the English garrisons in a posture of defence; he kept a watchful <sup>49</sup> eye over every attempt among the French towards an insurrection; he retained the Parisians in



obedience, by alternately employing caresses and severity; and knowing that the Duke of Burgundy was already wavering <sup>50</sup> in his fidelity, he acted with so much skill and prudence, as to renew, in this dangerous crisis, his alliance with that prince; an alliance of the utmost importance to the credit and support of the English government.

The small supplies which he received from England set the talents of this great man in a still stronger light. The ardour of the English for foreign conquest was now extremely abated by time and reflection: the parliament seems even to have become sensible of the danger which might attend their farther progress; no supply of money could be obtained by the regent during his greatest distresses: and men enlisted slowly under his standard, or soon deserted, by reason of the wonderful accounts which had reached England, of the magic, and sorcery, and diabolical power of the Maid of Orleans. It happened fortunately, in this emergency, that the Bishop of Winchester, now created a cardinal, landed at Calais with a body of five thousand men, which he was conducting into Bohemia, on a crusade against the Hussites. He was persuaded to land these troops to his nephew during the present difficulties; and the regent was thereby enabled to take the field, and to oppose the French king, who was advancing with his army to the gates of Paris.

The extraordinary capacity of the Duke of Bedford appeared also in his military operations. He attempted to restore the courage of his troops by boldly <sup>51</sup> advancing to the face of the enemy; but chose his posts with so much caution, as always to decline a combat, and to render it impossible for Charles to attack him.

He still attended that prince in all his movements, covered his own towns and garrisons, and kept himself in a posture to reap <sup>52</sup> advantage from every imprudence or false step of the enemy. The French army, which consisted mostly of volunteers, who served at their own expense, soon after retired, and was disbanded. Charles went to Bourges, the ordinary place of his residence; but not till he made himself master of Compiègne, Beauvais. Senlis, Sens, Laval, Lagni, St. Denis, and of many places in the neighbourhood of Paris, which the affections of people had put into his hands,

The regent endeavoured to revive the declining state of his affairs by bringing over the young King of England, and having him crowned and anointed at Paris. All the vassals of the crown, who lived within the provinces possessed by the English, swore a new allegiance, and did homage to him. But this ceremony was cold and insipid, compared with the lustre which had attended the coronation of Charles at Rheims; and the Duke of Bedford expected more effect from an accident which put into his hands the person that had been the author of all his calamities.

The Maid of Orleans, after the coronation of Charles, declared to the Count of Dunois, that her wishes were now fully gratified, and that she had no farther desire than to return to her former condition, and to the occupation and course of life which became her sex: but that nobleman, sensible of the great advantages which might still be reaped from her presence in the army, exhorted her to persevere, till, by the final expulsion of the English; she had brought all her prophecies to their full completion. In pursuance of this advice, she

threw herself into the town of Compiègne, which was at that time besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, assisted by the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk; and the garrison, on her appearance, believed themselves thenceforth invincible. But their joy was of short duration. The maid, next day after her arrival, headed a sally <sup>53</sup> upon the quarters of John of Luxembourg; she twice drove the enemy from their intrenchments; finding their numbers to increase every moment, she ordered a retreat; when hard pressed by the pursuers, she turned upon them, and made them again recoil; but being here deserted by her friends, and surrounded by the enemy she was at last, after exerting the utmost valour, taken prisoner by the Burgundians. The common opinion was, that the French officers, finding the merit of every victory ascribed to her, had, in envy to her renown, by which they themselves were so much eclipsed, willingly exposed her to this fatal accident.

The envy of her friends on this occasion, was not a greater proof of her merit than the triumph of her enemies. A complete victory would not have given more joy to the English and their partisans. The service of *Te Deum*, which has so often been profaned by princes, was publicly celebrated, on this fortunate event, at Paris. The Duke of Bedford fancied, <sup>54</sup> that, by the captivity of that extraordinary woman, who had blasted <sup>55</sup> all his successes, he should again recover his former ascendant over France; and, to push farther the present advantage, he purchased the captive from John of Luxembourg, and formed a prosecution against her, which, whether it proceeded from vengeance or policy, was equally barbarous and dishonourable.

There was no possible reason why Joan should not

be regarded as a prisoner of war, and be entitled to all the courtesy and good usage which civilized nations practise towards enemies on these occasions. She had never, in her military capacity, forfeited, by any act of treachery or cruelty, her claim to that treatment: she was unstained <sup>56</sup> by any civil crime: even the virtues and the very decorums of her sex had ever been rigidly observed by her: and though her appearing in war, and leading armies to battle, may seem an exception, she had thereby performed such signal service to her prince, that she had abundantly compensated for this irregularity; and was, on that very account, the more an object of praise and admiration. It was necessary, therefore, for the Duke of Bedford to interest religion some way in the prosecution; and to cover under that cloak <sup>57</sup> his violation of justice and humanity.

The Bishop of Beauvais, a man wholly devoted to the English interests, presented a petition against Joan, on pretence that she was taken within the bounds of his diocese; and he desired to have her tried <sup>58</sup> by an ecclesiastical court for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic; the university of Paris was so mean as to join in the same request: several prelates, among whom the Cardinal of Winchester was the only Englishman, were appointed her judges: they held their court in Rouen, where the young King of England then resided; and the maid, clothed in her former military apparel, but loaded with irons, was produced before this tribunal.

She first desired to be eased <sup>59</sup> of her chains: her judges answered, that she had once already attempted an escape, by throwing herself from a tower; she confessed the fact, maintained the justice of her intention,

and owed <sup>60</sup> that, if she could, she would still execute that purpose. All her other speeches showed the same firmness and intrepidity: though harassed <sup>61</sup> with interrogatories during the course of near four months, she never betrayed any weakness, or womanish submission, and no advantage was gained over her. The point which her judges pushed most vehemently was her visions and revelations, and intercourse with departed saints; and they asked her, whether she would submit to the church the truth of these inspirations? She replied, that she would submit them to God, the fountain of truth. They then exclaimed, that she was a heretic, and denied the authority of the church. She appealed to the pope: they rejected her appeal.

They asked her, why she put trust <sup>62</sup> in her standard, which had been consecrated by magical incantations? She replied, that she put trust in the Supreme Being alone, whose image was impressed upon it. They demanded, why she carried in her hand that standard at the anointment and coronation of Charles at Rheims? She answered, that the person who had shared <sup>63</sup> the danger was entitled to share the glory. When accused of going to war, contrary to the decorums of her sex, and of assuming government and command over men, she scrupled not to reply, that her sole purpose was to defeat the English, and to expel them the kingdom. In the issue, she was condemned for all the crimes of which she had been accused, aggravated by heresy; her revelations were declared to be inventions of the devil to delude the people and she was sentenced to to be delivered over to the secular arm.

Joan, so long surrounded by inveterate enemies, who treated her with every mark of contumely, brow-

beaten and over-awed <sup>64</sup> by men of superior rank, and men invested with the ensigns of a sacred character, which she had been accustomed to revere, felt her spirit at last subdued; and those visionary dreams of inspiration, in which she had been buoyed <sup>65</sup> up by the triumphs of success and the applauses of her own party, gave way to the terrors of that punishment to which she was sentenced. She publicly declared herself willing to recant; <sup>66</sup> she acknowledged the illusion of those revelations which the church had rejected; and she promised never more to maintain them. Her sentence was then mitigated: she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed <sup>67</sup> during life on bread and water.

Enough was now done to fulfil <sup>68</sup> all political views, and to convince both the French and the English, that the opinion of divine influence, which had so much encouraged the one and daunted the other, was entirely without foundation. But the barbarous vengeance of Joan's enemies was not satisfied with this victory. Suspecting that the female dress, which she had now consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel, and watched for the effects of that temptation upon her. On the sight of a dress in which she had acquired so much renown, and which she once believed she wore <sup>69</sup> by the particular appointment of Heaven, all her former ideas and passions revived; and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden garment. Her insidious enemies caught her in that situation: her fault was interpreted to be no less than a relapse into heresy: no recantation would now suffice, and no pardon could be granted <sup>70</sup>

her. She was condemned to be burned in the market-place of Rouen, and the infamous sentence was accordingly executed. This admirable heroine, to whom the more generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars, was, on pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over alive to the flames; and expiated, by that dreadful punishment, the signal services which she had rendered to her prince and to her native country.

1 Anberge. — 2 Hôtes. — 3 Inabile. — 4 Limites. — 5 Sauvage, extravagant. — 6 P. d. v. *To mistake* se méprendre. — 7 Négliger. — 8 Timidité, embarras. — 9 Machine, instrument. — 10 *To lay aside*, mettre de côté. — 11 Fidèle. — 12 *To break through*, se frayer un chemin, traverser. — 13 Étendu. — 14 Coursier. — 15 Bergère. — 16 Imagination crédule. — 17 *To set out*, sortir, se mettre à. — 18 Fleurs de lis. — 19 Triste, affligeant. — 20 Sortie. — 21 Vêtement. — 22 Effrayé. — 23 Pénétrer. — 24 Dompté et accablé. — 25 Tenir en respect. — 26 *To check*, réprimer, retenir. — 27 Fuyards. — 28 Arracha la flèche. — 29 Étonnement, surprise. — 30 Instruments. — 31 Coup. — 32 *To Yield*, céder. — 33 Chevalier. — 34 *To dub*, créer chevalier, donner l'accolade. — 35 Surprendre. — 36 Arrière-garde. — 37 Jarretière. — 38 *To sway*, diriger, influencer. — 39 Suggestions, insinuations. — 40 Confiant. — 41 Martial, belliqueux. — 42 Clefs. — 43 *To shout*, faire des acclamations. — 44 Maîtrisant. — 45 Voisinage. — 46 Appels. — 47 Pour avoir pied... — 48 Prévoyance. — 49 Vigilant. — 50 Balançant. — 51 Hardiment. — 52 Recueillir, gagner. — 53 Commandait une sortie. — 54 Imagina. — 55 Gâté. — 56 Sans tâche. — 57 Manteau. — 58 Jugée. — 59 Soulagée. — 60 Avoua. — 61 Torturée. — 62 Confiance. — 63 Partagé. — 64 Epouvantée. — 65 *To buoy*, faire flotter, nager. — 66 Se rétracter désavouer. — 67 Nourrie. — 68 Accomplie. — 69 P. d. v. *To wear* porter. — 70 Accordé.

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## EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon, the author of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' was born at Putney in Surrey in 1737. As a youth he was passionately fond of all sorts of reading, but his taste soon decided itself in favour of historical works. In 1753 he became a Roman Catholic; upon the discovery of this fact, his father sent him to Lausanne in Switzerland where in 1754 he became again converted to protestantism. In 1758 he returned to England and entered the Hampshire militia in which he remained till 1762 when he travelled in France and Italy. After his return to England he undertook (1770) the commencement of his great work. In 1774 he entered parliament where distinguished himself there. The first volume of his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' appeared in 1776 and met with very great success. The second and third volumes were published in 1781; after the appearance of which he went a second time to Lausanne and finished the work; the three additional volumes appeared in 1788. After his return Gibbon resided in London till 1793 when he again made a visit to Lausanne, but came back to England in the same year; and died in 1794. The great fault of his history is the disbelief in the Christian religion, implied in several of the chapters; the style is flowing and easy and many of the events are described almost with a dramatic force; but the spreading and triumph of the Christian religion is treated with a cold cynical sneer. On the whole, the book possesses great interest, which considering its length, is well sustained to the end. His autobiography is well worth reading.

### CHARACTER OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

The character of the prince who removed the seat of empire, and introduced such important changes into the civil and religious constitution of his country, has fixed the attention, and divided the opinions, of mankind. By the grateful zeal of the Christians, the de-



liverer of the church has been decorated with every attribute of a hero, and even of a saint; while the discontent of the vanquished party has compared Constantine to the most abhorred of those tyrants, who, by their vice and weakness, dishonoured the imperial purple. The same passions have in some degree been perpetuated to succeeding generations, and the character of Constantine is considered, even in the present age, as an object either of satire or of panegyric. By the impartial union of those defects which are confessed by the warmest admirers, and of those virtues which are acknowledged <sup>1</sup> by his most implacable enemies, we might hope to delineate a just portrait of that extraordinary man, which the truth and candour of history should adopt without a blush. But it would soon appear that the vain attempt to blend <sup>2</sup> such discordant colours, and to reconcile such inconsistent qualities, must produce a figure monstrous rather than human, unless it is viewed in its proper and distinct light, by a careful separation of the different periods of the reign of Constantine.

The person, as well as the mind, of Constantine had been enriched by nature with her choicest endowments. His stature was lofty, <sup>3</sup> his countenance majestic his deportment graceful; his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise, and from his earliest youth, to a very advanced season of life, he preserved the vigour of his constitution by a strict adherence to the domestic virtues of chastity and temperance. He delighted in the social intercourse of familiar conversation; and though he might sometimes indulge his disposition to raillery with less reserve than was required by the severe dignity of his station,

the courtesy and liberality of his manners gained the hearts of all who approached him. The sincerity of his friendship has been suspected; yet he showed on some occasions that he was not incapable of a warm and lasting attachment. The disadvantage of an illiterate education had not prevented him from forming a just estimate of the value of learning; and the arts and sciences derived some encouragement from the munificent protection of Constantine. In the despatch <sup>4</sup> of business, his diligence was indefatigable; and the active powers of his mind were almost continually exercised in reading, writing, or meditating, in giving audience to ambassadors, and in examining the complaints of his subjects. Even those who censured the propriety of his measures were compelled to acknowledge, that he possessed magnanimity to conceive, and patience to execute, the most arduous designs, without being checked <sup>5</sup> either by the prejudices of education, or by the clamours of the multitude. In the field, he infused his own intrepid spirit into the troops, whom he conducted with the talents of a consummate general, and to his abilities, rather than to his fortune, we may ascribe the signal victories which he obtained over the foreign and domestic foes of the republic. He loved glory, as the reward, perhaps as the motive, of his labours. The boundless ambition, which, from the moment of his accepting the purple at York, appears as the ruling passion of his soul, may be justified by the dangers of his own situation, by the character of his rivals; by the consciousness of superior merit, and by the prospect that his success would enable him to restore peace and order to the distracted empire. In the civil wars against Maxentius and Licinius, he had en-

gaged on his side the inclinations of the people, who compared the undissembled vices of those tyrants with the spirit of wisdom and justice which seemed to direct the general tenor of the administration of Constantine.

Had Constantine fallen on the banks of the Tyber, or even in the plains of Hadrianople, such is the character which, with a few exceptions, he might have transmitted to posterity. But the conclusion of his reign (according to the moderate, and, indeed, tender sentence of a writer of the same age) degraded him from the rank which he had acquired among the most deserving of the Roman princes. In the life of Augustus, we behold <sup>6</sup> the tyrant of the republic converted, almost by imperceptible degrees, into the father of his country and human kind. <sup>7</sup> In that of Constantine we may contemplate a hero, who had so long inspired his subjects with love, and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and dissolute monarch, corrupted by his fortune, or raised by conquest above the necessity of dissimulation. The general peace which he maintained during the last fourteen years of his reign was a period of apparent splendour rather than of real prosperity, and the old age of Constantine was disgraced by the opposite yet reconcileable vices of rapaciousness and prodigality. The accumulated treasures found in the palaces of Maxentius and Licinius were lavishly <sup>8</sup> consumed; the various innovations introduced by the conqueror were attended with an increasing expense; the cost of his buildings, <sup>9</sup> his court, and his festivals, required an immediate and plentiful supply; and the oppression of the people was the only fund which could support the magnificence of the sovereign. His unworthy favourites, enriched by the boundless liberality of their

master, usurped with impunity the privilege of rapine and corruption. A secret but universal decay was felt in every part of the public administration; and the emperor himself, though he still retained the obedience, gradually lost the esteem of his subjects. The dress and manners which, towards the decline of life he chose to affect, served only to degrade him in the eyes of mankind. The Asiatic pomp, which had been adopted by the pride of Diocletian, assumed an air of softness and effeminacy in the person of Constantine. He is represented with false hair of various colours, laboriously arranged by the skilful artists of the times; a diadem of a new and more expensive fashion; a profusion of gems and pearls, of collars and bracelets; and a variegated flowing <sup>10</sup> robe of silk, most curiously embroidered with flowers of gold. In such apparel, scarcely to be excused by the youth and folly of Elagabalus, we are at a loss <sup>11</sup> to discover the wisdom of an aged monarch, and the simplicity of a Roman veteran. A mind thus relaxed by prosperity and indulgence was incapable of rising to that magnanimity which disdains suspicion, and dares to forgive. The deaths of Maximian and Licinius may perhaps be justified by the maxims of policy, as they are taught in the schools of tyrants; but an impartial narrative of the executions, or rather murders, which sullied the declining age of Constantine, will suggest <sup>12</sup> to our most candid thoughts the idea of a prince, who would sacrifice without reluctance the laws of justice, and the feelings of nature, to the dictates either of his passions or of his interest.

1 Reconnues. — 2 Mèler. — 3 Haute. — 4 Administration, dépêche.

— 5 Réprimer. — 6 N. voyons. — 7 Espèce. — 8 Prodigalment. — 9 Batimens. — 10 Flottante. — 11 N. somme embarrassés. — 12 *To suggest, insinuer, inspirer.*

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### THE ABDICATION OF DIOCLETIAN.

Notwithstanding the severity of a very cold and rainy <sup>1</sup> winter, Diocletian left Italy soon after the ceremony of his triumph, and began his progress towards the East round the circuit of the Illyrian provinces. From the inclemency of the weather, and the fatigue of the journey, he soon contracted a slow illness; and though he made easy marches, and was generally carried in a close litter, his disorder, before he arrived at Nicomedia, about the end of the summer, was become very serious and alarming. During the whole winter he was confined to his palace; his danger inspired a general and unaffected concern; but the people could only judge of the various alterations in his health, from the joy or consternation which they discovered in the countenances and behaviour of his attendants. The rumour of his death was for some time universally believed, and it was supposed to be concealed, with a view to prevent the troubles that might have happened during the absence of the Cæsar Galerius. At length, however, on the first of March, Diocletian once more appeared in public, but so pale and emaciated, that he could scarcely have been recognised by those to whom his person was the most familiar. It was time to put an end to the painful struggle <sup>2</sup> which he had

sustained during more than a year, between the care of his health and that of his dignity; the former required indulgence and relaxation; the latter compelled him to direct, from the bed of sickness, the administration of a great empire. He resolved to pass the remainder of his days in honourable repose, to place his glory beyond the reach <sup>3</sup> of fortune, and to relinquish the theatre of the world to his younger and more active associates.

The ceremony of his abdication was performed in a spacious plain, about three miles from Nicomedia. The emperor ascended a lofty throne, and in a speech, full of reason and dignity, declared his intention, both to the soldiers, who were assembled on this extraordinary occasion. As soon as he had divested himself of the purple he withdrew from the gazing <sup>4</sup> multitude; and traversing the city in a covered chariot, proceeded, without delay, to the favourite retirement which he had chosen in his native country of Dalmatia. On the same day, which was the first of May, Maximian, as it had been previously concerted, made his resignation of the imperial dignity at Milan. Even in the splendour of the Roman triumph, Diocletian had meditated his design of abdicating the government. As he wished to secure the obedience of Maximian, he exacted from him, either a general assurance that he would submit his actions to the authority of his benefactor, or a particular promise that he would descend from the throne, whenever he should receive the advice and the example. This engagement, though it was confirmed by the solemnity of an oath <sup>5</sup> before the altar of the Capitoline Jupiter, would have proved a feeble restraint on the fierce temper of Maximian, whose passion was the lo-

ve of power, and who neither desired present tranquillity nor future reputation. But he yielded, <sup>6</sup> however reluctantly, to the ascendant which his wiser colleague had acquired over him, and retired immediately after his abdication to a villa in Lucania, where it was almost impossible that such an impatient spirit could find any lasting tranquillity.

Diocletian, who from a servile origin had raised himself to the throne, passed the nine last years of his life in a private condition. Reason had dictated, and content seems to have accompanied, his retreat, in which he enjoyed for a long time the respect of those princes to whom he had resigned the possession of the world. It is seldom that minds, long exercised in business, have formed any habits of conversing with themselves, and in the loss of power they principally regret the want of occupation. The amusements of letters and of devotion, which afford so many resources in solitude, were incapable of fixing the attention of Diocletian; but he had preserved, or at least he soon recovered, a taste for the most innocent as well as natural pleasures; and his leisure hours were sufficiently employed in building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless <sup>7</sup> old man to resume the reins of government and the imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could show Maximian the cabbages <sup>8</sup> which he had planted with his own hand at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. In his conversations with his friends, he frequently acknowledged, that of all arts, the most difficult was

the art of reigning; and he expressed himself on that favourite topic with a degree of warmth <sup>9</sup> which could be the result only of experience. "How often," was he accustomed to say, "is it the interest of four or five ministres to combine together to deceive their sovereign! Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, the truth is concealed from his knowledge; he can see only with their eyes, he hears nothing but their misrepresentations. He confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous art," added Diocletian, "the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers." A just estimate of greatness and the assurance of immortal fame improve our relish <sup>10</sup> for the pleasures of retirement; but the Roman emperor had filled too important a character in the world to enjoy without alloy the comforts and security of a private condition. It was impossible that he could remain ignorant of the troubles which afflicted the empire after his abdication. It was impossible that he could be indifferent to their consequences. Fear, sorrow, and discontent, sometimes pursued him into the solitude of Salona. His tenderness, or at least his pride, was deeply wounded by the misfortunes of his wife and daughter; and the last moments of Diocletian were embittered <sup>11</sup> by some affronts, which Lucinius and Constantine might have spared the father of so many emperors, and the first author of their own fortune. A report, though of a very doubtful nature, has reached our times, that he prudently withdrew himself from their power by a voluntary death.



1 Plavieux. — 2 Lutte, agonie. — 3 Portée. — 4 G. d. v. *To gaze*, regarder fixa. — 5 Serment. — 6 Cêda. 7 Inquiet, sans repos. — 8 Choux. — 9 Chaleur. — 10 Goût — 11 P. d. v. *To embitter*, rendre amer, empoisonner.

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### CHARACTER OF STILICHO.

The celestial gift <sup>1</sup> which Achilles obtained, and Alexander envied, of a poet worthy to celebrate the actions of heroes, had been enjoyed by Stilico in a much higher degree than might have been expected from the declining state of genius and of art. The muse of Claudian, devoted to his service, was always prepared to stigmatize his adversaries, Rufinus, or Eutropius, with eternal infamy or to paint, in the most splendid colours, the victories and virtues of a powerful benefactor. In the review of a period indifferently supplied with authentic materials, we cannot refuse to illustrate the annals of Honorius from the invectives, or the panegyrics, of a contemporary writer; but as Claudian appears to have indulged the most ample privilege of a poet and a courtier, some criticism will be requisite to translate the language of fiction or exaggeration into the truth and simplicity of historic prose. His silence concerning the family of Stilicho may be admitted as a proof, that his patron was neither able, nor desirous, to boast <sup>2</sup> of a long series of illustrious progenitor; and the slight mention of his father, an officer of barbarian cavalry in the service of Valens, seems to countenance the assertion, that the

general, who so long commanded the armies of Rome, was descended from the savage and perfidious race of the Vandals. If Stilicho had not possessed the external advantages of strength and stature, the most flattering bard, in the presence of so many thousand spectators, would have hesitated to affirm that he surpassed the measure of the demi-gods of antiquity; and that, whenever he moved with lofty steps through the streets of the capital, the astonished crowd made room for the stranger, who displayed, in a private condition, the awful majesty of a hero. From his earliest youth he embraced the profession of arms; his prudence and valour were soon distinguished in the field: the horsemen and archers of the East admired his superior dexterity; and in each degree of his military promotions, the public judgment always prevented and approved the choice of the sovereign. He was named by Theodosius, to ratify a solemn treaty with the monarch of Persia; he supported, during that important embassy, the dignity of the Roman name; and after his return to Constantinople, his merit was rewarded <sup>3</sup> by an intimate and honourable alliance with the imperial family. Theodosius had been prompted, <sup>4</sup> by a pious motive of fraternal affection, to adopt, for his own, the daughter of his brother Honorius; the beauty and accomplishments of Serena were universally admired by the obsequious court; and Stilicho obtained the preference over a crowd of rivals, who ambitiously disputed the hand of the princess and the favour of her adoptive father. The assurance that the husband of Serena would be faithful to the throne, which he was permitted to approach, engaged the emperor to exalt the fortunes, and to employ the abilities, of the sagacious

and intrepid Stilicho. He rose through the successive steps of master of the horse and count of the domestics, to the supreme rank of master-general of all the cavalry and infantry of the Roman, or at least of the western, <sup>5</sup> empire; and his enemies confessed, that he invariably disdained to barter for gold the rewards of merit, or to defraud the soldiers of the pay and gratifications which they deserved, or claimed, from the liberality of the state. The valour and conduct which he afterwards displayed in the defence of Italy, against the arms of Alaric and Radagasius, may justify the fame of his early achievements, <sup>6</sup> and in an age less attentive to the laws of honour, or of pride, the Roman generals might yield the pre-eminence of rank to the ascendant of superior genius. He lamented, and revenged, the murder of Promotus, his rival and his friend; and the massacre of many thousands of the flying Bastarnæ is represented by the poet as a bloody <sup>7</sup> sacrifice, which the Roman Achilles offered to the manes of another Patroclus. The virtues and victories of Stilicho deserved the hatred of Rufinus; and the arts of calumny might have been successful, if the tender and vigilant Serena had not protected her husband against his domestic foes whilst he vanquished in the field the enemies of the empire. Theodosius continued to support an unworthy minister, to whose diligence he delegated the government of the palace and of the East; but when he marched against the tyrant Eugenius, he associated his faithful general to the labours and glories of the civil war; and in the last moments of his life, the dying monarch recommended to Stilicho the care of his sons and of the republic. The ambition and abilities of Stilicho were not unequal to the impor-

tant trust, and he claimed the guardianship <sup>8</sup> of the two empires during the minority of Arcadius and Honorius. The first measure of his administration, or rather of his reign, displayed to the nations the vigour and activity of a spirit worthy to command. He passed the Alps in the depth <sup>9</sup> of winter; descended the stream of the Rhine, from the fortress of Basil to the marshes of Batavia; reviewed the state of the garrisons; repressed the enterprises of the Germans; and, after establishing along the banks a firm and honourable peace, returned with incredible speed <sup>10</sup> to the palace of Milan. The person and court of Honorius were subject to the master-general of the West, and the armies and provinces of Europe obeyed without hesitation a regular authority, which was exercised in the name of their young sovereign. Two rivals only remained to dispute the claims, and to provoke the vengeance, of Stilicho. Within the limits of Africa, Gildo; the Moor, maintained a proud and dangerous independence; and the minister of Constantinople asserted his equal reign over the emperor, and the empire, of the East.

1 Présent, don. — 2 Orgueil. — 3 Récompense. — 4 Excité. — 5 Occidental. — 6 Exploits. — 7 Sanglant. — 8 Tutelle. — 9 Profondeur. — 10 Célérité.

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## WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

W. Robertson, born at Borthwick in 1721, rose from the position of a village clergyman to that of chaplain in ordinary for Scotland, principal of the university in Edinburgh and historiographer for Scotland. In 1759 he acquired his fame by the publication of his 'History of Scotland during the reigns of Mary and James VI.' Ten years afterwards appeared his 'History of the reign of Charles V.' and in 1776 history of America.' The history of 'Queen Mary and her Misfortunes' is well described, written with great pathos, and a considerable amount of imagination. In general Robertson is correct in his information and his works give evidence of a careful research after facts, for the compiling of his books. He died in 1793.

## THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail, <sup>1</sup> a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered <sup>2</sup> directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But, in voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the Pinta broke loose <sup>3</sup> the day after she left the harbour; and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill-

appointed, <sup>4</sup> as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Colombus refitted them, however, to the best of his power; and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the sixth day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, <sup>5</sup> left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way: but on the second he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth, in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus, that he must prepare to struggle not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, <sup>6</sup> an insinuating ad-

dress, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession, which begets <sup>7</sup> confidence in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated every thing by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. <sup>8</sup> As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, <sup>9</sup> watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of seaweeds, <sup>10</sup> and of every thing that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursion, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they run eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckening short <sup>11</sup> during the whole voyage. By the fourteenth of September the fleet was above hundred leagues to the west of the

Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the polar star but varied towards the west; and as they proceed, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it stil remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade wind,<sup>12</sup> which blows invariably from east to west, between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale<sup>13</sup> with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds, that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that these floating weeds would obstruct their further progress,



and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them, that what had alarmed, ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time, a brisk <sup>14</sup> gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about <sup>15</sup> the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries, but lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot, nor those of the other ships, had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their pronostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds <sup>16</sup> and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better in-

formed or more resolute, the contagion spread <sup>17</sup> at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended, that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain, while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid <sup>18</sup> at once of his remonstrances; to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation

and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation, to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened <sup>19</sup> them with vengeance from their sovereign, if, by their dastardly <sup>20</sup> behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty <sup>21</sup> and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, an excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, <sup>22</sup> making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided, in several of their discoveries, by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object, during thirty days, but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost: the officers, who had

hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about <sup>23</sup> and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which having been tried so often had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle <sup>24</sup> any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. <sup>25</sup> He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, <sup>26</sup>

but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a ~~cane~~ floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber <sup>27</sup> artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries, <sup>28</sup> perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance the air was more mild the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, <sup>29</sup> and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, <sup>30</sup> observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. <sup>31</sup> Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, <sup>32</sup> all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always a-head <sup>33</sup> of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearance, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, <sup>34</sup> all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and

verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving <sup>35</sup> to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. <sup>36</sup> They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired

to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such an happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind, in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters, with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, <sup>37</sup> and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, <sup>38</sup> floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. <sup>39</sup> Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, <sup>40</sup> their

features singular, rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy <sup>41</sup> at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawkbells, glass beads, or other baubles, <sup>42</sup> in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, <sup>43</sup> the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

1 Mit à la voile. — 2 Navigua. — 3 S'Échappa. — 4 Détériorés et mal équipé. — 5 Droit à l'ouest. — 6 Une entière connaissance. — 7 Donne, apporte. — 8 Pont du vaisseau. — 9 Courant. — 10 Herbes de mer. — 11 De compter court. — 12 Mousson, vent réglé et périodique de la mer des Indes. — 13 Brise. — 14 Vif. — 15 Plaçant, voltigeant autour du. — 16 Tiré du vol des oiseaux. — 17 Propagé. — 18 Pour se débarrasser. — 19 Les menaça. — 20 Lâche. — 21 Avaient du poids, étaient importants. — 22 Volée. — 23 Virer de



bord. — 24 Exiter, allumer. — 25 Réprimé. — 26 Oiseaux de mer. — 27 Bois. — 28 Baie. — 29 Ferler les voiles. — 30 Gaillard d'avant. — 31 Garderobe. — 32 Flotte. — 33 En avant, à la tête. — 34 P. d. v. to *dawn*, poindre. — 35 Remerciments. — 36 Garnis de matelots et armés. — 37 Arbrisseaux, arbuste. — 38 Cheveux plats. — 39 Polis. — 40 Couleur cuivre foncé — 41 Timides. — 42 Grelots, grains de verre et autres bagatelles. — 43 Filé.

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### DEATH AND CHARACTER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On Tuesday the seventh of February, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, <sup>1</sup> and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant <sup>2</sup> for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning; Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke <sup>3</sup> of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot; <sup>4</sup>" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated with particular earnestness, that now in her last moments her almoner might be suffered to attend her,

and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though overawed <sup>5</sup> by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw than they ran to their mistress, and burst out <sup>6</sup> into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary however, not only retained perfect composure of mind herself, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. <sup>7</sup> She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank <sup>8</sup> to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, <sup>9</sup> and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight

o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit,<sup>10</sup> but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander<sup>11</sup> chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs, the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household,<sup>12</sup> who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears;<sup>13</sup> and as he was bewailing<sup>14</sup> her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil; there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood!"

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties,

she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. <sup>15</sup> It was erected in the same hall <sup>16</sup> where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, <sup>17</sup> with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean <sup>18</sup> of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf: <sup>19</sup> but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and kneeling down, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of the mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be

served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, <sup>20</sup> cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, "So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies! the earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

Such was the tragical death of Mary, queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity. The political parties which were formed in the kingdom during her reign have subsisted, under various denominations, ever since that time. The rancour with which they were at first animated hath descended to succeeding ages, and their prejudices, as well as their rage, have been perpetuated, and even augmented. Among historians, who were under the dominion of all these passions, and who have either ascribed to her every virtuous and amiable quality or have imputed to her all the vices of which the human heart is susceptible, we search in vain for Mary's real character. She neither merited the exaggerated praises of the one, nor the undistinguished censure of the other.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, <sup>21</sup> and capable of spea-

king and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned <sup>22</sup> among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman, rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; <sup>23</sup> we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, <sup>24</sup> youthful, and excessive; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps,

prompt some to impute some of her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than excuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, <sup>25</sup> and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which often deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carrid into a room adjoining to

the place of execution, where it lay for some days covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons<sup>26</sup> of the executioners and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes. Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain; the pageantry<sup>27</sup> of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries which laid Mary in her grave. James soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westminster-abbey, and to be deposited among the monarchs of England.

1 Prison de Marie Stuart. — 2 Mandat. — 3 Coup. — 4 Sort, destination. — 5 Effrayée. — 6 Éclata. — 7 A régler ses affaires. — 8 Elle but à la santé. — 9 Cabinet. — 10 Habit de deuil. — 11 Bois de senteur. — 12 Intendant de la maison. — 13 *To melt into tears*, fondre en larmes. — 14 Déplorant. — 15 Echafaud. — 16 Salle. — 17 Billot. — 18 Doyen. — 19 Faveur, cause. — 20 Coup. — 21 Spirituelle. — 22 Compté, considéré. — 23 P. d. v. *to befall*, arriver survenir. — 24 Violente. — 25 Touffes de cheveux empruntés, feints. — 26 Tabliers. — 27 Faste, parade.

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## D.<sup>r</sup> HUGH BLAIR.

Hugh Blair, born at Edinburgh 1718, was the contemporary and friend of Johnson to whom he was indebted for the prosperous commencement of his literary career. He was a professor of Rhetoric in his native town for the space of twenty four years, and during that



time delivered those lectures which have earned him his reputation. He held also the office of minister in one of the churches at Edinburgh, in which situation he published a good many of his sermons, all of them remarkable for the elegance and taste of their style, and admired for their inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics. Blair, however, shows himself in them to be far below the elder divines in force of expression, power of argumentation and elevation of thought. He died in the year 1800.

**THE CHOICE OF OUR SITUATION IN LIFE, A POINT  
OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.**

The influence of a new situation of external fortune is so great; it gives so different a turn to our temper and affections, to our views and desires, that no man can foretell <sup>1</sup> what his character would prove, should he be either raised or depressed in his circumstances, in a remarkable degree; or placed in some sphere of action, widely different from that to which he has been accustomed in former life.

The seeds <sup>2</sup> of various qualities, good and bad, lie in all our hearts. But until proper occasions ripen, and bring them forward, they lie there inactive and dead. They are covered up and concealed within the recesses of our nature: or, if they spring up at all, it is under such an appearance as is frequently mistaken, even by ourselves. Pride, for instance, in certain situations, has no opportunity of displaying itself, but as magnanimity, or sense of honour. Avarice appears as necessary and laudable economy. What in one station of life would discover itself to be cowardice and baseness of mind, passes in another for prudent circumspection. What in the fulness of power would prove to be cruelty and oppression, is reputed, in a subordi-

nate rank, no more than the exercise of proper discipline. For a while, the man is known neither by the world, nor by himself, to be what he truly is. But bring him into a new situation of life, which accords with his predominant disposition: which strikes on certain latent qualities of his soul, and awakens them into action: and as the leaves of a flower gradually unfold <sup>5</sup> to the sun, so shall all his true character open full to view.

This may, in one light, be accounted not so much an alteration of character, produced by a change of circumstances, as a discovery brought forth of the real character, which formerly lay concealed. Yet, at the same time, it is true that the man himself undergoes a change. For opportunity being given for certain dispositions, which had been dormant, to exert themselves without restraint, they of course gather strength. By means of the ascendancy which they gain, other parts of the temper are borne down; and thus an alteration is made in the whole structure and system of the soul. He is a truly wise and good man, who, through Divine assistance, remains superior to this influence of fortune on his character; who, having once imbibed worthy sentiments, and established proper principles of action, continues constant to these, whatever his circumstances be, maintains, throughout all the chances of his life, one uniform and supported tenour of conduct; and what he abhorred as evil and wicked in the beginning of his days, continues to abhor to the end. But how rare is it to meet with this honourable consistency among men, while they are passing through the different stations and periods of life! When they are setting out in the world, before their minds have

been greatly misled <sup>4</sup> or debased, they glow with generous emotions, and look with contempt on what is sordid and guilty. But advancing farther in life, and inured by degrees to the crooked <sup>5</sup> ways of men; pressing through the crowd, and the bustle of the world; obliged to contend with this man's craft, <sup>6</sup> and that man's scorn; accustomed, sometimes, to conceal their sentiments, and often to stifle <sup>7</sup> their feelings, they become at last hardened in heart, and familiar with corruption. Who would not drop a tear over this sad, but frequent fall of human probity and honour? Who is not humbled, when he beholds the refined sentiments and high principles on which we are so ready to value ourselves, brought to such a shameful issue; and man, with all his boasted attainments of reason, discovered so often to be the creature of his external fortune, moulded <sup>8</sup> and formed by the incidents of his life?

Let us for a moment reflect on the dangers which arise from stations of power and greatness: especially, when the elevation of men to these has been rapid and sudden. Few have the strength of mind which is requisite for bearing such a change with temperance and self-command. The respect which is paid to the great, and the scope which their condition affords for the indulgence of pleasure, are perilous circumstances to virtue. When men live among their equals and are accustomed to encounter the hardships of life, they are of course reminded of their mutual dependence on each other, and of the dependence of all upon God. But when they are highly exalted above their fellows they meet with few objects to awake serious reflection, and with many to feed and inflame their passions.,

They are apt to separate their interest from that of all around them; to wrap themselves up <sup>9</sup> in their vain grandeur: and, in the lap of indolence and selfish pleasure, to acquire a cold indifference to the concerns even of those whom they call their friends. The fancied independence into which they are lifted up, is adverse to sentiments of piety; as well as of humanity, in their heart.

But we are not to imagine, that elevated stations in the world furnish the only formidable trials to which our virtue is exposed. It will be found, that we are liable to no fewer, nor less dangerous temptations, from the opposite extreme of poverty and depression. When men who have known better days are thrown down into abject situations of fortune, their spirits are broken, and their tempers soured: <sup>10</sup> envy rankles in their breast at such as are more successful: the providence of Heaven is accused in secret murmurs; and the sense of misery is ready to push them into atrocious crimes, in order to better their state. Among the inferior classes of mankind, craft and dishonesty are too often found to prevail. Low and penurious circumstances depress the human powers. They deprive men of the proper means of knowledge and improvement; and where ignorance is gross, it is always in hazard of engendering profligacy.

Hence it has been, generally, the opinion of wise men in all ages, that there is a certain middle condition of life, equally remote from either of those extremes of fortune, which though it wants not also its own dangers, yet is, on the whole, the state most favourable both to virtue and to happiness. From there, luxury and pride on the one hand, have not opportu-

nity to enervate or intoxicate the mind, nor want and dependence on the other, to sink and debase it; there, all the native affections of the soul have the freest and fairest exercise, the equality of men is felt, friendships are formed, and improvements of every sort are pursued with most success: there, men are prompted to industry without being overcome by toil, and their powers called forth into exertion, without being either superseded by too much abundance, or baffled <sup>11</sup> by insuperable difficulties; there, a mixture of comforts and of wants, at once awakens their gratitude to God, and reminds them of their dependence on his aid; and therefore, in this state, men seem to enjoy life to most advantage, and to be least exposed to the snares of vice.

From what has been said, we learn the importance of attending, with the utmost care, to the choice which we make of our employment and condition in life. It has been shown, that our external situation frequently operates powerfully on our moral character; and by consequence that it is strictly connected, not only with our temporal welfare, but with our everlasting happiness or misery. He who might have passed unblamed, and upright, <sup>12</sup> through certain walks of life, by unhappily choosing a road where he meets with temptations too strong for his virtue, precipitates himself into shame here, and into endless ruin hereafter. Yet how often is the determination of this most important article left to the chance of accidental connexions, or submitted to the option of youthful fancy and humour! When it is made the subject of serious deliberation, how seldom have they, on whom the decision of it depends, any further view than so to dispose of one who is coming

out into life, as that he may the soonest become rich, or as it is expressed, make his way to most advantage in the world! Are there no other objects than this to be attended to, in fixing the plan of life? Are there not sacred and important interests which deserve to be consulted? — We would not willingly place one whose welfare <sup>13</sup> we studied, in a situation for which we were convinced that his abilities were unequal. These, therefore, we examine with care; and on them we rest the ground of our decision. It is however, certain, that not abilities merely, but the turn of the temper and the heart, require to be examined with equal attention, in forming the plan of future establishment. Every one has some peculiar weakness, some predominant passion, which exposes him to temptations of one kind more than of another. Early this may be discerned to shoot; <sup>14</sup> and from its first risings its future growth may be inferred. Anticipate its progress. Consider how it is likely to be affected, by succeeding occurrences in life. If we bring one whom we are rearing up, into a situation, where all the surrounding circumstances shall cherish and mature this fatal principle in his nature, we become, in a great measure, answerable for the consequences that follow. In vain we trust to his abilities and powers. Vice and corruption, when they have tainted <sup>15</sup> the heart, are sufficient to upset the greatest abilities. Nay, too frequently they turn them against the possessor; and render them the instruments of his more speedy ruin.

1 Prédire. — 2 Semence. — 3 Déployé. — 4 P. d. v. *to mislay*, égarer, séduire. — 5 Tortueuse. — 6 Artifice, fourberie. — 7 Etouf-

fer. — 8 Formé, façonné. — 9 S'envelopper. — Aigri, irrité. — 11 Élué, frustré. — 12 Droit, intègre. — 13 Prospérité, bien être. — 14 Pousser, bourgeonner. — 15 Souillé, infecté.

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## PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Philip Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield was born in 1694. Although his works are pretty numerous and all of them written in an excellent style, yet the only one which has remained popular is his 'Letters to his Son' published after his death which occurred in 1773. The style of these letters is exceedingly pure; they treat generally of the education of the mind and body, and of the character becoming a man of the world, but their morality cannot be said to be heightened. The Earl of Chesterfield was more distinguished as a politician and a diplomatist than as an author.

### LETTERS TO HIS SON.

#### I.

Dear boy,

Pleasure is the rock which most young people split upon: they launch out with crowded sails <sup>1</sup> in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at Pleasure, like a Stoic, or to preach against it, like a Parson: no I mean, to point it out and recommend it to you, like an Epicurean, I wish you a great deal,

and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it.

The character which most young men first aim at, is that of a man of pleasure; but they generally take it upon trust; and, instead of consulting their own taste and inclinations, they blindly adopt whatever those, with whom they chiefly converse, are pleased to call by the name of pleasure; and a *man of pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptation of that phrase, means only a beastly drunkard, and a profligate swearer and curser. As it may be of use to you, I am not unwilling, though at the same time ashamed, to own, that the vices of my youth proceeded much more from my silly resolution of being what I heard called a man of pleasure, than from my own inclinations. I always naturally hated drinking; and yet I have often drunk, with disgust at the time, attended by great sickness the next day, only because I then considered drinking as a necessary qualification for a fine gentleman and a man of pleasure.

The same as to gaming. <sup>2</sup> I did not want money and consequently had no occasion to play for it; but I thought play another necessary ingredient in the composition of a man of pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it <sup>3</sup> without desire at first, sacrificed a thousand real pleasures to it, and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty of the best years of my life.

I was even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and completing the shining character which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside, upon finding both the guilt and the indecency of it.

Thus seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures I lost real ones: and my fortune impaired and my constitution shattered <sup>4</sup> &c. I must confess,



the just punishment of my errors. Take warning then by them; choose your pleasures for your self and do not let them be imposed upon you. Follow nature and not fashion; weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures, against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your own common sense determine your choice,

Were I to begin the world again, with the experience which I now have of it. I would lead a life <sup>o.</sup> real, not of imaginary pleasure. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table and of wine, but stop short <sup>5</sup> of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching missionary of abstemiousness and sobriety; and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententiously rebuking them of it; but I would be most firmly resolved not to destroy my own faculties and constitution, in complaisance to those who have no regard to their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain; that is I would play for trifles, in mixed companies, to amuse myself, and conform to custom; but I would take care not to venture for sums, which, if I won, I should not be the better for, but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay, and, when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions.

I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, and chiefly those above me; and I would frequent the mixed companies of men and women of fashion, <sup>6</sup> which, though often frivolous, yet unbend and refresh the mind, not uselessly, because they certainly polish and soften the manners.

These would be my pleasures and amusements, if I were to live the last thirty years over again; they are rational ones; and moreover I will tell you, they are really the fashionable ones; for the others are not, in truth, the pleasures of what I call people of fashion, but of those who only call themselves so. Does good company care to have a man reeling drunk <sup>7</sup> among them? or to see another tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost at play, more than he is able to pay? No; those who brag of them, make no part of good company; and are most unwillingly, if ever, admitted into it. A real man of fashion and pleasure observes decency, at least neither borrows nor affects vices; and if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy and secrecy.

I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind, (which are the solid and permanent ones) because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures; which they seem to confine to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of charity and of learning is true and lasting pleasure; with which I hope you will be long and well acquainted. Adieu.

1 Ils s'étendent à pleines voiles. — 2 Jouer. — 3 Je m'y enfonçai. — 4 Ruinée. — 5 To stop short, s'arrêter tout court. — 6 A la mode. — 7 Ivre mort.

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## II.

Dear Boy,  
People of your age have commonly an unguarded

frankness about them, which makes them the easy prey and bubble of the artful and the experienced; they look upon every knave <sup>1</sup> or fool who tells them, that he is their friend, to be really so; and pay that profession of simulated friendship, with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss, often to their ruin. Beware, <sup>2</sup> therefore, now, that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too; and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and selflove make you suppose, that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives, <sup>3</sup> unless ingrafted <sup>4</sup> upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. There is another kind of nominal friendship among young people, which is warm for the time, but by good luck of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced, by their being accidentally thrown together, and pursuing the same course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship, truly! and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness. <sup>5</sup> It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil magistrate. However, they have the impudence and the folly to call this confederacy a friendship. They lend one another money for bad purposes; they engage in quarrels, of offensive and defensive, for their accomplices; they tell one another all they know, and often more too; when, of a sudden, some accident disperses them, and they think no more of each other, unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between

companions and friends: for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may be, and very often proves, a very improper, and a very dangerous friend. People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you, upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, 'Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.' One may fairly suppose, that a man who make a knave or a fool of his friend, has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly <sup>6</sup> and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies; and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than an alliance or war with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost every body; and have a seeming <sup>7</sup> reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you: for (as I have mentioned before) you are, whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say, company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration; but I mean,

with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company; one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts and in the gay part of life: the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company, is but too common; but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more, than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me, whether a man has it always in his power to get into <sup>8</sup> the best company? and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it; provided, he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding <sup>9</sup> will make their way every where. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no profession whatsoever, is seen in the best light. The scholar without goodbreeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the

soldier, a brute, and every man disagreeable.

I long to hear, from my several correspondents at Leipsig of your arrival there; and what impression you make on them at first; for I have Arguses, with an hundred eyes each, who will watch you narrowly, and relate to me faithfully. My accounts will certainly be true; it depends upon you, entirely, of what kind they shall be. Adieu.

1 Fourbe, coquin. — 2 Gardez-vous, prenez garde. — 3 Prospère. — 4 P. d. v. *to ingraff*, greffer, enter. — 5 Débauche, libertinage. — 6 Follement. — 7 Apparente. — 8 Entrer dans... — 9 Éducation. — 10 Il me tarde.

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## ANN RADCLIFFE.

Miss Ward, afterwards Mrs. Anna Radcliffe, was born in London in 1764. She wrote her first work, 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne' at the age of twenty one; it did not, however, meet with much approbation. Her next composition, 'The Sicilian Romance' was a great improvement upon her first production and attracted more attention. But the powers of the authoress were not fully shown, until the year 1791, when she published 'The Romance of the Forest' in which her high imagination is displayed to great advantage. In 1794 she brought out her most popular work: 'The Mysteries of Udolpho.' In 1797 the 'Italian,' the last of her works appeared and this indeed attested that her talents were in no way diminished. She died in 1825. Although Mrs. Radcliffe possesses almost no power in painting human character, and the passions, yet she is able to fascinate the readers of her books, by means of horror and mystery, and sustains

the interest surprisingly from the beginning to the end. Her style has been imitated by many authors, but none have been able to compete with her in the description of terrible and awful adventures.

### THE PROVENÇAL TALE.

There lived, in the province of Bretagne, a noble baron, famous for his magnificence and courtly hospitalities. His castle was graced with ladies of exquisite beauty, and thronged <sup>1</sup> with illustrious knight; for the honours he paid to feats of chivalry invited the brave of distant countries to enter his lists, and his court was more splendid than those of many princes. Eight minstrels were retained in his service, who used to sing to their harps romantic fictions taken from the Arabians, or adventures of chivalry that befell knights during the crusades, or the martial deeds of the baron, their lord; — while he, surrounded by his knights and ladies, banqueted in the great hall of his castle, where the costly tapestry that adorned the walls with pictured exploits of his ancestors, the casements of painted glass enriched with armorial bearings, <sup>2</sup> the gorgeous banners that waved along the roof, the sumptuous canopies, the profusion of gold and silver that glittered on the sideboards, the numerous dishes that covered the tables, the number and gay liveries of the attendants, with the chivalric and splendid attire of the guests, united to form a scene of magnificence, such as we may not hope to see in these *degenerate days*.

Of the baron the following adventure is related. One night, having retired late from the banquet to his chamber, and dismissed his attendants, he was surprised by the appearance of a stranger of a noble air, but

of a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Believing that this person had been secreted in the apartment, since it appeared impossible he could have lately passed the anti-room unobserved by the pages in waiting <sup>3</sup> who would have prevented this intrusion on their lord, the baron, calling loudly for his people, drew his sword, which he had not yet taken from his side, and stood upon his defence. The stranger, slowly advancing, told him that there was nothing to fear; that he came with no hostile design, but to communicate to him a terrible secret, which it was necessary for him to know.

The baron, appeased by the courteous manners of the stranger, after surveying him for some time in silence, returned his sword into the scabbard, <sup>4</sup> and desired him to explain the means by which he had obtained access to the chamber, and the purpose of this extraordinary visit.

Without answering either of these inquiries, the stranger said, that he could not then explain himself, but that, if the baron would follow him to the edge <sup>5</sup> of the forest, at a short distance from the castle walls, he would there convince him that he had something of importance to disclose.

This proposal again alarmed the baron, who would scarcely believe that the stranger meant to draw him to so solitary a spot, at this hour of the night, without harbouring a design against his life; and he refused to go, observing, at the same time, that, if the stranger's purpose was an honourable one, he would not persist in refusing to reveal the occasions of his visit in the apartment where they were.

While he spoke this he viewed the stranger still



more attentively than before, but observed no change in his countenance, nor any symptom that might intimate a consciousness of evil design. He was habited like a knight, was of a tall and majestic stature, and of dignified and courteous manners. Still, however, he refused to communicate the subject of his errand in any place but that he had mentioned; and, at the same time gave hints concerning the secret he would disclose, that awakened a degree of solemn curiosity in the baron, which at length induced him to consent to the stranger on certain conditions.

Sir knight, said he, I will attend you to the forest, and will take with me only four of my people, who shall witness our conference.

To this, however, the knight objected.

What I would disclose, said he with solemnity, is to you alone. There are only three living persons to whom the circumstance is known: it is of more consequence to you and your house than I shall now explain. In future years you will look back to this night with satisfaction or repentance, accordingly as you now determine. As you would hereafter prosper — follow me; I pledge you the honour of a knight, that no evil shall befall you. If you are contented to dare futurity — remain in your chamber, and I will depart as I came.

Sir knight replied the baron, how is it possible that my future peace can depend upon my present determination?

That is not to be told, said the stranger; I have explained myself to the utmost. <sup>7</sup> It is late; if you follow me, it must be quickly; — you will do well to consider the alternative.

The baron mused, and, as he looked upon the knight, he perceived his countenance assume a singular solemnity.

The baron paced his apartment for some time in silence, impressed by the words of the stranger, whose extraordinary request he feared to grant, and feared also to refuse. At length, he said, Sir knight, you are utterly unknown to me; tell me, yourself, — is it reasonable that I should trust myself alone with a stranger, at this hour, in a solitary forest? Tell me, at least, who you are, and who assisted to secrete you in this chamber.

The knight frowned <sup>8</sup> at these latter words, and was a moment silent; then, with a countenance somewhat stern, <sup>9</sup> he said —

I am an English knight; I am called Sir Bevys of Lancaster, — and my deeds are not unknown at the holy city, whence I was returning to my native land, when I was benighted <sup>10</sup> in the neighbouring forest.

Your name is not unknown to fame, said the baron; I have heard of it. (The knight looked haughtily.) But why, since my castle is known to entertain all true knights, did not your herald announce you? Why did you not appear at the banquet where your presence would have been welcomed, instead of hiding yourself in my castle, and stealing to <sup>11</sup> my chamber at midnight?

The stranger frowned, and turned away in silence; but the baron repeated the questions.

I come not, said the knight, to answer inquiries, but to reveal facts, If you would know more, follow me, and again I pledge the honour of a knight that you shall return in safety. Be quick in your determination — I must be gone.

After some farther hesitation, the baron determined to follow the stranger, and to see the result of this extraordinary request; he therefore again drew forth his sword, and, taking up a lamp, bade the knight lead on. <sup>12</sup> The latter obeyed, and, opening the door of the chamber, they passed into the anti-room, where the baron, surprised to find all his pages asleep, stopped, and with hasty violence, was going to reprimand them for their carelessness, when the knight waved his hand, and looked so expressively upon the baron, that the latter restrained his resentment, and passed on.

The knight, having descended a staircase, opened a secret door, which the baron had believed was known only to himself, and proceeding through several narrow and winding <sup>13</sup> passages came at length to a small gate, that opened beyond the walls of the castle. Meanwhile, the baron followed in silence and amazement, on perceiving that these secret passages were so well known to a stranger, and felt inclined to return from an adventure that appeared to partake of treachery as well as danger. Then considering that he was armed, and observing the courteous and noble air of his conductor, his courage returned, he blushed that it had failed him for a moment, and he resolved to trace the mystery to its source.

He now found himself on the heathy <sup>14</sup> platform, before the great gates of his castle, where, on looking up, he perceived lights glimmering in the different casements of the guests, who were retiring to sleep; and; while he shivered <sup>15</sup> in the blast, and looked on the dark and desolate scene around him, he thought of the comforts of his warm chamber, rendered cheerful by the blaze of wood, and felt, for a mo-

ment, the full contrast of his present situation.

The wind was strong, and the baron watched his lamp with anxiety, expecting every moment to see it extinguished; but though the flame wavered, it did not expire, and he still followed the stranger, who often sighed as he went, but did not speak.

When they reached the borders of the forest, the knight turned and raised his head, as if he meant to address the baron, but then closing his lips in silence, he walked on.

As they entered beneath the dark and spreading boughs, <sup>16</sup> the baron, affected by the solemnity of the scene, hesitated whether to proceed, and demanded how much farther they were to go. The knight replied only by a gesture, and the baron, with hesitating steps and a suspicious eye, followed through an obscure and intricate path, till, having proceeded a considerable way, he again demanded whither they were going, and refused to proceed unless he was informed.

As he said this, he looked at his own sword and at the knight alternately, who shook his head, and whose dejected countenance disarmed the baron, for a moment, of suspicion.

A little farther is the place whither I would lead you, said the stranger; no evil shall befall you — I have sworn it <sup>17</sup> on the honour of a knight.

The baron, reassured, again followed in silence, and they soon arrived at a deep recess of the forest, where the dark and lofty chestnuts entirely excluded the sky, and which was so overgrown <sup>18</sup> with underwood, that they proceeded with difficulty. The knight sighed deeply as he passed, and sometimes paused: and having at length reached a spot, <sup>19</sup> where the trees crowded

into a knot, <sup>20</sup> he turned, and with a terrific look, pointing to the ground, the baron saw there the body of a man, stretched at its length, and weltering <sup>21</sup> in blood; a ghastly wound was on the forehead, and death appeared already to have contracted the feature.

The baron, on perceiving the spectacle, started in horror, looked at the knight for explanation, and was then going to raise the body, and examine if there were yet any remains of life; but the stranger, waving his hand, fixed upon him a look so earnest and mournful, <sup>22</sup> as not only much surprised him, but made him desist.

But what were the baron's emotions when, on holding the lamp near the features of the corpse, he discovered the exact resemblance of the stranger his conductor, to whom he now looked up in astonishment and inquiry! as he gazed, he perceived the countenance of the knight change and begin to fade, till his whole form gradually vanished from his astonished sense! While the baron stood, fixed to the spot, a voice was heard to utter these words: —

The body of Sir Bevys of Lancaster, a noble knight of England, lies before you. He was this night way-laid <sup>23</sup> and murdered, as he journeyed from the holy city towards his native land. Respect the honour of knighthood and the law of humanity; inter the body in Christian ground, and cause his murderers to be punished. As ye observe or neglect this, shall peace and happiness, or war and misery, light upon you and your house for ever!

The baron, when he recovered from the awe and astonishment in which this adventure had thrown him, returned to his castle, whither he caused the body of

Sir Bevys to be removed; and, on the following day, it was interred, with the honour of knighthood, in the chapel of the castle, attended by all the noble knights and ladies who graced the court of Baron de Brunne.

1 C'est une forme du verbe *to throng* venir en foule, accourir. — 2 Ecussons, écus d'armoiries. — 3 En service. — 4 Fourreau. — 5 Bord. — 6 Message. — 7 Au plus haut degré, à l'extrême. — 8 Fronça le sourcil. — 9 Austère. — 10 Quand je fus surpris par la nuit, (auité). — 11 Se glissant. — 12 De marcher en avant. — 13 Tortueux. — 14 Couvert de bruyères. — 15 Frissonnait. — 16 Raméaux. — 17 J'en ai fait serment. — 18 Excessivement accru. — 19 Lieu, endroit. — 20 Noeud, groupe. — 21 Se rouler, se vautrer. — 22 Lugubre, triste. — 23 Égaré.

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## LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Lady Montague, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, was born in 1690. She received a sound education in Latin, Greek and French, and married Mr. Edward Wortley Montague in 1712. In 1716 she accompanied him, upon his being appointed to the Porte, as far as Constantinople. Her letters written while she was in the Levant are very interesting; she describes with great accuracy, the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that part of Europe. In 1718 she returned to England and lived at Twickenham where she quarrelled with Pope, with whom she had formerly been on very good terms. In 1739 she left England again on account of her health and travelled in Italy. Her letters written at this time are also full of charms. She returned to England in 1761 at the death of her husband and died herself the following year. Although wit and talent are visible

in all her letters, yet her masculine mind tends, from time to time, to make her rather indelicate: but as model letters those of Lady Montague will always hold a first place in the annals of English literature. They were first published in 1805 and occupy five volumes.

TO MRS. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1.

IN my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land-journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the *plague* <sup>1</sup> have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado <sup>2</sup> to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter:

and I was made believe, that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it, neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out <sup>3</sup> here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, <sup>4</sup> they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper <sup>5</sup> instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

*A propos* of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, <sup>6</sup> so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, <sup>7</sup> which is the term they give it. There is a set <sup>8</sup> of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell <sup>9</sup> full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox. and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open <sup>10</sup> that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), <sup>11</sup> and puts into the vein as much matter as can lye upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and



one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, <sup>12</sup> and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients <sup>13</sup> play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores <sup>14</sup> during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough of destroying such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good to mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight <sup>15</sup> that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, etc., etc.

1 Peste, contagion. — 2 Peine, difficulté. — 3 Déraciner, arracher. — 4 Dommage. — 5 Maladie. — 6 Petite vérole. — 7 Enter, grœffer. 8 Tronpe, bande. — 9 Coquille de noix. — 10 Pres, d. v. *to rip*, on *to rip open*, ouvrir fendre. — 11 Blessure légère, égratignure. — 12 Cicatrice. — 13 Malades. — 14 Des plaies coulantes. — 15 La personne robuste, vigoureuse.

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### TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 18, 1717.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. <sup>1</sup> Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand-Vizier's lady, \* and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more

\* This was the Sultana Hafitén, the favourite and widow of the Sultan Mustapha II., who died in 1703.

magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretest. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out <sup>2</sup> of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. <sup>3</sup> She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very goodlooking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, <sup>4</sup> and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expence was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up <sup>5</sup> to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in which was served, one dish at a time, to vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard

it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done.<sup>6</sup> They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragoûts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling *censed* my hair, clothes and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *kiyaya's* \* lady, saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the Grand-Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had

\* Kyhaîâ, lieutenant. The deputy to the Grand-Vizier.

found so little diversion in the Vizier's *harem*\*, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand-Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited,<sup>7</sup> almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes,<sup>8</sup> which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles<sup>9</sup> that twisted round their trunks, shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets,<sup>10</sup> that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyaya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and

\* Harem, literally "The Forbidden," the apartment sacredly appropriate to females, into which every man in Turkey, but the master of the house, is interdicted from entering.

almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the *Fatima* (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. <sup>11</sup> That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! —But her eyes! —large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Appelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness <sup>12</sup> or af-

fection, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred <sup>13</sup> to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *castan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. <sup>14</sup> Her drawers were pale pink, <sup>15</sup> her waistcoat <sup>16</sup> green and silver, her slippers <sup>17</sup> white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins <sup>18</sup> of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with greath warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship <sup>19</sup> of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa,

to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid-prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoken of*. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the *bladder and string*, or the *marrowbones and cleavers*.<sup>20</sup> I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoups* of



silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretest. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversion of.

Yours, etc.

1 Donner issue, exprimer. — 2 Qui m'aide à sortir. — 3 Robe noire. — 4 Elle devina mes pensées. — 5 Dediée, adonnée. — 6 Trop cuit. — 7 Tressés. — 8 Châssis. — 9 Chèvrefeuille. — 10 Panier, corbeille. — 11 Je regardais attentivement. — 12 Roideur, rigidité. — 13 Elevée. — 14 Chemise. — 15 Coleçons couleur oeillet pâle. — 16 Gilet. — 17 Pantouffles. — 18 Poinçon, ornement de coiffure. — 19 Manufacture, ouvrage. — 20 Instruments à jouer.

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## EDMUND BURKE.

Edmund Burke, born in Dublin 1730, occupies a high rank as an orator and statesman, and also as a writer upon the political affairs of England. He studied in the Middle Temple and formerly contributed his writings only to periodical magazines. The first work of any importance he published was 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful' which appeared in 1757 and attracted the notice of Johnson, Goldsmith etc. and raised the author's reputation. In 1761 he accompanied the Earl of Halifax to Ireland, after which he became private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham. Burke's next step was to a seat in parliament where he represented first Wendover, and afterwards Bristol and Malton. We may say that his career began only with his entrance into parliament, for here he distinguished himself by his magnificent speeches; especially upon the American affairs. He was urgent in his protestations against the French Revolution, and published in 1790 his 'Reflections' upon it; in 1792 he produced his 'Appeal from the new to the old Whigs', his 'Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension' in 1796 'Letters on a Regicide Peace', in 1796 and 1797 besides several of his great speeches, of which the principal are on 'American Taxation' in 1773, 'The conciliation with America' in 1775, 'Mr. Fox's India Bill' 1783. His magnificent orations upon the occasion of the prosecution of Warren Hastings (1789) were also published after his death took place in 1797.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

You will observe, that from Magna Charta to the declaration of right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity; as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or

prior right. By this means our constitution preserves a unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and a house of commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection: or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides the people of England well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast <sup>1</sup> as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, <sup>2</sup> to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding <sup>3</sup> together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young,

but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. <sup>4</sup> By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood, binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, <sup>5</sup> our sepulchres, and our altars.

Though the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason. we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart <sup>6</sup> insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree <sup>7</sup> and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of por-

traits; is monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men; on account of their age; and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce any thing better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

Whilst they are possessed by these notions; it is vain to talk to them of the practice of their ancestor, the fundamental laws of their country, the fixed form of a constitution. whose merits are confirmed by the solid test of long experience, and an increasing public strength and national prosperity. They despise experience as the wisdom of unlettered men; and as for the rest, they have wrought <sup>8</sup> under-ground a mine that will blow up at one grand explosion all examples of antiquity, all precedents, charters, and acts of parliament. They have 'the rights of men.' Against these there can be no prescription; against these no argument is binding; these admit no temperament, and no compromise: any thing withheld from their full demand is so much of fraud and injustice. Against these their rights of men let no government look for security in the length of its continuance, or in the justice and lenity of its administration. The objections of these speculatists, if its forms do not quadrate with their theories, are as valid against such an old and beneficent government as against the most violent tyranny, or the greenest <sup>9</sup> usur-

pation. They are always at issue with governments, not on a question of abuse, but a question of competency, and a question of title. I have nothing to say to the clumsy <sup>10</sup> subtilty of their political metaphysics. Let them be their amusement in the schools. — *'Illa se jactet in aula — Æolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.'* — But let them not break prison to burst like a Levant<sup>r</sup>, to sweep the earth with their hurricane, and to break up the fountains of the great deep to overwhelm us.

Far am I from denying in theory; full as far is my heart from withholding in practice, if I were of power to give or to withhold, the real rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy. If civil society be made for the advantages of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to do justice; as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in politic function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry; and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring: to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon other, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combination of skill and force, can do in his favour. In this partnership <sup>11</sup> all men have equal right; but not to equal things. He

that has but five shillings in the partnership, has as good a right to it, as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger proportion. But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock; <sup>12</sup> and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society; for I have in my contemplation the civil social man, and no other. It is a thing to be settled by convention.

If civil society be the offspring <sup>13</sup> of convention, that convention must be its law. That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of legislature, judicial, or executory power, are its creatures. They can have no being in any other state of things; and how can any man claim, under the conventions of civil society, rights which do not so much as suppose its existence? Rights which are absolutely repugnant to it? One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental rules, is, 'that no man should be judge in his own cause.' By this each person has at once divested himself of the first fundamental right of unconvenanted man, that is, to judge for himself, and to assert his own cause. He abdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively, in a great measure abandons the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and of a civil state together. That he may obtain justice, he gives up his right of determining, what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it.

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it; and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection: but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to every thing they want every thing. Government is a contrivance <sup>14</sup> of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, <sup>15</sup> their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done by a power out of themselves; and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle.

The moment you abate any thing from the full rights of men each to govern himself and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the constitution of a state, and the due distribution of its powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of



human nature and human necessities, and of the things which facilitate or obstruct the various ends which are to be pursued by the mechanism of civil institutions. The state is to have recruits to its strength, and remedies to its distempers. What is the use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them. In that deliberation I shall always advise to call in the aid of the farmer and the physician, rather than the professor of metaphysics.

This science of constructing a commonwealth, <sup>16</sup> or renovating it, or reforming it, is, like every other experimental science, not to be taught *a priori*. Nor is it a short experience that can instruct us in that practical science; because the real effects of moral causes are not always immediate; but that which in the first instance is prejudicial may be excellent in its remoter operation; and its excellence may arise even from the ill effects it produces in the beginning. The reverse also happens; and very plausible schemes, with very pleasing commencements, have often shameful and lamentable conclusions. In states there are often some obscure and almost latent causes, things which appear at first view of little moment, on which a very great part of its prosperity or adversity may most essentially depend. The science of government being therefore so practical in itself, and intended for such practical purposes, a matter which requires experience, and even more experience than any person can gain in his whole life, however sagacious and observing he may be, it is with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down <sup>17</sup> an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree

for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes.

These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflection, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity: and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs. When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitution, I am at no loss <sup>18</sup> to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. The simple governments are fundamentally defective, to say no worse of them. If you were to contemplate society in but one point of view, all these simple modes of polity are infinitely captivating. In effect each would answer its single end much more perfectly than the more complex is able to attain all its complex purposes. But it is better that the whole should be imperfectly and anomalously answered, than that, while some part are provided for with great exactness, others might be totally neglected, or perhaps materially injured, by the over-care of a favourite member

The pretended rights of these theorists are extremes; and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they

are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of middle, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned. The rights of men in governments are their advantages; and these are often in balances between differences of good; in compromises sometimes between good and evil, and sometimes between evil and evil. Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing morally and not metaphysically or mathematically, true moral denominations

By these theorists the right of the people is almost always sophistically confounded with their power. The body of the community, whenever it can come to act, can meet with no effectual resistance; but till power and right are the same, the whole body of them has no right inconsistent with virtue, and the first of all virtues, prudence. Men have no right to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit; for though a pleasant writer said, '*Liceat perire poetis,*' when one of them, in cold blood, is said to have leaped in the flames of a volcanic revolution; '*Ardentem frigidus Etnam insituit,*' I consider such a frolic<sup>19</sup> rather as an unjustifiable poetic licence, than as one of the franchises of Parnassus; and whether he were poet or divine or politician, that chose to exercise this kind of right, I think that more wise, because more charitable thoughts would urge me rather to save the man, than to preserve his brazen slippers as the monument of his folly.

1 Fermé. — 2 Remis. — 3 C'est une forme du v. *to mould*, mouler, former, pétrir. — 4 Arrières. — 5 Foyers. — 6 Parvenue. — 7 Ge,

néalogie. — 8 Travaillé, ouvrage. — 9 Sans expérience. — 10 Grossière, maladroite, lourde. — 11 Société, raison. — 12 Capital. — 15 Descendants, rejetons. — 14 Invention, artifice. — 15 Traversé, contrarié. — 16 République. — 17 Détruire atterrer. — 18 Je ne suis pas embarrassé. — 19 Gaïeté fantaisie, folie.

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## WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

William Pitt so distinguished for his oratorical power, was born in 1708 and studied at Oxford; after which he was for a short time in the army. At the age of twenty one he became a member of parliament, and was soon celebrated for his extraordinary eloquence and considered the first orator and politician in England; he was the champion of the liberal party; his speeches, full of energy and fire, overthrew all opposition. In 1766 he was created a member of the peerage, but still adhered to his former opinions, and relaxed his exertions in no way even until a few weeks before his death which occurred May 11th 1778 when he had attained his 70th year. His correspondence has been published in four volumes: many of these letters are addressed to his nephew and show the amiability and at the same time the learning and loftiness of sentiment of the writer.

### ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which en-

velop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence."—The people, whom we first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British-America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles <sup>2</sup> of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling <sup>3</sup> cruelty.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms——*Never, never, never!* —

But, my Lords, who is the man, that in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs <sup>4</sup> of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* <sup>5</sup> of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principle confessed; hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach <sup>6</sup> so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—“That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled <sup>7</sup> victims! Such notions shock every precept of

morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; <sup>8</sup> upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *genius of the constitution*. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties, and Inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste <sup>9</sup> their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these *horrible hounds* <sup>10</sup> of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched native of Mexico; we, more ruthless, <sup>11</sup> loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous

procedure the indelible stigma of the Public Abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away <sup>12</sup> this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent <sup>13</sup> to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

1 Terrible. — 2 Boucherie. — Mercenaire. — 4 Mal, dommage. — 5 Couteau dont les Indiens se servaient pour couper le péricrâne aux ennemis prisonniers. — 6 S'emparer, usurper. — 7 Mutilé — 8 Manchés de linon, portées par les évêques. — 9 Désoler, ruiner. — 10 Chiens de Chasse, au fig. Cruels Sanguinaires. — 11 Impitoyables, barbares. — 12 De faire cesser, d'achever. — 13 Exprimer, donner issue.

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## WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, second son of the immortal Earl of Chatham, born 1759 and died 1806, became Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three years of age, and continued prime minister until his death. He embraced the opinions of the Tories, and displayed his talents against Lord North and the American war; in his speeches he so convinced his hearers, as to make them fancy they were only following the impulse of their own reason: while Fox, his rival, exercised his influence upon the subject of the policy of Pitt's administration, but of the absence of all selfish views there can be no doubt, for although



he had it in his power to accumulate riches at the public expence. he left debts to the amount of L. 40,000 which Parliament gratefully paid, besides bestowing upon his remains the honour of public funeral.

FROM THE SPEECH ON THE ABOLITION  
OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger then is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition? By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken—do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand person annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations, inhabiting the most enlightened part of the globe but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all.

Reflect on the eighty thousand person thus annually taken off! <sup>1</sup> There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exist in Africa something like to courts of justice, yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such court, as if we were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is

said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said, they have gained some knowledge of the principle of justice. What, Sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about <sup>2</sup> by us!! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials <sup>3</sup> to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. <sup>4</sup> Some evidences say that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; <sup>5</sup> that they even sell their wives and children, and, ultimately, themselves. Are these then the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions, men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us, have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of the families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships, that are

burst asunder? <sup>6</sup> Do you think nothing of the miseries, in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement!

There was a time, Sir, which it may be fit <sup>7</sup> sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this Island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And the circumstances, Sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that providence has irrevocably doomed <sup>8</sup> her to be only a nursery for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have *applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain*. Why might not some Roman senator; reasoning on principles of some honourable gentleman, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, <sup>9</sup> *there* is a people that will never rise to civilization—*there* is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the

human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world. Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we hear stated, in all respects as fairly and truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa? We, Sir, have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us <sup>10</sup> altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians: for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of providence, unrivalled in commerce, preeminent in arts, foremost <sup>11</sup> in the pursuits of philosophy and established in all the blessings of civil society: we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice: we are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed; <sup>12</sup> a system which has become the admiration of the world. From

all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very Island now apply to Africa; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold <sup>13</sup> the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuit of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in <sup>14</sup> upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre: and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will

Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering <sup>15</sup> that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions has been so much more speedily dispelled.

1 Enlevé. — 2 Une forme du v. *to bring about*, mener à bon fin, faire réussir. — 3 Efforts. — 4 Désert, pays inhabité. — 5 Jouer. — 6 Séparer, couper en deux. — 7 Convenable. — 8 Destinée. — 9 Har-  
diesse. — 10 Pour nous acquitter, purifier. — 11 Les plus avancés. —  
12 Formée, façonnée. — 13 Regarder, contempler. — 14 Pénétrer  
— 15 Empêcher.

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## CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Charles James Fox, born 1748 died 1806, second son of Lord Holland, was the greatest master of the art of discussion that England has ever produced and the rival of Pitt. He embraced the opinions of the Whig party and by his exertions in the cause of freedom earned a never dying reputation in the annals of his country. As an orator he possessed extraordinary intellectual and physical powers. His speeches were concise and energetic, and his arguments few but invincible. During his periods of relaxation from business he employed himself in writing a history of the reign of James II. left unfinished at his death, but published in 1808 by Lord Holland. The history is plainly written, but the style is far from being perfect and shows a great want of force and vivacity. The principles contained in the work are however worthy of his liberal mind.

## SPEECH ON THE ROHILLA CHARGE AGAINST

MR. HASTINGS. JUNE 1, 1786.

\*\*\* A noble lord (Mulgrave) has most sagaciously asked, what, in such a situation, is a governor of India to do; is he to consult Puffendorf and Grotius? No. But I will tell him what he is to consult—the laws of nature: not the statutes to be found in those books, nor in any books; but those law which are to be found in Europe, Africa, and Asia—that are found amongst all mankind; those principles of equity and humanity implanted in our hearts, which have their existence in the feelings of mankind that are capable of judging.

I have compared the conquest of the Dutch <sup>1</sup> to the case of the Rohillas—\* but it was more than a conquest. The word extermination has been used; but if the meaning of it be, that every man, woman, and child, was put to death, Mr. Hastings is not guilty of so enormous a crime. Suffer me to make use of an example that may come home more to your feelings; and that is with regard to Ireland. The English are not above one-ninth of the inhabitants of that country, but they possess all the power, together with the greatest part of the property and landed estates of it. Were a French army to come and take possession of Ireland, and say to the English, "You are a set of robbers; those lands do not belong to you; you are usurpers, and you came here under the greatest usurper in the world;" (for I believe most of the English families settled in Ireland in the time of Oliver Cromwell) "get

\* Population Indienne.

you gone; <sup>2</sup> get over that channel, and leave this country of which you have so unjustly taken possession,"—what difference would there be in an act of this kind, and what has been done to the Rohillas? Only this:—the Rohillas had been in possession fifty years, and the English one hundred and fifty. No one, I believe, will think that the time could make any material difference. But if this was done by an enemy, it could only be done under the pretence of restoring the country to its ancient masters. With regard to the Rohillas, that is not the case: in other respects, the case would not be dissimilar. If all the English were extirpated from Ireland, the manufacturers, the ploughmen, <sup>3</sup> and the labourers, would still be left; but I believe no one would say, that there would not be great hardship in such a case, great injustice, great cruelty. Figure to yourselves such a body of people driven from a country in which they were in peaceable possession, rooted up, <sup>4</sup> and sent amongst you with their wives, with their children without property, without any thing to support them in existence. Yet they would have another advantage. The English would only be sent across a narrow channel to their friends and countrymen; but the wretched Rohillas had no country: the country they had left had long been possessed by others; and where were these miserable people to seek for a place of shelter <sup>5</sup> —from the persecution of whom?—of Englishmen—natives of a country renowned for its justice and humanity! They will carry their melancholy tale into the numerous tribes and nations among whom they are scattered, <sup>6</sup> and you may depend upon it the impression which it must make will, sooner or later, have its effect. \* \* \*



It was no other than a mercenary bargain <sup>7</sup> for a sum of money, to destroy a people against whom we had no ground for complaint. What an example to future governors, should this action have the sanction or the approbation of this House! I have not enlarged upon the cruelties in the execution of this business: the business itself speaks enough to your passions, and it ought to speak to your passions. Vengeance is due to the injured Rohillas. It is due to the character of this country, stained and violated in so gross a manner. It is due to the honour, the dignity, and the justice of this House.

Against all these principles is set up the personal character of Mr. Hastings. I am far from being desirous of detracting from the character of any man. I wish to think well of every man, and am willing to believe that Mr. Hastings possesses very good qualities; but when I am told that he is all mildness <sup>8</sup> and humanity, even to womanish tenderness, I must hesitate. If the Begum \* and the other women, in favour of whom Colonel Champion entreated Mr. Hastings in vain, had been told, that the man who had it in his power by a word to relieve them from the distress and dishonour which they suffered, and who turned a deaf ear to their miseries, was a man possessed of the tenderest feelings of humanity, would not they hold up <sup>9</sup> their hands, and possess minds full of wonder and surprise? It seems impossible that a man whose heart was not uncommonly hardened could have acted the part in this matter which was acted by Mr. Hastings.

In this corner of the world, happily for us, we see few atrocious acts of cruelty, and are strangers to

\* Princesses Indiennes.

that fierceness of temper and unfeeling disposition which prevail very much in other quarters of the globe. The people we converse with are in general mild and humane, and have an external politeness and softness of manner <sup>10</sup> which we suppose to be the natural effect of these qualities; and wherever we meet with that external appearance in any man, we are apt to persuade ourselves that he is possessed of these virtues. But in fact they have no natural connexion in themselves; and we often find that those who are of an insinuating, soft, and engaging manner, conceal more cruelty and inveterate hatred in their tempers, and have less of real sensibility for the distresses of others, than men of a very different external appearance. Men whose manner appears full of warmth and passion have generally more real tenderness and humanity than others who are calm, cool, and collected in their behaviour.

But how might the character of Mr. Hastings be tried? <sup>11</sup> We cannot judge of it from what any persons in India can tell of him. There is, in my opinion, a much more certain mode of judging—from his despotism in India. Uncontrolled power always corrupts the heart, renders a man hardened to the distresses of others, and destroys the finer feelings of the mind. No man has ever been able to enjoy great power without being made worse by it; but the true mode of judging of a man's character is by his actions, and the effect of his actions. I read Mr. Hastings's character in the ruin of Hindostan, in the desolation of the country of the Rohillas: those mark a character extremely different from the accounts presented to us by partiality or particular habit. If Mr. Hastings had possessed

the feeling which it is alleged he does, would he not have reflected before he committed an army, powerful enough to do any mischief, under the direction of such a prince as Sujah Dowlah, whose cruel and perfidious disposition was sufficiently known to him?\*\*\*

I would again, sir, before I sit down, shortly revert to the matter immediately before us. The principles of morals are to be drawn <sup>12</sup> from books, and from the tongues of men, not from their actions. The fact is, indeed, too true; that men have in all ages been little governed in their actions by equity and justice; but seldom has it happened, that they have openly avowed that they have not been directed in their conduct by rules so generally established as the foundation of all intercourse among mankind. The war against the Rohillas carries with it so great an abandonment of all the great leading principles of morality, that it is astonishing that any man can attempt to defend it. We should reflect that our character is at stake; <sup>13</sup> and undoubtedly we should preserve that fair and unsullied. It is natural to trust in a fair character; and when that is lost, all confidence is carried with it. We should consider that Mr. Hasting himself does this. He acts upon the character of nations: he states the character of the Rohillas as a reason for their being exterminated. If we were to go on this principle, and exterminate every nation of that description, we should soon leave the face of the earth thinly inhabited; and I am afraid our own country would not be able to stand up with much confidence in defence of its own character, if it should give its assent to such barbarous doctrines. But there was nothing in the Rohillas to excite the indignation, or draw down the

resentment, of any nation, much less of Great Britain. They were a brave people, and, what is singular, the only free people in India. They governed the country of which they were possessed with a mildness of which its very flourishing condition, so as to be called the garden of Hindostan, is an undeniable proof. They were endowed with all those national virtues which Britons have been accustomed to admire, and which form a strong chain of connexion between countries which enjoy the blessing of liberty. Ought not such a people to have met with sympathy and regard in the feelings of this nation? Ought not a cause such as theirs to have interested a British bosom? <sup>14</sup> To mark out such a people as the objects of avarice, as the victims of unprovoked resentment, or to abandon them to the rod <sup>15</sup> of tyranny and oppression—what conduct could be more derogatory to the character of a nation which enjoys the influence of liberty? what mode of procedure could be more disgraceful to the honour and humanity of the British name?

Hollandais. — 2 Allez vous-en. — 3 Laboueurs. — Chassés, déracinés. — 5 Abri. — 6 Dispersés répandus. — 7 Contrat. — 8 Douceur. — 9 Lever. — 10 Denceur de moeurs. — 11 Epruvé. — 12 Une forme du v. *To draw*, tirer. — 13 En péril, en danger. — 14 Sein, (coeur) — 15 Verge, baguette.

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## SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

MAY 26, 1797.

\*\*\* An honourable baronet spoke of the instability of democracies, and says that history does not give us the example of one that has lasted eighty years. Sir, I am not speaking of pure democracies, and therefore his allusion does not apply to my argument. Eighty years, however, of peace and repose would be pretty well for any people to enjoy, and would be no bad recommendation of a pure democracy. I am ready, nevertheless, to agree with the honourable baronet, that, according to the experience of history, the ancient democracies of the world were vicious and objectionable on many accounts; their instability their injustice, and many other vices, cannot be overlooked; <sup>1</sup> but, surely, when we turn to the ancient democracies of Greece, when we see them in all the splendour of arts and of arms, when we see to what an elevation they carried the powers of man, it cannot be denied that, however vicious on the score <sup>2</sup> of ingratitude or of injustice, they were, at least, the pregnant sources of national strength, and that, in particular, they brought forth <sup>3</sup> this strength in a peculiar manner in the moment of difficulty and distress. When we look at the democracies of the ancient world, we are compelled to acknowledge their oppressions to their dependencies, their horrible acts of injustice and of ingratitude to their own citizens; but they compel us also to admiration of their vigour, their constancy, their spirit, and their exertions in every great emergency in

which they are called upon to act. We are compelled to own, that it gives a power, of which no other form of government is capable. Why? Because it incorporates every man with the state; because it arouses every thing that belongs to the soul, as well as to the body of man: because it makes every individual feel that he is fighting for himself, and not for another; that it is his own cause, his own safety, his own concern, his own dignity on the face of the earth, and his own interest on the identical soil which he has to maintain; and accordingly we find that whatever may be objected to them on account of the turbulency of the passions which they engender, their short duration, and their disgusting vices, they have exacted from the common suffrage of mankind the palm of strength and vigour. Who that reads the history of the Persian war—what boy, whose heart is warmed by the grand and sublime actions which the democratic spirit produced, does not find in this principle the key to all the wonders which were achieved at Thermopylæ and elsewhere, and of which the recent and marvellous acts of the French people are pregnant examples? He sees that only the principle of liberty could create the sublime and irresistible emotion; and it is in vain to deny, from the striking <sup>4</sup> illustration that our own times have given, that the principle is eternal, and that it belongs to the heart of man. Shall we, then, refuse to take the benefit of this invigorating principle? \* \* \*

Sir, I think that, acting on this footing, to extend the right of election to housekeepers <sup>5</sup> is the best and most advisable plan of reform. I think, also, that it is the most perfect recurrence to first principles: I do

not mean to the first principles of society, nor the abstract principles of representation, but to the first known and recorded principles of our constitution. According to the early history of England, and the highest authorities on our parliamentary constitution, I find this to be the case. It is the opinion of the celebrated Glanville, that in all cases where no particular right intervenes, the common-law right of paying scot and lot <sup>6</sup> was the right of election in the land. This, sir, was the opinion of Serjeant Glanville, and of one of the most celebrated committees of which our parliamentary history has to boast; and this, in my opinion, is the safest line of conduct you can adopt. But it is said, that extending the right of voting to housekeepers may, in some respects, be compared to universal suffrage. I have always deprecated universal suffrage; not so much on account of the confusion to which it would lead, as because I think that we should in reality lose the very object which we desire to obtain; because I think it would in its nature embarrass, and prevent the deliberative voice of the country from being heard. I do not think that you augment the deliberative body of the people by counting all the heads; but that in truth you confer on individuals, by this means, the power of drawing forth <sup>7</sup> numbers who, without deliberation, would implicitly act upon their will. My opinion is, that the best plan of representation is that which shall bring into activity the greatest number of independent voters, and that that is defective which would bring forth those whose situation and condition take from them the power of deliberation. I can have no conception of that being a good plan of election which should enable individuals to bring regi-

ment to the poll. 8 I hope gentlemen will not smile, if I endeavour to illustrate my position by referring to the example of the other sex. In all the theories and projects of the most absurd speculation, it has never been suggested that it would be advisable to extend the elective suffrage to the female sex; and yet, justly respecting, as we do, mental power, the acquirements, the discrimination, and the talents, of the women of England, in the present improved state of society—knowing the opportunities which they have for acquiring knowledge—that they have interests as dear and important as our own—it must be the genuine feeling of every gentleman who hears me, that all the superior classes of the female sex of England must be more capable of exercising the elective suffrage with deliberation and prosperity, than the uninformed individuals of the lowest class of men, to whom the advocates of universal suffrage would extend it. And yet, why has it never been imagined that the right of election should be extended to women? Why, but because by the law of nations, and perhaps also by the law of nature, that sex is dependent on ours; and because, therefore, their voices would be governed by the relation in which they stand in society? Therefore it is, sir, that with the exception of companies, in which the right of voting merely affects property, it has never been in the contemplation of the most absurd theorists to extend the elective franchise to the other sex. The desideratum to be obtained is independent voters; and that, I say, would be a defective system, that should bring regiments of soldiers, of servants, and of persons whose low condition necessarily curbed the independence of their minds. That, then, I take to be the most perfect



system, which shall include the greatest number of independent electors, and exclude the greatest number of those who are necessarily by their condition dependent. \* \* \*

\* 1 Negligés, passés sous silence. — 2 Sujet, chapitre. — 3 P. du v. *to bring forth*, produire. — 4 Éclatante. — 5 Maîtres de maisons. — 6 Part, écot. — 7 Tirer, attirer, entraîner. — 8 Votation.

#### SPEECH ON THE OVERTURES OF PEACE FROM

THE FIRST CONSUL. FEB. 3, 1800.

\* \* \* Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French, in Italy, Switzerland, in Egypt if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, <sup>1</sup> devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun; <sup>2</sup> worse than the conduct of those three powers in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on <sup>3</sup> kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war for religion, social order, and the rights of nations? "Oh! but we regretted the partition of Poland!" Yes, regretted! You regretted the

violence, and that is all you did; you united yourselves with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it, which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland, perhaps, was "as much superior to Buonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates!" Was he? Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Buonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw, and there he let his soldiery loose <sup>4</sup> on the miserable, unarmed, and unresisting people! Men, women, and children, nay, infants at the breast, were doomed <sup>5</sup> to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! <sup>6</sup> And for what? Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a people, and to improve their constitution, which had been confessed by their own sovereign to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of "religion and social order" is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence, while the conduct of Buonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy!\*\*\*

1 Ravage. — 2 Envahi — 3 Foulé aux pieds. — 4 To *les looses*  
déchaîner. — 5 Destinés. — 6 Massacrés, égorgés.

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## THOMAS ERSKINE.

Thomas Erskine, born in Scotland 1748, was one of the greatest orators of England. His speeches were strong, earnest, and intent, and his arguments very powerful. He wrote a work entitled 'Consideration on the causes and consequences of the present war with France' in which he protests against England's interference with the French affairs and declares himself to hold the same opinions as the French patriots at the commencement of the first revolution. His speeches have been collected and published in 5 volumes; he has also composed several poems of some merit. He died in 1825.

### ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The English House of Commons arose gradually out of the feudal tenures, as introduced at the Conquest.

Many of the wisest and warmest assertors of equal government have been fond of looking back to the Saxon annals for the origin of the English constitution; and, without the warrant of history or tradition, have considered the rise of our liberties under the Normans, as only the restoration of immunities subverted by Conquest. This opinion, however, has been propagated by its authors, neither from a decided conviction on the one hand, nor a blind admiration of antiquity on the other; a very generous, but mistaken motive has often rendered it popular and energetic; it has been opposed in time of public danger to the ar-

guments of those enemies to their country, and indeed to all mankind, who have branded <sup>1</sup> the sacred privileges wrested by our patriot ancestors from the first Norman princes, as the fruits of successful rebellion.

But, although the principle is to be applauded, the error can not, in this enlightened age, happily need not, be defended: the rights of mankind can never be made to depend on the times of their being vindicated with success: they are sacred and immutable; they are the gift of Heaven; and whether appropriated for the first time to-day, or enjoyed beyond the reach of annals, the title to them is equally incontrovertible: one individual may forfeit his property to another from supineness, and usurpation may strengthen into right by prescription, but human privileges in the gross cannot be so snatched <sup>2</sup> away; there is no statute of limitation to bar the claims of nature: let us not, therefore, from a patriot zeal, involve ourselves in the faint evidences of probability, but be contented to trace our political constitution from a source within the reach of moral demonstration. There is more honour in having freed ourselves from tyranny than in always having been free.

We know with certainty that the Saxons had parliaments, but we know with equal certainty that the people at large had no representative share in them: the bulk <sup>3</sup> of the nation were either vassals under the feudal lords, or 'allodii under the king's government; the first, being absolute slaves to their masters, could not pretend to become political rulers; and the last, being not even united by the feudal bond <sup>4</sup> to the community, could have no suffrages in the feudal councils: the Saxon lords indeed were free, but, for

that very reason there was no public liberty; the government was highly aristocratical, there was no shadow of that equal communion of privileges founded on legislative institutions; which constitutes freedom upon English principles, by which all, who are the objects of the law, must, personally or by representation, be the makers of the laws; this principle, which may justly be denominated the very essence of our present government, neither did nor could possibly exist till the proud feudal chieftains,<sup>5</sup> bending under an accidental pressure, were obliged to sacrifice their pride to necessity, and their tyranny to self-preservation.

But before our inquiries can be properly begun, at the period I have fixed, — before I can exhibit force of freedom rebounding under the pressure of the most absolute government. — I must call your attention to the genealogy of our feudal ancestors.

They issued from the northern hive<sup>6</sup> of fierce warriors who overran all Europe at the declension of the Roman empire: a race of men the most extraordinary that ever marked or distinguished the state of nature; a people who, in the absence of every art and science, carried the seeds of future perfection in their national genius and characteristic; visible even then in an unconquerable fortitude of mind, in an inherent idea of human equality, tempered with a voluntary submission to the most rigid subordination. The trial by jury too was understood and revered by all the northern inhabitants of Europe, when they first appeared among the degenerate nations that had lost it. Liberty, driven from the haunts<sup>7</sup> of science and civilization, seems to have fled with this talisman to the deserts, and to have given it to barbarians to revenge her injuries, and re-

deem her empire. In marking the process of the constitution through the furnace of slavery, it must never be forgotten that such were our ancestors.

When William had gained the victory of Hastings, he marched towards London with his victorious Normans, and found (like other conquerors an easy passage to the throne when the prince is slain <sup>8</sup> and his army defeated. The English proffered him the peaceable possession of a kingdom which he was in a condition to have seized by force; rather choosing to see the brows of a victor encircled with a crown than with a helmet, and wishing rather to be governed by the sceptre than by the sword. He was therefore installed with all the ceremonies of the Saxon coronation and immediately afterwards annihilated all those laws which these solemnities were instituted to perpetuate: he established his own feudal system (the only one he understood); he divided all the lands of England into knights' fees, <sup>8</sup> to be holden of himself by military service; and as few or none of the English had any share in this general distribution, their estates being forfeited from their adherence to Harold, and by subsequent rebellions, it is plain they could have no political consequence, since none but vassals of the crown had seats in the feudal parliaments.

Could William have been contented thus to have shared with Norman barons the spoils of the conquered English, and merely to have transferred his feudal empire from Normandy to Great Britain, the sacred sun of freedom had probably then set upon this island, never to have arisen any more; the Norman lords would have established that aristocracy which then distinguished the whole feudal world; and when after-

wards, by the natural progression of that singular system—when, by the inevitable operation of escheats and forfeitures,<sup>9</sup> the crown must have attracted all that property which originally issued from it; when the barons themselves must have dropped like falling stars, into the centre of power, and aristocracy been swallowed up in monarchy; the people, already trained to subjection, without rights and without even similar grievances to unite them would have been an easy prey to the prince in the meridian of his authority; and despotism, encircled with a standing army,<sup>10</sup> would have scattered terror through a nation of slaves.

But, happily for us, William's views extended with his dominion: he forgot that his barons (who were not bound by their tenures to leave their own country) had followed him rather as companions in enterprise than as vassals; he confided in a standing army of mercenaries, which he recruited on the continent; riveted even on his own Normans the worst feudal severities; and before the end of his reign, the English saw the oppressors themselves among the number of the oppressed.

This plan, pursued and aggravated by his descendants, assimilated the heterogeneous bodies of which the kingdom was composed: Normans and English, barons and vassals, were obliged to unite in a common cause. Mr. De Lolme, citizen of Geneva, by comparing the rise of liberty in England with the fall of it in France has so clearly and ingeniously proved, that Magna Charta was obtained from this necessity which the barons were under of forming an union with the people, that I shall venture to consider it as a fact demon-

strated, and shall proceed to an inquiry no less curious and important, where he and other writers have left a greater field for originality; I mean, the rise of the English House of Commons, to its present distinct and representative state.

The statute of Magna Charta so often evaded, and so often solemnly re-established, disseminated (it must be confessed) those great and leading 11 maxims on which all the valuable privileges of civil government depend; indeed the twenty-ninth chapter contain every absolute right for the security of which men enter into the relative obligations of society. But privileges thus gained, and only maintained by the sword, cannot be called a constitution. After bearing a summer's blossom, they may perish as they grew, in the field of battle. Of little consequence are even the most solemn charters, confirmed by legislative ratifications, if they who are the objects of them do not compose part of that power without whose consent they cannot be repealed; if they have no peaceable way of preventing their infringement, nor any opportunity of vindicating their claims, till they have lost the benefit of possession. Liberty, in this state, is not an inheritance; it is little better than an alms from an indulgent or a cautious administration. It remains, therefore, to show by what steps the people of England, without being drawn forth into personal action, were enabled to act with more than personal force; in what manner they could deposit the privileges thus bravely and fortunately acquired, and into which every future accumulation of power flowing from the increase of property and the thriving arts of peace, might silently and imperceptibly fall; bringing down the scale without convulsing the balance.



And here those historians must be followed with caution, who have made this new order of the state to start up at the anod of Monfort or of Edward: neglecting the operations of the feudal system, as thinking them, perhaps, more the province of the lawyer than the historian, they have taken the effect for the cause, and have ascribed this memorable event to a sudden political necessity, which was in reality prepared and ripened by a slow and uniform progression. This truth may be easily illustrated.

The law of Edward I. still remains on the records of parliament, by which the crown and the barons, in order to preserve for ever their fond feudal rights, restrained the creation of any new superiorities. By this act, the people were allowed to dispose of their estates, but the original tenure <sup>12</sup> was made to follow the land through all its alienations: consequently, when the king's vassal divided his property by sale, into smaller baronies, the purchaser had from thenceforth no feudal connexion with the seller, but held immediately of the king, according to the ancient tenure of the land; and if these purchasers alienated to others the lands so purchased, still the tenure continued and remained in the crown.

Now, when we reflect that every tenant of a barony holden <sup>13</sup> of the king *in capite* had a seat in parliament, we see at once the striking operation of this law, we see how little the wisest politicians foresee the distant consequences of ambition: Edward and his barons, by this device, monopolized, it is true, the feudal sovereignties, and prevented their vassals from becoming lords like themselves, but they knew not what they were doing; they knew not that, in the very act of

abridging the property of the people, they were giving them a legislative existence, which at a future day would enable them to overthrow whatever stood in the way of their power, and to level that very feudal system which they were thus attempting to perpetuate for the tenants *in capite* who had a right to be summoned <sup>14</sup> to parliament, soon became so numerous by the alienation of the king's vassals (whose immense territories were divisible into many lesser baronies), that they neither could, nor indeed wished, any longer to assemble in their own rights: the feudal peers were, in fact, become the people; and the idea of representation came forward by a necessary consequence: parliament, from being singly composed of men who sat in their own rights to save the great from the oppression of the crown, and not the small from the oppression of the great, now began to open its doors to the patriot citizen; the feudal and personal changed into natural and corporate privileges; and the people, for the first time in the history of the world, saw the root of their liberties fixed in the centre of the constitution.

As the multiplication of royal tenures for the enfranchisement of boroughs (but chiefly from the operation of this law) first gave rise to popular representation; so it is only in the continued operation of these principles, that we can trace the distinct existence and growing power of the House of Commons: we know that they assembled for a long time in the same chamber with the peers; that the separation was not preconceived by the founders of the constitution, but arose from necessity, when their numbers become too great to form one assembly, and we know that they never thought of assuming

popular legislative privileges, till by this necessary division they became a distinct body from the Lords. This, though a political accident, brought the English Commons forth into action; their legislative existence was the natural birth of the feudal system, compressed by the crown.

To prove these truths, we have only to contemplate the history of our sister kingdom of Scotland, governed at that time by the same laws; there being very little difference between the *Regiam Majestatem*, the Scotch code of those days, and the work compiled by Glanville, chief-justice to Henry II. The law of Edward I., which produced these great changes in England, was transcribed by the Scotch parliament into the statute book of their Robert I, but the king of Scotland had not conquered that country as William had subdued England, consequently he was rather a feudal chieftain than a monarch, and had no power to carry this law of Edward's into execution; for the Scotch barons, although they would not allow their vassals to subinfeud, yet when they sold their own lands, they would not suffer the crown to appropriate the tenure; but obliged the purchasers to hold as vassals to themselves: by this weakness of the Scotch crown, and power of the nobles, the tenancies *in capite* were not multiplied as in England; the right to sit in parliament was consequently not much extended beyond the original numbers; and Scotland never saw a house of commons, nor ever tasted the blessings of equal government. When the boroughs, indeed, in latter days, were enfranchised, they sent their representatives; but their numbers being inconsiderable, they assembled in the same house with the king and the peers; were awed

by the pride of the lords, and dazzled <sup>16</sup> by the splendour of the crown; they sat silent in parliament, representing the slavery and not the freedom of the people.

But this dissemination of property, which in every country on earth is sooner or later creative of freedom, met with a severe check in its early infancy from the statute of entails. In this instance even the crown of England had not sufficient strength to ripen that liberty which had sprung up <sup>17</sup> from the force of its rays; for if Edward I. could have resisted this law, wrested from him by his barons to perpetuate their estates in their families, the English constitution, from an early equilibrium of property, had suddenly risen to perfection, and the revolution in the reign of Charles I. had probably happened two centuries higher in our history, or, perhaps, from the gradual circulation of that power which broke in <sup>18</sup> at last with a sudden and projectile force, had never happened at all; but the same effects had been produced without the effusion of civil blood: for no sooner was the statute of entails shaken, in the reign of Henry VII. and finally destroyed by his successor, than we see the popular tide which had ebbed <sup>19</sup> so long, begin to lift up its waves, till the mighty fabrics of prerogative and aristocracy passed away in one ruin together. This crisis, which shallow <sup>20</sup> men then mistook, and still mistake, for anarchy, was but the fermentation of the unconquerable spirit of liberty, infused as early as Magna Charta, which, in working itself free from the impurities that oppressed it, was convulsing every thing around; when the fermentation ceased, the stream ran purer than before, after having, in the tumult, beaten

down every bank that obstructed its just and natural course. The consummation of these great event is too recent and notorious to demand further illustration; their best commentary is the happiness and freedom which we enjoy at this day.

The subject proposed is, therefore, brought to its conclusion; but it is a subject too dear and important to be concluded without a reflection that arises very strongly out of it.

The English constitution will probably never more be attacked in front, or its dissolution attempted, by striking at the authority of the laws; and if such attack should ever be made, their foundations are too deeply laid, and their superstructures too firmly cemented, to dread the event of the contest: but the constitution is not therefore immortal, and the sentinel must not sleep: the authority of the laws themselves may be turned against the spirit which gave them birth; and the English government may be dissolved with all the legal solemnities which its outward form prescribes for its preservation. This mode of attack is the more probable, as it affords respect and safety to the besiegers, and infinitely more dangerous to the people, as the consciences of good men are ensnared<sup>21</sup> by it. The virtuous citizen, looking up with confidence to the banners of authority, may believe he is defending the constitution and the laws, while he is trampling down every principle of justice on which both of them are founded. It is impossible, therefore, to conclude, without expressing a fervent wish, that every member of the community (at the same time that he bows with reverence to the supremacy of the state and the majesty of the laws) may keep his eyes for ever fixed on the spirit of the

constitution manifested by the Revolution, as the pole star of his political course; that while he pays the tribute of duty and obedience to government, he may know when the reciprocal duty is paid back to the public and to himself.

The concluding wish is, I trust, not misplaced when delivered within these philosophical walls: the sciences ever flourish in the train of liberty, the soul of a slave could never have expanded itself like Newton's over infinite space, and sighed in captivity at the remotest barriers of creation: in no other country under heaven could Locke have unfolded with dignity the operations of an immortal soul, or recorded with truth the duties and privileges of society.

1. Diffamé. — 2 Arracher. — 3 Masse. — 4 Liaison, obligation. — 5 Chef, Capitaine. — 6 Ruche. — 7 Repaire, retraite. — 8 Fief, honoraire, salaire. — 9. Confiscation. — 10 Armée sur pied. — 11 Principal. — 12 Tenure, dépendance et étendue d'un fief. — 13 Vassal. 14 Appelé. — 15 Amena. — 16 Ebloui, séduit. — 17 *To spring up*, ressortir, pousser. — 18 Se manifesta. — 19 P. du v. *To ebb*, refouler, descendre, décliner. — 20 Légers, frivoles, superficiels. — 21 P. du v. *To insnare*, attraper, surprendre, séduire.

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## RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

R. B. Sheridan (born at Dublin 1751, died in London 1816), showed himself to be possessed of few talents in his youth, several years of which he passed at Harrow. In 1769 he entered the Middle

Temple, but did not fulfil the expectation of his father. Through his marriage with an actress, who did not afterwards make her appearance upon the stage, he found it necessary to employ himself as an author in order to procure his sustenance and published in 1774 'the Rival' an excellent comedy, in which there is a great deal of good humour—a farce entitled 'St. Patrick's Day' and the 'Duenna' which met with great popularity. The year 1777 produced two other plays from his pen 'the trip to Scarborough' and 'the school for scandal' which latter is pronounced to be superior to any comedy of modern times. It is elaborately worked out and shows, as indeed is the case with all Sheridan's writings that he bestowed immense time and trouble upon his composition and possessed an extraordinary taste in the choice of his characters; his whole productions are distinguished by their spirit and wit. In 1778 he wrote 'the camp' and 'the Critic' some scenes of which are said to be the best he ever produced. In 1780 Sheridan entered parliament and became the friend of Fox whom he almost rivalled. As an orator he distinguished himself by his patriotism, his force of expression and biting wit. He defended the liberty of the press and religious tolerance. In his latter years he gave himself up to many excesses and died in impoverished circumstances.

**FROM THE SPEECH AGAINST MR. HASTINGS ON THE BEGUM  
CHARGE, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEB. 7, 1787.**

"I recollect to have heard it advanced by some of those admirers of Mr Hastings who are not so implicit as to give unqualified applause to his crimes, that they find an apology for the atrocity of them in the greatness of his mind. To estimate the solidity of such a defence, it will be sufficient merely to consider in what consist this prepossessing distinction, this captivating characteristic of greatness of mind. Is it not solely to be traced in great actions directed to great ends? In them, and them alone, we are to search for true estimable magnanimity. To them only can we justly affix the splendid title and honours of real greatness.

There is, indeed, another species of greatness, which displays itself in boldly conceiving a bad measure, and undauntedly pursuing it to its accomplishment. But has Mr. Hastings the merit of exhibiting either of these descriptions of greatness—even of the latter? I see nothing great—nothing magnanimous—nothing open—nothing direct—in his measures or in his mind. On the contrary, he has too often pursued the worst objects by the worst means. His course has been an eternal deviation from rectitude. He has either tyrannized or deceived; and has by turns been a Dionysius and a Scapin. As well may the writhing <sup>1</sup> obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings's ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all is shuffling, <sup>2</sup> ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little. Nothing simple, nothing unmixed: all affected plainness and actual dissimulation; a heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities; with nothing great but his crimes, and even these contrasted by the littleness of his motives, which at once denote both his baseness and his meanness, and mark him for a traitor and a trickster. <sup>3</sup> Nay, in his style and writing there is the same mixture of vicious contrarieties:—the most groveling ideas are conveyed in the most inflated language; giving mock consequence to low cavils and urging quibbles <sup>4</sup> in heroics; so that his compositions disgust the mind's taste as much as his actions excite the soul's abhorrence. Indeed, this mixture of character seems, by some unaccountable but inherent quality, to be appropriated, though in inferior degrees, to every thing that concerns his employers. I remember to have heard an honourable and learned gentle-



man (Mr. Dundas) remark, that there is something in the first frame and constitution of the Company, which extends the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedler <sup>5</sup> and the profligacy of a pirate. Alike in the political and the military line may be observed *auctioneering* <sup>6</sup> *ambassadors* and *trading-generals*—and thus we see a revolution brought about by *affidavits*, an army employed in *executing an arrest*; a town besieged on *a note of hand*; a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account*. Thus it is, that they exhibit a government which unites the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the *little traffic of a merchant's counting-house*, wielding <sup>7</sup> a truncheon with one hand, and *picking a pocket* <sup>8</sup> *with the other.*"

1 Tortuosités. — 2 Artifices, brouilleries. — 3 Fourbe, trompeur. — 4 Calembours. — 5 Colporteur. — 6 Qui vend à l'encan. — 7 Maniant. — 8 To pick pockets, filouter.

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh 1774, was the son of a Writer to the signet. In his earliest years he acquired that taste of chivalry and chivalrous literature which he developed to such a high degree in after life. In 1779 he entered the High School in Edinburgh and 1783 passed to the University where, however, he did not distinguish himself

particularly in his studies. In 1792 he became a lawyer, in which profession, although not brilliant, he still made no mean figure. But this employment not suiting his fancy, he turned his attention to authorship. His first attempt at literary production was in the form of translations from the German amongst which is Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and his second a series of old Scotch ballads and romances, under the title of, 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish border.' In 1797, Scott married a young lady named Carpenter with whom he led a domestic and quiet life and commenced those works which have rendered his name almost as famous as that of Shakspeare. In 1805 appeared his first great poetical work: 'The Lay of the last Minstrel,' a tale of chivalry of the Middle Ages, which is supposed to be related by a wandering minstrel, the last of this once honoured class of bards. The versification of this poem and of the majority of Scott's poetry is the rhymed octosyllabic couplet. In 1808 appeared 'Marmion' a somewhat similar poem to the Lay of the last Minstrel and in which the battle of Flodden Field is described in glowing colours. Two years later 'the lady of the Lake,' perhaps Scott's finest poem, was published. The scenes pictured in this work refer chiefly to the adventures of king James and take place principally in the country lying around Loch Katrine. After publishing several other poems, Scott saw that in poetry he would be surpassed by Byron, who was becoming the universal favourite. On this account he turned his genius to prose writing, and published in quick succession the Waterley novels so called from 'Waverley,' the first which appeared. These treat of all subjects, but principally historical, in a most masterly style, and it has been said that Scott's prose is even more poetical than his poetry. In the midst of his career he had the misfortune to sink from a state of ease and comfort (as regards his pecuniary affairs) to one of great poverty, and some idea may be formed of his losses when we state that his liabilities were upwards of £. 117,000. When Scott was made aware of the state of his affairs he abandoned his former manner of living, conceived the idea of paying this enormous debt by means of his talents and therefore retired into a small lodging in Edinburgh where he wrote till he had paid (in 6 years) almost the whole sum. But the task he had undertaken was too great; it shattered his mental and bodily constitution, and in the year 1832 he died in delirium.

## THE PARTING OF WAVERLEY AND FERGUS MACIVOR.

After a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle.—He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted.—The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, <sup>1</sup> withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in firm, and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind;—now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the Prince?—has he escaped the blood-hounds?" <sup>2</sup>

"He has, and is in safety."

"Praised be God for that! tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated that remarkable history. "Would to God," continued the Chieftain, "I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race, or, at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms; and be to you, what he has been to me, the kindest—the bravest—the most devoted—"

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother. <sup>3</sup>

"But," said he, drying them, "that cannot be. You cannot be to them *Vich Ian Vohr*; and these three magic words," said he, half smiling, "are the only *Open Sesa-*

me to their feelings, and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life."

"And I am sure," said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor. "In am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain."

"And now," said Fergus, "while we are upon the subject of clanship, what think ye now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?"—Then, before Edward could answer, "I saw him again last night—he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell, from that high and narrow window, towards my bed. Why should I fear him, I thought?—to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he! 'False spirit!' I said, 'art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine enemy?' The spectre seemed to beckon <sup>4</sup> and smile, as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it? I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the Church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays us such strange tricks. <sup>5</sup> What do you think of it?"

"Much as your Confessor," said Waverley willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion.

In about an hour he was readmitted; soon after a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters <sup>6</sup> from the legs of the prisoners.

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate

of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus MacIvor and Evan Maccombich: "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons: within their ranks was the sledge or hurdle <sup>7</sup> on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, with the broad axe in his hand.

There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the Governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save king George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James*!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The sledge vanished from beneath the portal. The dead march was instantly heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, <sup>8</sup> tolled from the neighbouring cathedral.

The court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass, where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and walked, as swiftly as he could, through the empty streets, till he regained his inn, then threw himself into an apartment, and bolted <sup>9</sup> the door. In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, per-

forming a lively air, apprized him that all was over.

1 Verrous. — 2 Limiers, fig. cruels, bourreaux — 3 Frère de lait.  
— 4 Inviter, appeler. — 5 Mauvais tours. — 6 Chaines. — 7 Traineau.  
8 Tintement. — 9 P. du v. *To boll*, fermer, verrouiller.

## CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, born at Edmonton in Lincolnshire, 1775, was educated in Christ's Church, where he first formed an acquaintance with Coleridge who remained his most intimate friend during the whole of his life and in conjunction with whom he made a criticism of the Early English literature. He was educated for the ecclesiastical profession, but an impediment in his speech obliged him to give up this idea and he employed himself as a clerk in the India House till 1825, when he devoted himself entirely to literature. He was a celebrated writer of criticism and his remarks under that head show him to have been a man of great imagination and fine poetic feeling. His good humour, force of expression, feeling and wit, give his writings a peculiar character and endear him to the hearts of all who peruse them. His most popular works are his 'Selections from the early dramatists' which appeared in 1818, his charming 'Essays' fancifully signed Elia 1825, and the 'Tales compiled by himself and his sister from Shakspeare' 1833. In 1798 he published 'Blank verses' and in the same year 'Rosamond Gray and old blind Margaret', in 1801 'John Woolvil' a tragedy together with 'Fragments of Burton' and 'Album verses' in 1830. He died much lamented in 1834.

### HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

(A TALE FROM SHAKSPEARE.)

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, becoming a widow

by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse: for this Claudius did no ways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance, as he was base and unworthy in disposition; and suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some, that he had privately made away <sup>1</sup> with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honour, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude; insomuch that, between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks; all his customary pleasure in books forsook him. his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable; he grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded <sup>2</sup> garden, where all the wholesome flowers were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore in-

dignity; but what so galled <sup>3</sup> him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory: and such a father! who had been to her so loving and so gentle a husband! and then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him: and now within two months, or as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dear husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly character of the man whom she had chosen to be the partner of her throne and bed. This it was, which more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits and brought a cloud over the mind of this honourable young prince.

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the king could do or contrive to divert him; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, <sup>4</sup> as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he had never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that (as appeared to him) disgraceful day.

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out <sup>5</sup> by Claudius, that a serpent had stung <sup>6</sup> him; but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent; in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on the throne.



How far he was right in this conjecture, and what he ought to think of his mother, how far she was privy to this murder, and whether by her consent or knowledge, or without, it came to pass, were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

A rumour had reached the ear of young Hamlet, that an apparition, exactly resembling the dead king his father, had been seen by the soldiers upon watch, on the platform before the palace at midnight, for two or three nights successively. The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armour, from head to foot, which the dead king was known to have worn: and they who saw it (Hamlet's bosom friend Horatio was one) agreed in their testimony as to the time and manner of its appearance: that it came just as the clock struck twelve; that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger; that its beard was grisly, <sup>7</sup> and the colour a *sable silvered*, as they had seen it in his lifetime; that it made no answer when they spoke to it, yet once they thought it lifted up its head, and addressed itself to motion, as if it were about to speak; but in that moment the morning cock crew, <sup>8</sup> and it shrunk in haste away, <sup>9</sup> and vanished out of their sight.

The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost which they had seen, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers that night, that he might have a chance of seeing it: for he reasoned with himself, that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that the ghost had something to impart, and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him.

And he waited with impatience for the coming of night.

When night came he took his stand <sup>10</sup> with Horatio, and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform where this apparition was accustomed to walk: and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping <sup>11</sup> Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad; whether it came for good or evil: but he gradually assumed more courage; and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him: he called him by his name Hamlet, King, Father! and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, <sup>12</sup> to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight: and besought him that he would let them know if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet; that he should go with him to some more removed place, where they might be alone; and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighbouring sea, or to the top of

some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of reason. But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who cared too little about life to fear the losing of it: and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? And he felt as hardy as a lion, and bursting from them, who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit led him.

And when they were alone together, the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet, his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it; that it was done by his own brother Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, as Hamlet had already but too much suspected, for the hope of succeeding to his bed and crown. That as he was sleeping in his garden, his custom always in the afternoon, his treasonous brother stole upon him in his sleep, and poured the juice of poisonous henbane <sup>13</sup> into his ears, which has such an antipathy to the life of man, that swift as quicksilver it courses through all the veins of the body, baking up the blood, and spreading a crust-like leprosy all over the skin: thus sleeping, by a brother's hand he was cut off at once from his crown, his queen, and his life: and he adjured Hamlet, if he did ever his dear father love, that he would revenge his foul murder. And the ghost lamented to his son, that his mother should so fall off from virtue, as to prove false to the wedded love of her first husband, and to marry his murderer; but he cautioned Hamlet, howsoever he proceeded in his revenge against his wicked uncle, by no means to act any violence against the person of his mother, but to leave her to heaven, and to the

stings and thorns of conscience. And Hamlet promised to observe the ghost's direction in all things, and the ghost vanished.

And when Hamlet was left alone, he took up a solemn resolution, that all he had in his memory, all that he had ever learned by books or observation, should be instantly forgotten by him, and nothing live in his brain but the memory of what the ghost had told him, and enjoined him to do. And Hamlet related the particulars of the conversation which had passed, to none but his dear friend Horatio; and he enjoined both to him and Marcellus the strictest secrecy as to what they had seen that night.

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the sense of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged <sup>14</sup> his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating anything against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution, from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy. <sup>15</sup>

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and behaviour, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient

cause to produce such a distemper, for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost, they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief counsellor in affair of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honourable fashion: and she had given belief to his vows and importunities. But the melancholy which he fell into latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness and a sort of rudeness; but she, good lady, rather than reproach him with being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind, and no settled unkindness, which had made him less observant of her than formerly; and she compared the faculties of his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most exquisite music, but when jangled <sup>16</sup> out of tune, or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and unpleasant sound.

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his murderer, did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between, and in one of these moments, when he thought that

his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild stars<sup>17</sup> of passion, and in extravagant terms, such as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection, which could not but show to this honoured lady, that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart. He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to doubt that the sun did move, to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved; with more of such extravagant phrases. This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time supposed that the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again, to both their honours.

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted<sup>18</sup> his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband, filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death

was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose, which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the devil, who he had heard has power to take any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, king of Troy, with the grief of Hecuba his queen. Hamlet welcomed his old friends, the players, and remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it; which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth <sup>19</sup> the cruel murder of the feeble old king, with the destruction of his people and city by fire, and the mad grief of the old queen, running barefoot up and down the palace, with a poor clout <sup>20</sup> upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, <sup>21</sup> snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe: that not only it drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself

delivered it with a broken voice and real tears. This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, for Hecuba, that had been dead so many hundred years, how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness! and while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot, he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly <sup>22</sup> what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the love of Gonzago's wife,

At the representation of this play, the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present, with his queen and the whole court: Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The



play began with a conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protestations of love, and of never marrying a second husband, if she should outlive Gonzago; wishing she might be accursed if she ever took a second husband, and adding that no woman did so; but these wicked women who kill their first husbands. Hamlet observed the king, his uncle, change colour at this expression, and that it was as bad as wormwood <sup>23</sup> both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king, his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king being departed, the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio, that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen; his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behaviour had displeased them both; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that

conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip <sup>24</sup> some part of Hamlet's word, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old counsellor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings <sup>25</sup> in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the disposition of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with actions and behaviour, and she told him that he had given great offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she should give so dear and honoured a name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, "Mother, *you* have much offended *my father*." The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet. The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to? "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; and you are my mother: I wish you were not what you are." "Nay, then," said the queen, "if you show me so little respect, I will set those to you that can speak," and was going to send the king or Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, <sup>26</sup> he held her fast, and made her sit down. She

affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out; and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, "Help, help, the queen!" which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking that that it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that ran there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious counsellor, that had planted himself as a spy behind the hangings. "Oh me!" exclaimed the queen, "what a rash and bloody deed have you done!" A bloody deed, mother," replied Hamlet, "but not so bad as yours, who killed a king, and married his brother." Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humour to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose of upbraiding. 27 And now this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offence, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer: such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamesters' oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words. He said she had done

such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference: what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill! this man, he said, *had been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead: how like a blight or a mildew <sup>28</sup> he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man, and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband and got the crown by as false means as a thief—and just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would have; and the ghost said that it came to remind him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot; and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her. It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, make his mother perceive it; who was terribly frightened all this while to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing; and she imputed it to the disorder of his mind. But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think that it was his

madness, and not her own offences, which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears, to confess herself to heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him; and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

And now Hamlet was at leisure to consider who it was that in his unfortunate rashness he had killed: and when he came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and, his spirits being now a little quieter, he wept for what he had done.

The unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretence for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet; and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius' death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English court, which in that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night-time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his

own name, he in the stead of it put in the names of those two courtiers who had the charge of him, to be put to death: then sealing up the letters, he put them into their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced; in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valour, with sword in hand singly boarded <sup>30</sup> the enemy's vessel; while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, <sup>31</sup> and leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

The pirates who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies; and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favour they might show him, they set Hamlet on shore at the nearest port in Denmark. From that place Hamlet wrote to the king, acquainting him with the strange change which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his majesty. When he got home, a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes.

This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, <sup>32</sup> singing songs

about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow <sup>33</sup> which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves in the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, <sup>34</sup> flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke, and precipitated this fair young maid, garland, and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore her up for a while, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, <sup>35</sup> like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element: but long it was not before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and miserable death. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present, when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers stewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them she said, "Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife." And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave; and he saw him leap into the grave all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not

bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them: and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo <sup>36</sup> him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet's wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes, under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing, <sup>37</sup> which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. <sup>38</sup> At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword-play; and Hamlet taking up the foils <sup>39</sup> chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes' weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned. At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Ham-



let's success, and wagering rich bets <sup>40</sup> upon the issue; but after a few passes, Laertes growing warm made a deadly trust <sup>41</sup> at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had unadvertently drunk out of a bowl <sup>42</sup> which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case that being warm in fencing, he should call for drink: into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank of, and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no further; for he was the traitor; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it: and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him; and begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and

his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy; and with his dying breath requested him that he would live to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death), and Horatio promised that he would make a true report, as one that was privy to all the circumstances. And, thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked; 43 and Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of this sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and princelike qualities; and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.

1 Qu'il s'était débarrassé. — 2 Inculte, qui n'est point sacré. — 3 Tourmentait, chagrinait. — 4 En habit de deuil. — 5 P. du v. *To give out*, publier, proclamer. — 6 P. du v. *To sting*, piquer, mordre. 7 Horrible. 8 Le coq chanta. — 9 Se retira. — 10 Poste, place. — 11 Crue et mordante. — 12 Posé, placé. — 13 Jusqu'au. — 14 Mis hors des gonds. — 15 Folie lunatique. — 16 *To Jangle*, quereller, disputer, (racler). — 17 Saillies, élans. — 18 Occupait. — 19 Exposant. — 20 Torchon. — 21 Lombes. — 22 Épier de près. — 23 Absinthe. — 24 Omettre. — 25 Tapisseries, tentures. — 26 Poignet. — 27 Reprocher. — 28 Nielle, plante qui croît dans les blés. — 29 Aimait, adorait. — 30 Aborda tout seul. — 31 S'échapa. — 32 Enterrement. — 33 Saule. — 34 Marguerites et orties. — 35 Morceaux de vieilles chansons. — 36 Surpasser, devancer. — 37 Escrime. — 38 Pareille. — 39 Fleuret. — 40 Pari, gageure. — 41 Coup mortel. — 42 Bol. — 43 Se brisa.

## ROBERT MUDIE.

Robert Mudie was born in Forfarshire 1777; he has published a great number of books upon different subjects which prove him to have possessed an extensive knowledge of the sciences. Amongst his works we may mention 'Babylon the Great,' 'Modern Athens,' 'The British Naturalist,' 'A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature, Man, Physical, Moral, Social Intellectual,' 'The World Described,' etc. etc. He contributed the 'Natural History' to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and also furnished articles to many other periodicals. Mudie possessed fine talents, and although his works are written in too hurried a manner, they show their author to have been a man of extensive learning. He died in 1842.

## LONDON.

London may be considered, not merely as the capital of England or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world,—not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connexions and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface,—not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold,—not merely as the heart, by whose pulses and tides intelligence, activity, and commerce are made to circulate throughout every land,—not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city,—not merely as taking the lead<sup>1</sup> in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art,—but as being foremost, and without a rival, in every means of aggrandisement

and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery — of every thing that can render life sweet and man happy, or that can render life bitter and man wretched!

Considered by itself, and without reference to the power and influence of that government of which it is the chief locality, or of the extended ramifications of those people of which it forms the connecting link, it is a great nation in respect of the numbers of its people, and a mighty one when their wealth, their intelligence, their concentration, and the prompt and immediate use to which all of them can apply their talents, are taken into the account. Within a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed five miles, there are never fewer than two millions of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul's were swung <sup>2</sup> to the full pitch of its tocsin-sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roaring of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, — or, indeed, the mightiest elemental crash that could happen at any other spot upon the earth's surface; and if one were to take one's station in the ball or the upper gallery of that great edifice, the wide horizon, crowded as it is with men and their dwellings, would form a panorama of industry and of life, more astonishing than could be gazed upon from any other point. In the streets immediately below, the congregated multitude of men, of animal, and of machines, diminished as they are by the distance, appear like streams of living atoms reeling to and fro; <sup>3</sup> and, as they are lost in the vapoury distances (rendered murky by the smoke of a million fires), the sublime but sad thought of the clashing and careering streams of life hurrying to, and losing themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity, starts

across the mind. Nor is the contemplation of the marvels of man's making, which that horizon displays, less wonderful than the multitudes and the movements of the men themselves. It seems as if the wand of an enchanter had been stretched out, or the fiat of a creating Divinity had gone forth over every foot of the land and of the waters. To-day one may discover a line of hovels; 4 a month passes, and there is a rank of palaces. Now, the eye may haply light upon a few spots of that delicious green which is the native vesture of Old England; but, ere the moon has exhibited all the phases of her brief circle of change, the earth shall have been moulded into abodes for the ever-accumulating multitude. House after house, palace after palace, street after street, and square after square — it stretches on and on, till the eye fails in catching its termination, and the fancy easily pictures it as every where gliding into the infinitude of space. — If the love of moralizing, or even the common reflection of man, shall happen to come upon him who stands upon this airy height, and views the magnificence, the bustle, and the confusion of the great Babylon beneath and around him, there is one subject that he cannot easily overlook; and that is — Where have gone those countless multitudes, which, during hundreds of years, and, for aught that history tells to the contrary, during hundreds of ages, succeeded one another in this most wonderful of cities? He will look to the places of their residence, — little lowly spots of dull earth, scattered here and there, and deformed by a few crumbling stones, the inscriptions upon which men are forgetting, or have forgotten; and he will remark the vast difference that there is between the stir and bustle 5 and

pretence of one generation of living men, and the stilly silence, and unobtruding humility of a thousand generations that are now in the dust. He will think of the atoms of once animated clay, that must be scattered through, and mingled with, every thing in such a place: and he cannot refrain from imagining that the present inhabitants of London trample upon the bodies of their ancestors in the streets, and tenant them in the houses. When the merchant trudges <sup>6</sup> through the mire from his warehouse to his banker's, or from his counting-house <sup>7</sup> to Change, one component part of the mire that cleaves to his boots may be the substance of a merchant of the olden times, who was as keen in the pursuit, and as comfortable in the enjoyment of wealth as himself. The foot of the barrister <sup>8</sup> as he runs from court to court, may fall upon part of the tongue of him after whom he copies his eloquence — the cariot wheel of the peer may roll over the head of the peer who preceded him — the mud which soils the slipper of the present beauty, may have bloomed in the cheek of one as fair and as fascinating — and the walls of the apartment where aldermen <sup>9</sup> dine, may be plastered with those who in their time dined as copiously and with as fond a zest. <sup>10</sup> — The train of speculation which this single thought opens up, runs into channels into which feeling will not look, and which fancy fears to imagine; and London seems as wonderful in the multitudes which it has lost, as in those which it displays in every shade of station, of conduct, and of character.

1 To take the lead, prendre la direction, la conduite. — 2 Lancé.

— 3 Ça et là — 4 Cabanes. — 5 Tumulte, bruit. — 6 To grudge, marcher avec peine, se fatiguer. — 7 Comptoirs. — 8 Avocat plaidant. — 9 Alderman, échevin. — 10 Goût, saveur.

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## JOHN BULL.

The imprint upon John is as deeply stamped as upon a Greek medal; and wherever you find him, whether in London or Calcutta, whatever be his rank, and whether he commands or obeys, he never can be mistaken. Every where he is a blunt <sup>1</sup> matter of fact sort of being, very honest, but cold, and repulsive withal. He has the solidity of a material substance all over; and you can never fail to observe, that wherever he is, or with whomsoever he associates, John always considers himself the foremost <sup>2</sup> man, — nor will he take an advice or a lesson from any body that previously gives him a hint that he needs it. Wherever he is, too, you can perceive that his own comfort — his own immediate personal comfort — is the grand object of all his exertions, and all his wishes.

John Bull, if he thinks there is any chance of making a profit by it, will bargain with you at first sight; but before you can make an intimate of him, you must court him as you would a lady; and even then, if you be romantic in your friendship, you soon discover that his friendship, like the love of a coquette, is not much worth the having. He gives you cold and polite civility before his courting, and he has not much more to give you after. There is such a mechanical

formality, and such a frank avowal of that selfishness <sup>3</sup> which other people may feel just as strongly, but which they are more careful to conceal, that you do not enjoy the luxury of an Englishman's feast with half the zest that you would a handful of dates with the Bedouin in the desert.

But, while he is thus the coldest friend that you can imagine, he is the safest neighbour, and the most fair-dealing <sup>4</sup> and generous enemy: while he keeps his own castle like a bashaw, he never thinks of invading yours. Comfort — meaning thereby the capacity of purchasing whatever he thinks will render himself snug; and independence — that is, feeling that he can do whatever he wishes, and say whatever he thinks, — being the grand objects with him, he cares not a straw for those adventitious, and perhaps ideal distinctions, that so much plague the rest of the world. His pride — and pride he has in great abundance — is not the pride of Haman; he cares not a straw though Mordecai the Jew should sit ever so long at his gate, his only solitude being that the said Mordecai shall not come within it, without the special permission of the owner, and that granted for something that shall conduce to the said owner's advantage or comfort.

His selfishness is not like the selfishness of most other nations: it does not go out after ideal whims and visionary fancies, but remains constant and attentive to himself. No man can devote himself more entirely or more successfully to the accumulation of wealth than John Bull, nor is any nation so little careful of kicking away <sup>5</sup> and despising the ladder (if an unseemly one) by which he climbs to opulence, as the English. Let it be the humblest profession in the world — the sale



of carrion, or the collecting of rags or rubbish, and that in consequence of successes in it he is able to retire to his box, and set up his equipage in the purlieus of the metropolis: — John Bull never despises the carrion or the dust; they are the best of all possible things, and, in his estimate, for the best of all possible reasons, 'they made him a warm man and he is now as snug as lord.'

His pride, too, is a plant of English growth; and though he boasts a good deal, his boasts are not of the kind met with in the rest of the world. You never hear him giving himself airs on account of his ancestry; for if John be what he calls warm, he cares not a straw whether his geandfather was a duke or a dustman. 6 'Every man is himself, and no man is his father' is John's theory; and upon this theory he acts very steadily. It is true that he does boast of being an Englishman, — that he does reckon his being born somewhere between Lowestoff and St. David's, and between Penzance and Berwick, as being a much more fortunate circumstance than if he had drawn his first breath in any other locality in the solar system. Old England is his, and he is Old England's: there is nothing like it in all the world; it can enrich the world, instruct the world, and, if properly provoked, *conquer the world!*

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1 Grossier. — 2 Le plus avancé. — 3 Égoïsme. — 4 Équitable, honnête. — 5 Donner des coups de pieds. — 6 Boueur.

## EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, one of the most popular novelists of the present day, the youngest son of the late General Bulwer of Hayden Hall in Norfolk, was born in the year 1803. In 1826 he published a volume of poems, entitled 'Weeds and Wild Flowers' and in the following year a poetical tale 'O'Neil or the Rebel'. Bulwer does not appear to a great advantage in poetry, but some of his novels exhibit unusual skill. In the year 1827 he published the first romance called 'Falkland', in which it is plainly to be remarked that he had taken Byron for his model. He next appeared before the public in 'Pelham' which is a lively picture of the life of a fashionable gentleman, written in a brilliant, witty, and slightly sarcastic style. In 1828 appeared the 'Disowned' and in the following year 'Deveroux' a novel in which the English and French manners of the last century are gracefully depicted. In 1830 Mr. Bulwer brought out 'Paul Clifford', which although interesting as a novel, is rather unnatural, as sentimental pickpockets and highwaymen declaiming upon the vanity of human wishes and satirically criticising the present state of society, make their appearances in it. In 'Eugene Aram', Bulwer's talents develop themselves in quite a different manner; he there soars into the higher regions of metaphysics and converts a despicable murderer into an amiable though unhappy hero. In 1733 appeared his 'England and the English', which consists in remarks on the manners of the English. 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine', a beautiful and fanciful work, was immediately followed by 'The Last Days of Pompeii', one of Bulwer's most successful romances; but perhaps the finest of all his novels is 'Rienzi', which was published soon after his 'Last Days of Pompeii.' In 1837 appeared 'Ernest Maltravers', forming the beginning of the 3rd period of Bulwer's writings, and after publishing several dramas which display considerable merit he resumed his pen as novelist and wrote 'Night and Morning,' 'Day and Night', 'Glimmer and Gloom'. His last work is entitled: 'My novel'. In 'Eva', 'The Ill-Omen'd Marriage', and other Tales and Poems he attempted, but without much success, to attract poetical honours. In romance Bulwer excels most of his contemporaries, both in language and imagery, but in almost all his works it can be perceived, that Byron has formed

his pattern, although he has not particularly well succeeded in his imitations. His language shows him to have had much experience in the world, it is explosive and free and seems to be brought forth without causing him any effort; but he sometimes robs it of its beauty by suddenly descending from the heights of grandeur to much that is low and of little worth.

### LORD BYRON.

In attempting to trace the causes operating on the national character of the English, I ascribe to the peculiar tone and cast of the aristocracy of England much of that reserved and unsocial spirit which proverbially pervades all classes of our countrymen. To the same causes, combined with the ostentation of commerce. I ascribe, also, much of that hollowness <sup>1</sup> and glitter which belong to the occupations of the great world, and that fretfulness <sup>2</sup> and pride, that uneasy and dissatisfied temper, which are engendered by a variety of small social distinctions, and the eternal vying, and consequent mortifications, which those distinctions produce. These feelings, the slow growth of centuries, became more and more developed as the effects of civilization and wealth rendered the aristocratic influences more general upon the subordinate classes. In the indolent luxuries of a court, what more natural than satiety among the great, and a proud discontent among their emulator?

The peace of 1815, just concluded, and the consequent pause in continental excitement, allowed these pampered, yet not unpoetical springs of sentiment, to be more deeply and sensibly felt; and the public, no longer compelled by war, and the mighty career of Napoleon,

to turn their attention to the action of life, could give their sympathies, undivided, to the first who should represent their thoughts. And these very thoughts, these very sources of sentiment, — this very satiety, — this very discontent, — this profound and melancholy temperament the result of certain social systems, — the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* suddenly appeared to represent. They touched the most sensitive chord in the public heart — they expressed what every one felt.

The position of the author, once attracting curiosity was found singularly correspondent with the sentiment he embodied. His rank, his supposed melancholy, even his reputed beauty, added a natural interest to his genius. He became the type, the ideal of the state of mind which he represented; and the world willingly associated his person with his, because they thus seemed actually to incorporate, and in no undignified or ungraceful shape, the principle of their own long-nursed sentiments and most common emotions. Sir Philip Sidney represented the popular sentiment, in Elizabeth's day, — Byron, that in our own. Each became the poetry of a particular age, put into action; each, incorporated with the feelings he addressed, — attracted towards himself an enthusiasm which his genius alone did not deserve. It is vain, therefore that we would now coolly criticize the merits of the first cantos of *Childe Harold*, or those Eastern tales by which they were succeeded, and in which another sentiment of the age was addressed, namely, that craving for adventure and wild incident, which the habit of watching, for many years, the events of a portentous war, and the meteoric career of the modern Alexander, naturally engendered.

We may wonder, when we now return to those poems, at our early admiration at their supposed philosophy of tone and grandeur of thought. In order to judge them fairly, we must recall the feelings they addressed. With nations, as with individuals, it is necessary to return to past emotions, in order to judge of the merits of past appeals to them. We attributed truth and depth to Lord Byron's poetry, in proportion as it expressed our own thoughts; just as in the affairs of life, or in the speeches of orators, we esteem those men the most sensible who agree the most with ourselves, — embellishing and exalting only, (not controverting), our own impressions. And, in tracing the career of this remarkable poet, we may find that he became less and less popular, in proportion, not as his genius waned, <sup>4</sup> but as he addressed more feebly the prevalent sentiment of his times: for I suspect that future critics will agree, that there is, in his tragedies, which were never popular, a far higher order of genius than in his Eastern tales, or the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*.

The highest order of poetical genius, is usually evinced by the conception rather than the execution; and this often makes the main difference between melodrama and tragedy. There is, in the early poems of Lord Byron, scarcely any clear conception, at all; there is no harmonious plan, comprising one great, consistent, systematic whole; no epic of event artfully wrought, progressing through a rich variety of character, and through the struggles <sup>5</sup> of contending passions, to one mighty and inevitable end. If we take the most elaborate and most admired of his tales, the

Corsair, we shall recognize in its conception, an evident want of elevation: a pirate taken prisoner, — released by a favourite of the harem — escaping, — and finding his mistress dead. There is surely nothing beyond melodrama in the design of this story; nor do the incidents evidence any great fertility of invention to counterbalance the want of greatness in the conception.

In this, too, as in all his tales, though full of passion, — and this is worth considering, since it is for his delineations of passion, that the vulgar laud him, — we may observe that he describes a passion, not the struggles of passions. But it is in this last that a master is displayed: it is contending emotions, not the prevalence of one emotion, that call forth all the subtle comprehension, or deep research, or giant grasp of man's intricate nature, in which consists the highest order of that poetic genius which works out its result by character and fiction. Thus, the struggles of Medea are more dread than the determination; the conflicting passions of Dido evince the most triumphant effect of Virgil's skill; to describe a murder, is the daily task of the melodramist: — the irresolution the horror, the struggle of Macbeth, belong to Shakspeare alone.

When Byron's heroes commit a crime, they march at once to it: we see not the pause, — the self-counsel, — the agony, settling into resolve; he enters not into that delicate and subtle analysis of human motives, which excites so absorbing a dread, and demands so exquisite a skill. Had Shakspeare conceived a Gulnare, he would probably have presented to us, in terrible detail, her pause over the couch of her sleeping lord: we should have seen the woman's weakness contesting

with the bloody purpose; she would have remembered, though even with loathing, <sup>6</sup> that, on the breast she was about to strike, her head had been pillowed; she would have turned aside — shrunk <sup>7</sup> from her design — again raised the dagger: you would have heard the sleeping man breathe — she would have quailed <sup>8</sup> — and, quailing, struck! But the death-chamber, — that would have been the scene in which, above all others, Shakspeare would have displayed himself, — is barred and locked to Byron. He gives us the crime, and not all the wild, and fearful preparation for it. If Byron had, in his early poems, conceived the history of Othello, he would have given us the murder of Desdemona, but never the interviews with Iago. Thus, neither in the conception of the plot, nor the fertile invention of incident, nor above all, in the dissection of passions, can the early poems of Lord Byron rank with the higher master-pieces of poetic art.

But, at a later period of his life, more exalted and thoughtful notions of his calling, were revealed to him; and I imagine that his acquaintance with Shelley induced him to devote his meditative and brooding mind <sup>9</sup> to those metaphysical inquiries into the motive and actions of men, which lead to deep and hidden sources of character, and a more entire comprehension of the science of poetic analysis.

Hence, his tragedies evince a much higher order of conception, and a much greater master in art, than his more celebrated poems. — What more pure or more lofty <sup>10</sup> than his character of Angiolina, in the Doge of Venice? I know not, in the circle of Shakspeare's women, one more true, not only to nature; — that is

a slight merit; — but to the highest and rarest order of nature.

1 Creux. — 2 Colère, humeur chagrine. — 3 Désir, insatiabilité. — 4 Déclinait, s'affaiblissait. — 5 Lutte. — 6 Dégout, répugnance. — 7 Une forme du v. *To shrink* reculer. — 8 Elle se serait découragée. — 9 Son esprit méditatif, sombre. — 10 Majestueux, hantain.

## HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry Lord Brougham, born in 1779, has distinguished himself principally by his powerful oratory. He is a man of the highest cultivation and learning and of a very mighty intellect. There seems to be scarcely any science in which he is not deeply studied. In his discourses he shows himself to be fully acquainted with the subject upon which he speaks. His wit is always at hand, and his unceasing irony very cutting, while his illustrations are brought from all that is high and learned. The great estimation in which he holds his own powers, causes him to look down with something of contempt upon those of others; thus unfitting him for the office of a critic. He has written several philosophical pamphlets, many of which were published in the magazines of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. In 1802 Brougham travelled through the north of Europe, in the following year he published his 'Inquiry into the colonial policy of the European powers', and from this time made some very valuable contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' In 1824 principally through his exertions the Mechanic's Institution was founded, for the purpose of supplying means for the education of the lower classes. Besides the before mentioned works he has published 'Thoughts upon the aristocracy of England', 'Peter Jenkins' letter to Isaac Tomkins' and his famous 'Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III.'



FROM THE SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY  
REFORM IN 1831.

I am asked what practical benefits are to be expected from this measure? And is it no benefit to have the Government strike its roots into the hearts of the people? Is it no benefit to have a calm and deliberative, but a real organ of the public opinion, by which its course may be known, and its influence exerted upon state affairs regularly and temperately, instead of acting convulsively, and as it were by starts and shocks? <sup>1</sup> I will only appeal to one advantage, which is as certain to result from this salutary improvement of our system, as it is certain that I am addressing your Lordships. A Noble Earl (*Lord Winchelsea*) inveighed strongly against the licentiousness of the Press; complained of its insolence; and asserted that there was no tyranny more intolerable than that which its conductors now exercised. It is most true, that the Press has great influence, but equally true, that it derives this influence from expressing, more or less correctly, the opinion of the country. Let it run counter to the prevailing course and its power is at an end. But I will also admit that, going in the same general direction with public opinion, the Press is oftentimes armed with too much power in particular instances; and such power is always liable to be abused. But I will tell the Noble Earl upon what foundation this overgrown <sup>2</sup> power is built. The Press is now the only organ of public opinion. This title it assumes; but it is not by usurpation; it is rendered legitimate by the defects of your Parliamentary constitution; it is erected upon the ruins of

real representation. The periodical Press is the rival of the House of Commons; and it is, and it will be, the successful rival, as long as that House does not represent the people — but not one day longer. If ever I felt confident in any prediction, it is in this, that the restoration of Parliament to its legitimate office of representing truly the public opinion will overthrow <sup>3</sup> the tyranny of which Noble Lords are so ready to complain, who, by keeping out the lawful sovereign, in truth, support the usurper. It is you who have placed this unlawful authority on a rock: pass the Bill, it is built on a quicksand. <sup>4</sup> Let but the country have a full and free representation, and to that will men look for the expression of public opinion, and the Press will no more be able to dictate, as now, when none else can speak the sense of the people. Will its influence wholly cease? God forbid! Its just influence will continue, but confined within safe and proper bounds. It will continue — long may it continue — to watch the conduct of public men — to watch the proceedings even of a reformed legislature — to watch the people themselves — a safe, an innoxious, a useful instrument, to enlighten and improve mankind! But its overgrown power — its assumption to speak in the name of the nation — its pretension to dictate and to command, will cease with the abuse upon which alone it is founded, and will be swept away, <sup>5</sup> together with the other creatures of the same abuse; which now “fright our Isle from its propriety.”

Those portentous appearances, the growth of later times, those figures that stalk abroad, of unknown stature, and strange form — unions, and leagues, and musterings <sup>6</sup> of men in myriads, and conspiracies

against the Exchequer <sup>7</sup> — whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shores? What power engendered those uncouth <sup>8</sup> shapes — what multiplied the monstrous births, till they people the land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence, and armed with resistless force, the Irish volunteers of 1782 — the same power which rent in twain <sup>9</sup> your empire, and raised up thirteen republics — the same power which created the Catholic Association, and gave it Ireland for a portion. What power is that? Justice denied — rights withheld <sup>10</sup> — wrongs perpetrated — the force which common injuries lend to millions — the wickedness of using the sacred trust of Government as a means of indulging private caprice — the idiocy of treating Englishmen like the children of the South Sea Islands — the phrenzy of believing, or making believe, that the adults of the nineteenth century can be led like children, or driven like barbarians! This it is that has conjured up the strange sights at which we now stand aghast! <sup>11</sup> And shall we persist in the fatal error of combating the giant progeny, instead of extirpating the execrable parent? Good God! Will men never learn wisdom, even from their own experience? Will they never believe, till it be too late, that the surest way to prevent immoderate desires being formed, aye, and unjust demand enforced, is to grant in due season the moderate requests of justice? You stand, my Lords, on the brink of a great event — you are in the crisis of a whole nation's hopes and fears. An awful importance hangs over your decision. Pause, ere you plunge! There may not be any retreat!

It behoves <sup>12</sup> you to shape your conduct by the

mighty occasion. They tell you not to be afraid of personal consequences in discharging your duty. I too would ask you to banish all fears; but, above all, that most mischievous, most despicable fear, — the fear of being thought afraid. If you won't take counsel from me, take example from the statesmanlike conduct of the Noble Duke (*Wellington*), while you also look back, as you may, with satisfaction upon your own. He was told, and you were told, that the impatience of Ireland for equality of civil right was partial, the clamour transient, likely to pass away with its temporary occasion, and that yielding to it would be conceding to intimidation. I recollect hearing this topic urged within this Hall in July 1828; less regularly I heard it than I have now done, for I belonged not to your number — but I heard it urged in the self-terms. The burthen of the cry was — It is no time for concession; the people are turbulent, and the Association dangerous. That summer passed, and the ferment subsided not. Autumn came, but brought not the precious fruit of peace, — on the contrary, all Ireland was convulsed with the unprecedented conflict which returned the great chief of the Catholics to sit in a Protestant Parliament. Winter bound the earth in chains; but it controlled not the popular fury, whose surge, more deafening <sup>13</sup> than the tempest, lashed the frail bulwarks of law founded upon injustice. Spring came — but no ethereal mildness was its harbinger, <sup>14</sup> or followed in its train, — the Catholics became stronger by every month's delay, displayed a deadlier resolution, and proclaimed their wrongs in a tone of louder defiance than before. And what course did you, at this moment of greatest excitement, and peril, and menace,

deem it most fitting to pursue? Eight month before you had been told how unworthy it would be to yield when men clamoured and threatened. No change had happened in the interval, save that the clamours were become far more deafening, and the threats, beyond comparison, more overbearing. What, nevertheless, did your Lordships do? Your duty — for you despised the cuckoo-note <sup>15</sup> of the season, “be not intimidated.” You granted all that the Irish demanded, and you saved your country. Was there in April a single argument advanced which had not held good in July? None, absolutely none, except the new height to which the dangers of longer delay had risen, and the increased vehemence with which justice was demanded — and yet the appeal to your pride which had prevailed in July, was in vain made in April, and you wisely and patriotically granted what asked, and ran the risk of being supposed to yield through fear.

But the history of the Catholic Claims conveys another important lesson. Though in right and policy and justice, the measure of relief could not be too ample, half as much as was received with little gratitude when so late wrung <sup>16</sup> from you, would have been hailed twenty years before with delight; and even the July preceding, the measure would have been received as a boon <sup>17</sup> freely given, which, I fear, was taken with but sullen satisfaction in April, as a right long withheld. Yet, blessed be God, the debt of justice, though tardily, was at length paid, and the Noble Duke won by it civic honours which rival his warlike achievements in lasting brightness — than which there can be no higher praise. What, if he had still listened to

the topics of intimidation and inconsistency which had scared his predecessors? He might have proved his obstinacy, and Ireland would have been the sacrifice.

Apply now this lesson of recent history, — I may say of our own experience, to the measure before us. We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the Bill, through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever: their affections are estranged; we and our order and its privileges are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the Aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said, that the Bill is rejected by all the Aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the Ministers, too, are for it; but the Aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this silly, thoughtless assertion. What! My Lords, the Aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people — they who sprang from the people — are inseparably connected with the people — are supported by the people — are the natural chiefs of the people? *They* set themselves against the people, for whom Peer are ennobled — Bishops consecrated — Kings anointed — the people, to serve whom Parliament itself has an existence, and the Monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? The assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured — as a Member of this House, I deny it with indignation. I

repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet are there those who even within these walls speak of the Bill, augmenting so much the strength of the State; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are Members of the present Cabinet, who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that, in becoming a Member of your House, I staked<sup>18</sup> my all on the aristocratic institution of the State. I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the State for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated station of Representative for Yorkshire, and a leading Member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition; and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy<sup>19</sup> all I have now left?

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the

rejection of the measure: But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat — temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy, success is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present Ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without Reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a Bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes — of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, <sup>20</sup> you ought voluntarily to give; you refuse her terms — her moderate terms, — she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back: — again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, — in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands — it is Parliaments by the Year — it is Vote by the Ballot — it is Suffrage by the Million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have; [and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace <sup>21</sup> which rests upon that woolsack. <sup>22</sup> What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as



man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred, enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; — nor can you expect to gather in another crop <sup>23</sup> than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, <sup>24</sup> of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence; in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are. Then beware <sup>25</sup> of your decision! Rouse, not, I beseech you, a peace loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend, of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my Sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, — by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, — I warn you, — I implore you, — yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you — Reject not this Bill!

1 Par seconsses. — 2 Excessivement accru. — 3 Renverser. — 4

Sable montant. — 5 Balayé emporté. — 6 Réunion, assemblée. — 7 Échiquier. — 8 Difforme. — 9 Qui a coupé en deux. — 10 Retenu détenu. — 11 Effrayé eponvanté. — 12 Il Convient, il faut, il importe. — 13 Assourdissant. — 14 Avant coureur. — 15 Chant, cris du concon. — 16 P. du v. *To Wring*, extorquer, arracher de force. — 17 Don, faveur. — 18 P. du v. *To Stake*, risquer, hasarder. — 19 Danger, hasard. — 20 Contrat. — 21 Masse, enseigne. — 22 Ballot de laine, place des juges à la chambre des Lords. — 23 Moisson. — 24 Économie. — 25 Prenez garde!

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## THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in London in 1800. In 1818 he entered Trinity-College at Cambridge where he studied for the law and in 1824 was called to the bar. In 1830 he began his political career by being chosen member of parliament for Calw. Under the administration of Lord Melbourne he was made a member of the highest court of justice of India, but came back from there in 1839 from which year till 1845 he represented Edinburgh in the House of Commons. Till 1841 he was under secretary of state in the war office and between 1846—48 occupied the post of paymaster general of the forces and as such was a member of the cabinet. He is one of the most distinguished writers of the present day; he has contributed considerably to the Edinburgh Review and by his influence has brought it to a much higher degree of perfection than it formerly possessed. Most of its papers had been written in a very biting sarcastic manner, underrating true talent, and elevating those writers who characterised themselves by their low feelings and insolence; but Macaulay introduced into its criticism a kindliness of manner which much increased the value of the whole publication. His finest work is his 'History of England' not yet entirely finished, but which is certainly one of the glories of his country. It is written in a most brilliant style, and the author has taken very correct views of the state of the kingdom at different periods. Macaulay is also a poet; and his compositions in this branch are by no means to be overlooked. Du-

ring his stay at college he published several ballads, one called 'War of the League' which is universally admired: he has also lately published some poems called the 'Lays of ancient Rome' in which he seems to have brought the brave old Romans again into existence, and caused them to fight their famous battles a second time. The lays are written in a plain homely style, but in such a truthful manner, and so much meaning is contained in a small space, that their reader cannot fail being delighted, and obtaining an excellent idea of the character of that fine old race. He died in 1859.

#### WARREN HASTINGS' TRIAL.

In the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilisation were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed

down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted <sup>1</sup> a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. <sup>2</sup> The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts

of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired <sup>3</sup> young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,\* in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel <sup>4</sup> which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted <sup>5</sup> his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged re-

\* Célèbre Actrice.

partees, under the rich peacock-hangings <sup>6</sup> of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit <sup>7</sup> was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, and made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talent and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strongminded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls. <sup>8</sup>

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches, and tables for the Commons. The managers, <sup>9</sup> with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag <sup>10</sup> and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box <sup>11</sup> in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasoning and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguished

themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships <sup>12</sup> at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connexion was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twentythree he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus



attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. <sup>13</sup> At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded. "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. <sup>14</sup> I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden <sup>15</sup> under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself; in the name of both sexes, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of

the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclinations of the tribunal leaned. <sup>16</sup> A majority of near three to one decided in favour of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling <sup>17</sup> and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. <sup>18</sup> Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage-effect <sup>19</sup> which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged <sup>20</sup> him with the energy of generous admiration.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Sergeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great pro-

cedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, <sup>21</sup> or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vault. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigour of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and

stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away <sup>22</sup> Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges, the majority in his favour was still greater. On some, he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.

1 Attendriissait. — 2 Roi d'armes. — 3 Cheveux blonds. — Chevalet. — 5 Engagé. — 6 Tentures en plumes de paon. — 7 Coupable, accusé. — 8 Maître des rôles. — 9 Directeurs, instructeurs. — 10 Sachet, ornement de coiffure. — 11 Loge. — 12 Bourse de collège. — 13 Evanouissement. — 14 Mauvaise conduite. — 15 Foulé. — 16 Penchait. — 17 Pétillante. — 18 Billet. — 19 Effet théâtrale. — 20 L'enabrassa. — 21 Ballot de laine, place des juges à la chambre des lords. — 22 Entraîné.

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## CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Charles Dickens or Boz is without doubt the first English author of the present day. He was born in 1812. He first appeared be-

fore the public at the age of about 26 in a series of sketches illustrative of the English character which bear the name of 'Sketches', by Boz; they were originally written for a newspaper, but from 1836 till 37 they appeared as a separate work. In 1837 he began 'The Pickwick Papers' of which it is said 100,000 copies have been sold; they contain some of the most excellent portraits of character anywhere to be met with. These were followed almost immediately by 'Nicholas Nickleby', and soon afterwards by 'Oliver Twist', in which the author has portrayed the life of a charity boy who is brought up among housebreakers and pickpockets without his character being corrupted. In 'Oliver Twist', Dickens has exerted powers of a more varied nature than perhaps in any other of his works; his next publication was 'Master Humphrey's Clock', which contains 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and 'Barnaby Rudge'. In the former the author has depicted with his usual force the effects of gambling. In 1843 Dickens made a voyage to America and described his impressions of the manners and customs 'of the Yankees, in his 'American Note-Book'. Beside his larger works, Dickens has written a series of Christmas tales, of which the first entitled 'The Christmas Carol' is undoubtedly the best; the remaining stories are 'The Chimes', 'The Cricket on the Hearth', 'The Battle of Life' and 'The Haunted Man'. 'Martin Chuzzlewit', 'Dombey and Son', 'David Copperfield', 'Bleak House', the highly interesting 'Household-words' and his elaborately written 'History of England', have appeared lately and bear witness to the undiminished talent of the author who continues to write with unabated vigour, and as much success as ever attends the appearance of his works.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

WE will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the constant habit of walking, day after day, through any of the crowded thoroughfares <sup>1</sup> of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he "knows by sight," to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed sinking lower and lower by

almost imperceptible degrees and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strike forcibly and painfully upon him, as he passes by. Is there any man who has mixed much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot call to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch, in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now in all the squalor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, or a clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuit, with good prospects, and decent means, — or cannot any of our readers call to mind from among the list of their *quondam* acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lingers about the pavement in hungry misery — from whom every one turns coldly away, and who preserves himself from sheer starvation, <sup>2</sup> nobody knows how? Alas! such cases are of too frequent occurrence to be rare items in any man's experience; and but too often arise from one cause — drunkenness, — that fierce rage for the slow, sure poison, that oversteps every other consideration: that casts aside wife, children, friends, happiness, and station; and hurries its victims madly on to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled by misfortune and misery, to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild: <sup>3</sup> and they present the hideous spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But, by far the greater part have wilfully, and open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it never rises

more, but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man as this, once stood by the bed-side of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, and want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly female with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman — her daughter — on her arm. But it was not towards her that the wan face turned; it was not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped: they pressed the husband's arm; the eyes so soon to be closed in death, rested on his face; and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes blood-shot <sup>4</sup> and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

A shaded lamp by the bed-side cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of night prevailed without the house, and the stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantel-shelf; <sup>5</sup> its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet, but it was a solemn one, for well they knew, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell <sup>6</sup> of a departed spirit.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death: to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary

hours through long, long, nights — such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart, the pent-up, <sup>7</sup> hidden secrets of many years, poured forth by the unconscious helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve, and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be seared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which, has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bed-side by which the children knelt. Their half-stifled sobs and moanings alone broke the silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed; and turning one look from the children to their father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil that she seemed to sink to sleep. They leant over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throb responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead!

The husband sunk into a chair by the bed-side, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his, he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on



his face. All skunk from, and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow, or console the widower.

The time had been, when many a friend would have crowded round him in his affliction, and many a heartfelt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the commonest acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness and poverty; and how had he rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bed-side, in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house, and walked swiftly through the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stupified with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood mounted, and his brain whirled round. Death! Every one must die, and why not *she*. She was too good for him; her relations had often told him so. Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well; she was dead, and happy perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass — one more! Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted; and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him, grew up, and were children no longer; — the father remained the same — poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute-looking, but the same confirmed and ir reclaimable drunkard. The boys had, long ago, run wild in the streets, and left him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard, and words or blows could al-

ways procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as ten o'clock — for the girl had been sick for many days, and there was, consequently, little to spend at the public-house — he bent his steps homewards, bethinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon, or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought it worth while to do. It was a wet December night; the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a few halfpence from a passer by, and having bought a small loaf <sup>9</sup> (for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could) he suffled onwards, as fast as the wind and rain would let him.

At the back of Fleet-street, and lying between it, and the waterside, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of Whitefriars; it was to one of these, that he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned, might, for filth and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories <sup>10</sup> in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp, and rottenness <sup>11</sup> can impart to tenements composed originally of the roughest and coarsest materials. The windows were patched with paper, and stuffed with the foulest rags; the doors were falling from their hinges; <sup>12</sup> poles with lines on which to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling or drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the centre of the court had been blown out, either by the violence of the wind or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered too conspicuous; and the only light which fell upon the broken and uneven pavement, was derived from the miserable candles that here and there twinkled <sup>13</sup> in the rooms of such of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter <sup>12</sup> ran down the centre of the alley — all the sluggish odours of which had been called forth by the rain; and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames, with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into this den, walked on in the darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some branch repositories of garbage <sup>15</sup> which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door, or rather what was left of it, stood ajar, <sup>16</sup> for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; and he proceeded to grope his way <sup>17</sup> up the old and broken stair, to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room-door, when it opened, and a girl, whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to be equalled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand, peeped anxiously out.

"Is that you, father?" said the girl.

"Who else should it be?" replied the man gruffly. "What are you trembling at? It's little enough that

I 've had to drink to day, for there's no drink without money, and no money without work. What the devil's the matter with the girl?"

"I am not well father — not at all well," said the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah!" replied the man, in the tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact, to which he would rather remain blind, if he could. "You must get better somehow, <sup>18</sup> for we must have money. You must go to the parish doctor, and make him give you some medicine. They 're paid for it, damn 'em. What are you standing before the door for? Let me come in, can't you?"

"Father," whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her, and placing herself before it, "William has come back."

"Who!" said the man, with a start.

"Hush," replied the girl, "William: brother William."

"And what does he want?" said the man, with an effort at composure — "money? meat? drink?" "He's come to the wrong shop for that, if he does. Give me the candle — give me the candle, fool — I ain't going to hurt him." He snatched the candle from her hand, and walked into the room.

Sitting on an old box, with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on a wretched cinder fire that was smouldering <sup>19</sup> on the hearth, <sup>20</sup> was a young man of about two-and-twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trowsers. He started up when his father entered.

"Fasten the door, Mary," said the young man hastily — "Fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know me, father. It's long enough, since you

drove me <sup>21</sup> from home; you may well forget me."

"And what do you want here, now?" said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fireplace. "What do you want here, now?"

"Shelter," replied the son, "I'm in trouble; that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing; <sup>22</sup> that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here; that's as certain. And there's an end of it."

"You mean to say, you've been robbing, or murdering, then?" said the father.

"Yes, I do," replied the son. "Does it surprise you, father?" He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

"Where's your brothers?" he said, after a long pause.

"Where they'll never trouble you," replied his son: "John's gone to America, and Henry's dead,"

"Dead!" said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

"Dead." replied the young man. "He died in my arms — shot <sup>23</sup> like a dog, by a game-keeper. <sup>24</sup> He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God, that if his mother was in Heaven, He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favourite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think, now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done any thing to bring the

tears into her eyes. Oh, Will. why was she taken away, and father left! There's his dying words, father," said the young man; "make the best you can of them. You struck him across the face, in a drunken fit. 25 the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it."

The girl wept aloud; and the father sinking his head upon his knees, rocked himself to and fro. 26

"If I am taken," said the young man, "I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice; but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad."

For two whole days, all three remained in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out; and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned sixpence by holding a horse; and he turned homewards with enough money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public-house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally sluk in. 27 Two men who he had not observed, were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention; and when he entered the public-house, they followed him.

"You'll drink with me, master," said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

"And me too," said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children, and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He *did* drink; and his reason left him.

"A wet night, 28 Warden," whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one-half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of night for our friends in hiding, 29 Master Warden," whispered the other.

"Sit down here," said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. "We have been looking arter the young un. 30 We came to tell him, it's all right now, but we couldn't find him 'cause we hadn't got 31 the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself when he come to London, did he?"

"No, he didn't." 32 replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

"There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," resumed the first speaker, "and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Very," said the second.

"Capital luck," said the first, with a wink to his companion.

"Great," replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

"Another glass here; quick" — said the first speaker. And in five minutes more, the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along, as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding-place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length, a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; it approached nearer; it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him; she stopped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man, reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed. 35

"Very quietly done," said one of the men to his companion, "thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom — come, come, it 's no use crying, young woman. It 's all over now, and can't be helped."

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

"Listen to me, father," he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. "My brother's blood, and mine, is on your head: I never had kind look, or word, or care, from you, and alive or dead, I never will forgive you. Die when you will, or how, I will be with you. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you." He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister



ever beheld him more, on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose, and looked round him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; every thing was just as he remembered to have seen it last: and there were no signs of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers, and of the neighbours; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret <sup>34</sup> when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavouring to gain her bread in quiet, elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth, and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways, and in brick-fields — <sup>35</sup> any where, where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last sta-

ge of poverty, disease, and homeless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home — a happy, cheerful home — and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him — so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of willage bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart <sup>36</sup> again.

He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up <sup>37</sup> in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake, and conscious. The wellknown shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board

was covered with choice rich food — they were before him: he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand, and take them — and, though the illusion was reality itself he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain-drops as they pattered on the stones; that death was coming upon him by inches — and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly, he started up, in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what, or why. Hark! A groan! <sup>38</sup> — another! His senses were leaving him: half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts <sup>39</sup> like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening <sup>40</sup> a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath untill he reached the river-side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the pro-

spect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place <sup>41</sup> from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored <sup>42</sup> there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered <sup>43</sup> from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind, urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—any thing but death. He fought and struggled <sup>44</sup> with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which

the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible — once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up <sup>45</sup> from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognised and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away!

1 Passage, lieu où l'on passe. — 2 Mourir de faim. — 3 Licencieu, dissolu. — 4 Plein de sang, sanguin. — 5 Cheminée. — 6 Glas, sonnerie mortuaire. — 7 Enfermé, serré. — 8 *To cling*, s'attacher, se collei à. — 9 Pain, miche. — 10 Etages. — 11 Pourriture, corruption. — 12 Gonds. — 13 Étincelait. — 14 Gouttière. — 15 Tripaille. — 16 Entr'ouverte. — 17 Aller à tâtons. — 18 D'une manière ou d'autre. — 19 Brûlant lentement. — 20 Foyer, âtre. — 21 Chassé. — 22 Je serais pendu — 23 Tué d'un coup de fusil. — 24 Garde-Chasse. — 25 Accès d'ivresse. — 26 Se balançant ça et là. — 27 S'y glissa. 28 Nuit humide. — 29 Cachés. — 30 After the young one. — 31 Because we had not. — 32 He did not. — 33 Emmenotté. — 34 Grenier, galetas. — 35 Champs à brique. — 36 Rongeaient son cœur. 37 *To coil*, se blottir. — 38 Gémissement. — 39 Rejeté. 40 Aiguissant. — 41 Port, débarcadère. — 42 Amarrés. — 43 *To peer*, apparaître. — 44 *To struggle*, lutter. — 45 P. du v. *To shoot*, pousser, darder.

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# POETS





## EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, born in London in the year 1553, was educated at Cambridge, where, 1576, he took his degree as Master of Arts. While in the university he became an intimate friend to Gabriel Harvey through whose means he was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and the Earl of Leicester who bestowed upon him his patronage. The Sidney family procured him the post of Poet Laureate to Queen Elisabeth, he then became a courtier, and shone in this situation; but his life was a succession of mortifications and disappointments. In 1580 he was appointed Secretary to Lord Gray de Wilton in Ireland; he filled this office during two years with honour and advantage. At the end of this time he received a grant of land in the south of Ireland from the Queen, but upon the condition that he should reside there. In this place he was visited by Raleigh who became one of his most intimate friends, replacing the loss occasioned by the death of Sir Philip Sidney. In 1590 Spenser published the first part of his master-piece, 'The Fairy Queen', and in 1596 a continuation of the same. In 1597 his castle in Ireland was burned down in Tyrone's Rebellion and in it perished his infant child, after which mournful event he returned broken-hearted to England, where he died on the 16th of January 1599. He was buried at his own request near Chancer in Westminster-Abbey. The most important of Spenser's poems is without doubt his 'Fairy Queen', an allegory in 12 books of which however only 6 are extant. The argument is as follows: Prince Arthur sees in a vision the queen of the fairies; he becomes violently enamoured of her, and determines to seek his love in the dominions of Fairyland. He arrives, and the Queen makes her appearance holding an annual feast which lasts 12 days, upon each of which a knight representing a moral virtue, encounters perilous adventures. All these are described by the poet, with frequent allusions to Queen Elisabeth

and the persons of her court. 'The Shepherd's Calendar' is his earliest production; we may also mention his 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' 'Daphnaid and the Epithalamium': a most exquisite hymenealsong.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR. 1

His glittering armour shined <sup>2</sup> far away,  
Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;  
From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
That deadly dint <sup>3</sup> of steel endanger may:  
Athwart his breast a bauldrick brave <sup>4</sup> he ware, <sup>5</sup>  
That shin'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious  
[rare.]

And in the midst thereof one precious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke <sup>6</sup> of wondrous might,  
Shap'd like a lady's head, exceeding shone,  
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights;  
And strove for to <sup>7</sup> amaze the weaker sights;  
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung  
In ivory sheath, ycarv'd <sup>8</sup> with curious slights; <sup>9</sup>  
Whose hilts were burnish'd gold, and handle strong  
Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,  
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred;  
For all the crest a dragon did enfold  
With greedy paws, and over all did spread  
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head  
Close couched on the beaver, seem'd to throw  
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,  
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;  
And scaly tail was stretch'd adown <sup>10</sup> his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest

A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely,  
 With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dress'd,  
 Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,  
 Like to an almond tree ymounted <sup>11</sup> high  
 On top of green Selinis all alone,  
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;  
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
 At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

1 Le prince Arthur est l'emblème de la magnanimité. — 2 *Shined* pour *Shone*. — 3 *Dint*, force, violence. — 4 *Bauldrick* brave, superbe, excellent ceinturon. — 5 *Ware*, viens, pour *wore*. — 6 *Eke* aussi, de plus. — 7 *For to*, vieux, pour *to*. — 8 *Ycarv'd*, vieux, pour *carv'd*. — 9 *Slights*, devises, ornements. — 10 *Adown*, pour *down*. — 12 *Ymounted*, pour *mounted*, élevé.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Christopher Marlowe, one of Shakspeare's most eminent predecessors, was born about 1562, at Canterbury. In 1587 he took the degree of A. M. at Cambridge; before this time he had written his play of 'Tamburlain the Great'. His next play was 'The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus' in which the poet has displayed a great amount of talent, and introduced some scenes of terrific grandeur. This was followed by the 'Jew of Malta', 'The Massacre at Paris' and 'Edward the Second', of which the last is considered the finest; indeed it is thought in some parts worthy of being compared with Shakspeare's Richard II. He has also written several other dramatic pieces, all possessing a certain amount of worth, beside several small poems of less value. Marlowe died in 1593.

## THE ORRIBLE DEATH OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS *alone.* — *The clock strikes eleven.*

FAUST. O Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.  
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come.  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.  
O lente lente cerrite noctis equi.  
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,  
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd?  
O I will leap to heaven, who pulls me down? <sup>1</sup>  
See where Christ's blood streams <sup>2</sup> in the firmament:  
One drop of blood will save me: Oh my Christ,  
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.  
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.  
Where is it now? 'tis gone?  
And see, a threat'ning arm, and angry brow.  
Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me.  
And hide me from the heavy wrath <sup>3</sup> of heaven.  
No? then I will headlong <sup>4</sup> run into the earth:  
Gape earth. O no, it will not harbour me.  
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,  
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,  
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist  
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;  
That when you vomit forth into the air,  
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths, <sup>5</sup>

But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.

*The watch strikes.*

O half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.

O if my soul must suffer for my sin,

Impose some end to my incessant pain.

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:

No end is limited to damned souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Oh, Pythagoras, Metempsychosis, were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd

Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for 'when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements:

But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Curst be the parents that engender'd me:

No, Faustus, curse, thyself, curse Lucifer,

That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

*The clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,

And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

*Thunder, and enter the Devils.*

O mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:

Ugly hell gape not; <sup>6</sup> come not Lucifer:

I'll burn my books: Oh Mephistophilis!

1 Qui me tire en bas. — 2 Ruisselle. — 3 Colère. — 4 Tête bala-  
sée. — 5 Geule brumense. — 6 Ne baille pas, enfer affreux.

## WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Stratford-upon-Avon boasts of having been the birth-place of this hero of English literature. The event of his birth took place in April 1564. The particulars of his life are involved in great obscurity, but it is maintained by many that his father followed the trade of a glover or wool-comber and was in good circumstances. William is said to have attended the grammar school of his native town, where most probably he acquired his knowledge of Latin and Greek, which Ben Jonson speaks of as having been very limited. Great doubts exist with respect to the manner in which he employed himself after leaving school, but the supposition of his having spent some time in a lawyer's office is most prevalent, as all his writings prove him to have been well versed in the terms of law. The London actors often visited Stratford, and therefore we may readily fancy, that Shakspeare had some intercourse with them, which, blended with the observation of the lovely scenery around his native town gave the first impulse to that genius which was to delight the world at a future period. Perhaps also in being a spectator of the plays acted there he formed an idea of sometime making an improvement upon the profession. At the age of eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman', and soon afterwards left Stratford to try his fortune in London; some say to avoid disagreeable circumstances issuing from a lampoon he had written upon a gentleman, for having accused him of stealing deer from his estate. In London he became a partner in the Blackfriars company and his reputation was soon insured, for in 1589, his name stands eleventh in a list of fifteen forming the company, in 1596, the 5th in a list of eight, and in 1603, we find him second proprietor in a new patent granted by James I. From 1584 to 1611, he is supposed to have published all his plays to the number of thirty seven, and in 1612 drawn by tender remembrances of his native town, he entered it once more, there to spend his remaining days in that peace which he had so well earned. There he passed four years in competency; he expired at the age of 52, and was buried in the parish churchyard. Shakspeare is supposed to have begun his literary career by correcting the plays of other, and fitting them for appearing before the public. The two

Gentlemen of Verona' is said to have been one of his earliest productions; it is written with the timidity of youthful genius and the style does not appear fully formed. In 'Richard II. and III.' the characters are beautifully worked out: in 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'The Merchant of Venice' it is obvious, that age has had a beneficial effect upon the writer, and in the 'Merry wives of Windsor', 'As you like it', 'Henry IV.' etc., all these improvements blended with the richest comic of comedy appear. In 'King Lear', 'Hamlet', 'Othello', 'Macbeth' and the 'Tempest', his latest and best productions, all the various talents of his wonderful mind are combined. 'He was the man' (we quote this passage from Dryden), who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily. When he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who have accused him to have wanted learning give him the greatest commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike: were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clunches, his serious, into bombast. But he is always great, where great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then rise above the rest of poets'.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely. <sup>1</sup> That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two;

So excellent a king! that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
A little month; — or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she —  
O Heaven! a beast, that wants discours of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer — married with mine uncle,  
My father's brother: but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules: within a month,  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears <sup>2</sup>  
Had left the flushing <sup>3</sup> in her galled eyes,  
She married. —

<sup>1</sup> *Merely* entièrement. — *Unrighteous tears*, larmes mensongères. —  
<sup>2</sup> *Flushing*, rougeur.

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#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question; —  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them? — To die, — to sleep, — <sup>1</sup>  
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation



Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; — to sleep; —  
 To sleep! perchance to dream: — ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, <sup>2</sup>  
 Must give us pause: <sup>3</sup> There's the respect <sup>4</sup>  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the prud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
 But that the dread of something after death, —  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn <sup>5</sup>  
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of!  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their current turn awry, <sup>6</sup>  
 And lose the name of action.

1 *To die—to sleep*, mourir c'est dormir, rien de plus. — 2 *Mortal coil*, tumulte de la vie. — 3 *Must*, c'est-à-dire, *That must*, etc. — 4 *Respect*, retenue, motif. — 5 *Bourn*, borne, limite. — 6 *To go awry*, aller de côté, de travers.

## MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!—  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, <sup>1</sup> a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw. ——  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon, <sup>2</sup> gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing. —  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er one half the world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrate  
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murder,  
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design  
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
The very stones prate of my where-about, <sup>3</sup>  
And take the present horror from the time  
Which now suits with it. — Whilst I threat, he lives —  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell!

1 Un poignard de l'esprit, né de la pensée. — 2 Manche. — 3 Où je suis.

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LEAR.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!  
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!  
You sulph'rous and thought-executing <sup>1</sup> fires,  
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat <sup>2</sup> the thick rotundity o' th' world:  
Crack nature's mould, all germens spill at once  
That make ungrateful man!

Rumble thy bellyful, spit fire, spout rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.  
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;  
You owe me no subscription. <sup>3</sup> Then, let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. — Here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd, old man;  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. Oh! Oh! 'tis foul.

Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,  
That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces  
That, under cover of convivial seeming,  
Has practis'd on man's life — Close, pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continent, and ask  
Those dreadfull summoners grace! — I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning. <sup>4</sup>

1 Aussi prompt que la pensée. — 2 Frappez plat, aplatissez. — 3 Obeissance (vieux). — 4 On m'a fait plus de mal que je n'en ai fait.

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#### HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! Sleep, gentle Sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, <sup>1</sup>  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, <sup>2</sup>  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case to a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock <sup>3</sup> his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamour in the slipp'ry shrouds,  
That, with the hurly, <sup>4</sup> Death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

<sup>1</sup> Tu ne veux plus fermer mes paupières. — <sup>2</sup> Étable, cabane. —  
<sup>3</sup> Berceur. — <sup>4</sup> Bruit (vieux).

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QUEEN KATHARINE'S SPEECH TO HER HUSBAND.

Alas! sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,

And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Even in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea subject to your countenance: glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or make it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, <sup>1</sup> or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice.

<sup>1</sup> Mes devoirs de mariage.

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## JOHN MILTON.

John Milton was born in London on the 9th of December 1608. He studied at Cambridge and took his degree of M. A. in 1632, after which he retired into private life. In the year 1637 he set out upon his travels into France and Italy. He visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition, was introduced to many of the great scholars on the Continent, and was everywhere received with the honours due to his talents and genius. He remained abroad for fifteen months; at the end of which period he was recalled to his country by the commotions which were then taking place between the royalist and parliamentary parties. Milton upon his return into England, established an institution for classical instruction: but in the year 1641 he emerged from this comparatively retired life, and appeared on the political stage. He sided with the Puritans and published several very clever controversial works, all of them proving the most ardent attachment to republican principles. In the year 1643 Milton took his first wife, but the marriage proved an unhappy one, and his wife left him a month after their union. On this account he wrote four pamphlets in favour of divorce which although written with a deal of erudition and fiery eloquence, made but little impression on the public mind. Milton was however determined to divorce his wife and accordingly began to pay his attentions to another young lady, but the former came back repentant and he, moved by her entreaties, consented to live with her again. In 1652 she died leaving him three daughters; this loss was soon after followed by one, still more melancholy, viz: the total loss of his sight. Two years after the death of his first wife he married a daughter of Captain Woodcock, but she died in the following year. He was led to a third union in a great measure by the bad treatment he experienced from his daughters who behaved towards their blind father with great neglect and unkindness. The composition of his most noble poem *Paradise Lost*, occupied five years and was finished in 1665; the subject is the fall of the Angels from Heaven, the creation of the world and the fall of man. This wonderful composition is universally considered the finest epic poem written in the English language. The subject, the grandest that could have been chosen, and of the greatest interest to all human beings, was one

exactly calculated for the deeply learned poet to bestow his labours upon. In every part he seems to have succeeded in describing the beauties and delightfulness of heaven and the dreadful and desolate kingdom of the Prince of Terrors. His Adam Eve are at once so pure and yet so human that they are highly fitted for appearing as inhabitants in a spot not yet degraded by the wickedness of fallen man. In 1670 Milton published a history of England, and also several minor works, in 1672; but his health had already begun to decline and in the year 1774 he expired aged 66. Amongst his other poetical works we must mention 'Paradise Regained,' 'L'Allegro, Il Penseroso' and 'Comus.' He has also written many prose works and several controversial pamphlets, but his genius lay in poetry as must be observed by all who peruse his productions.

#### THE FIRST EXISTENCE OF EVE.

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
Under a shade on flowers, much wonderig where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved  
Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went  
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,



What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,  
And will bring thee where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called  
Mother of human race. What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a platane, yet methought <sup>2</sup> less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;  
Thou following cri'dst aloud, "return, fair Eve;  
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone; to give being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half." With that thy gentle hand  
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

1 *To warn avertir.* — 2 *Il me sembla, je pensais.*

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ADAM RELATES TO RAPHAEL THE FIRST SURVEY HE TOOK  
OF HIMSELF.

For Man to tell how human life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,  
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun  
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till, rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeav'ring, and upright  
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse <sup>1</sup> of murm'ring streams; by these,  
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;  
Birds on the branches warbling; all thing smil'd;  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;  
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair Light,  
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here? —

Not of myself; — by some Great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus <sup>2</sup> I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know." —  
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,  
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
My drowsed sense untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And liv'd: One come, methought, of shape divine,  
And said: "Thy mansion want thee, Adam; rise,  
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd."  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth-sliding <sup>3</sup> without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, enclos'd with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks and bow'rs, that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to 'th'eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat: whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream

Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe, <sup>4</sup>  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submit: he rear'd me and: "Whom thou sought'st, I AM,"  
 Said mildly "Author of all this thou seest,  
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
 This paradise I give thee, count it thine."

<sup>1</sup> *Lapse de labor, tomber. cascade.* — <sup>2</sup> *I have that thus, j'ai, qu'ainsi, i. e. je dois ce bonheur.* — <sup>3</sup> *Smooth-sliding, glissant doucement, sans les effleurer de nos pas.* — <sup>4</sup> *Plein d'une joie respectueuse.*

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## JOHN DRYDEN.

1631 - 1700

(See his biography p. 33.)

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### ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
 By Philip's warlike son:  
 Aloft <sup>1</sup> in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne:  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound,  
So should desert <sup>2</sup> in arms be crown'd.  
The lovely Thäis by his side  
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride;  
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride;  
Happy, happy, happy pair;  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high,  
Amid the tuneful quire, <sup>3</sup>  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heav'nly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!  
A dragon's flery form belied <sup>4</sup> the god:  
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
world ——  
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;  
A present deity they shout around,  
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:  
With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;  
Of Bucchus ever fair, and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;  
Flush'd with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first obtain!  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure.

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain!

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice he routed <sup>5</sup> all his foes and thrice he slew  
the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And, while he heav'n and earth defied,  
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n

Fall'n from his high estate,

And welt'ring <sup>6</sup> in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look<sup>d</sup> the joyous victor dies,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of fate below,  
And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
That love was in the next degree  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures;  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
Honour but an empty bubble;  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying!  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee. —  
The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gaz'd on the fair  
Who caus'd his care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd;  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;  
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.  
Now strike the golden lyre again;  
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain,  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head;  
As awak'd from the dead,  
And amaz'd he stares <sup>7</sup> around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise,  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in the air,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
Behold a ghastly hand,  
Each a torch in his hand;  
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain;  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew:  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods! —  
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;  
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy!  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.  
Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows <sup>8</sup> learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute;  
Timotheus to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet euthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,



And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.

1 En haut, en l'air. — 2 Le mérite. — 3 Choeur. — 4 Contre<sup>4</sup>  
 faisant, cachait. — 5 Mis en déroute. — 6 To *weller*, se vautrer. — 7  
 Regarde, — 8 Soufflets des orgues.

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## JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672 - 1719

(See his *biography* p. 24.)

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### CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, <sup>1</sup> thou reason'st well —  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond <sup>2</sup> desire,  
 This longing <sup>3</sup> after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates Eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above,  
(And that there is, all Nature cries <sup>4</sup> aloud  
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when, or where? This world was made for Cæsar.  
I'm weary of conjectures, this must end 'em.

*(Laying his hand on his sword.)*

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me.  
This <sup>5</sup> in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this <sup>6</sup> informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.  
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?  
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?  
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,  
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,  
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,  
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear  
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em.  
Indiff'rent in his choice, to sleep or die.

1 *Plato*, il vient de lire Platon sur l'immortalité de l'âme. -- 2 *Fond*, ardent. -- 3 *Longing*, impatience. -- 4 *All Nature cries .... That there is a power*. -- 5 *This*, l'épée. -- 6 *This*, le livre de Platon.

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## EDWARD YOUNG.

Edward Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts', was born at Upham near Winchester in 1681, and finished his education at Oxford. In 1714 he published his poem 'On the Last Day' and dedicated it to the Queen in the hope of attracting her notice; but he was prevented by her death, from gaining any thing in that quarter. On the accession of George I. he tried again, by means of flattering poetry, to procure the favour of his sovereign, but without effect. The earlier part of the life of this poet presents a series of panegyrics written to obtain the patronage of distinguished persons. In his later years he was thoroughly ashamed of these productions, and in the last edition of his works, omitted them all. Despairing of making his way as an author, Young entered into orders in 1728, but still continued to write both prose and poetry, and indeed his best work 'Night Thoughts' was written after he had attained his sixtieth year. This poem consists in a series of reflections upon Life, Death and Immortality; it is divided into nine books or nights, each of which is supposed to express the poet's train of thought at the time of the composition. In 1758 he wrote his last and beautiful poem, 'Resignation' to console a lady who had lost her husband. Young died in 1765 at the age of 84. He has also written several dramatical works, of which the following are the principal; 'Busiris' (1719), 'The Englishman' (1715), 'The Revenge' (1721), 'The Brothers' (1758). Of his poems we must not omit to mention 'The Love of Fame', an excellent satire, 'The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love', 'The Last Day' beside many odes.

## MAN.

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!  
How complicate! how wonderful is Man!  
How passing wonder He who made him such!  
Who centred in our make <sup>1</sup> such strange extremes!  
From different natures, marvellously mixt,  
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!  
Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!  
Tho' sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
Helpless, immortal! insect, infinite!  
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,  
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,  
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,  
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!  
O what a miracle to man is man!  
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!  
Alternately transported and alarm'd!  
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

<sup>1</sup> *In our make, en nous faisant, en nous.*

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## CONSCIENCE.

O treacherous Conscience! while she seems to sleep  
On rose and mirtle, lulled with syren song;  
While she seems nodding on her charge, to drop  
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,  
The sly informer minutes every fault,  
And her dread diary with horror fills:  
Not the gross act alone employs her pen;  
The dawning purpose <sup>1</sup> of heart explores;  
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;  
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass  
Writes our whole history; which death shall read,  
And Judgment publish: publish to more worlds  
Than this: and endless age in groans resound.  
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

<sup>1</sup> *Dawning purposes*, desseins qui commencent à percer (comme le jour,) desseins à peine formés.

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JOHN GAY.

John Gay was born in 1688 at Barnstaple in Devonshire, and when young was put as apprentice to a silk mercer in London; but his tastes unfitted him for this employment. After a few years he left his situation and having attracted the notice of Pope and other literary men of the day by his first work entitled 'Rural

Sports' (1711), he was appointed secretary to Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, in which office he continued till the year 1714, when he accompanied the Earl of Clarendon (who was then ambassador of Queen Anne) to Hanover, where he remained till the Queen's death. In 1716 Gay brought out his fables which are highly esteemed in their class of writing, but they often approach the style of tales, and are rather allegories than fables. In 1727 he published the most celebrated of his productions, viz: 'the Beggar's Opera', which met with universal success; the author may be said to have laid the foundation of the English opera through this piece; he died soon after (1732) in his forty fifth year and was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory. He also wrote a number of ballads which possess considerable merit.

#### THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A Monkey, to reform the times,  
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:  
For men in distant regions roam  
To bring politer manners home.  
So forth he fares all toil defies:  
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;  
Poor Pug<sup>1</sup> was caught, to town convey'd,  
There sold. How envied was his doom,  
Made captive in a lady's room!  
Proud with applause, he thought his mind  
In ev'ry courtly art refined;  
Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,  
To civilize the monkey weal: 2  
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,  
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,  
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.  
Some praise his sleeve; and others gloat

Upon his rich embroider'd coat;  
His dapper <sup>3</sup> periwing commending.  
With the black tail behind depending;  
His powder'd back, above, below,  
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;  
But all with envy and desire  
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot <sup>4</sup> admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;  
I come to make a nation wise.  
Weigh your own worth, support your place,  
The next in rank to human race.  
In cities long I pass'd my days,  
Convers'd with men and learn'd their ways.  
Their dress, their courtly manners see;  
Reform your state, and copy me.  
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;  
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.  
Seem only to regard your friends,  
But use them for your private ends.  
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;  
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit,  
Bend all your force to spatter merit;  
Scandal is conversation's spirit.  
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,  
And men your talents shall commend.  
I know the great. Observe me right;  
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws  
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.  
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,  
Their most obliging friends they bite;  
And, fond to copy human ways,

Practise new mischief all their days,  
 Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,  
 With travel finishes the fool;  
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,  
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

1 *Fillip*, chiquenaude. — 2 *Heigh*, allons. — 3 *Heady*, capiteux. —  
 4 *She*, le vice.

## ALEXANDER POPE.

This important and distinguished poet was born in London on the 21st of May 1688. His youthful days were passed in Windsor Forest, whose beautiful scenery tended to inspire him with a love of nature, and to furnish him with poetical ideas. At the age of twelve, Pope wrote his 'Ode to Solitude' which gave evidence of his genius, and of his great abilities. At the age of 16 he produced his 'Pastorals or Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.' In 1709 appeared his Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, 1711 his Essay on Criticism, in which latter poem the author shows a vast amount of profound reading and ripe judgment: 'The rape of the Lock', 'The Temple of Fame', and the 'Elegy on an unfortunate Lady' followed; in 1713 appeared his 'Windsor Forest' written in 1704; in 1716 the 'Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard' and in 1733 his 'Essay on Man'. In 1727 he published in conjunction with Swift, his 'Miscellanies' in prose and verse, which drew down upon the author a torrent of invective, and ultimately led to the 'Dunciad' by Pope; but although the critics were so powerfully answered by his biting satire, they took their effect upon him, changed his temper, and embittered his later days. From 1713 to 1725 Pope employed himself in his celebrated work — his Translation of 'Homer's Iliad and Odyssey', of which he could write fifty verses a day. It is



universally considered that he has not been successful in conveying the ideas of the original, although the publication was at the time very much approved of. Between the years 1733 and 1740 Pope gave to the world his Satires, Epistles and Moral-Essays, and in 1742 added a fourth book to the Dunciad, describing the reign of the God-doe of Dullness upon Earth and the millennium of ignorance and stupidity. Pope died on the 30th of May 1744 at Twickenham where he was also interred.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE  
LADY.

What beckoning ghost, the moonlight shade,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gored? <sup>1</sup>  
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?  
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart?  
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade <sup>2</sup> ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
Ambition first sprang from your blest abodes,  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;  
Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage;  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)  
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And separate from their kindred dregs <sup>3</sup> below;  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;  
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, <sup>4</sup>  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:  
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say  
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)  
"Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,  
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield."  
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant <sup>5</sup> of a day!  
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)  
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
• By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!  
What though no friends in sable weeds <sup>6</sup> appear,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances and the public show?  
 What though no weeping love thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful rest, without a stone, a name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
 How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
 E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
 And the last pang shall tear from his heart,  
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
 The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

1 Couvert de sang caillé. — 2 Pourquoi lui ordonner? — 3 De la  
 depouille mortelle. — 4 L'univers, le globe. — Pompe. — 6 Habits  
 de deuil.

## JAMES THOMSON.

James Thomson, born at Ednam in Roxburghshire in 1700, was educated for the church, which profession he however abandoned and went to London to earn his living by literary works. In 1726 appeared his 'Winter' which soon procured him celebrity and also the patronage of Chancellor Talbot, with whose son he made a tour on the Continent. This journey served to develop his talents and to store him with the most extensive information. In 1727 appeared 'Summer;' he accomplished the two other parts of his 'Seasons' ('Spring and Autumn') in the three following years. In 1727, Thomson exerted his talents in the dramatical line, and published 'Sophonisba,' a tragedy, which did not however please the public. His other works under this head are: 'Agamemnon' (1738), 'The Masque of Alfred,' his 'Tancred and Sigismunda' (1745), which latter is his best production in that branch. On returning from his tour on the continent he brought out his observations in a long poem entitled 'Liberty,' which is much inferior to his other productions. The last and best of Thomson's works was 'The Castle of Indolence;' he wrote this poem in the Spenserian style whilst living at ease in Richmond; it exhibits a richness of imagination and beauty of versification hardly appearing in his other works. Thomson died in 1748.

### WINTER IN THE NORTHERN REGIONS.

To Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
 To furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;  
 And hov'ring 't o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.  
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;  
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule

Of driving tempest is for ever heard:  
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,  
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;  
Moulds <sup>2</sup> his fierce hail, and treasure up his snows  
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast  
She sweeps the howling margin of the main; <sup>3</sup>  
Where undissolving from the first of time  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky,  
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,  
Seem to the shiv'ring sailor from afar,  
Shapeless and white, and atmosphere of clouds.  
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,  
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous <sup>4</sup> down,  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
Ocean itself no longer can resist  
The binding fury; but in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of ev'ry life; that from the dreary months,  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
Who, here entangled in the gath'ring ice,  
Take their last look of the descending sun;  
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
Falls horrible.

<sup>1</sup> Planant. -- <sup>2</sup> Modelle, forme. -- <sup>3</sup> Océan. -- <sup>4</sup> Se précipitant effroyablement.

## THE FARM-YARD.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat  
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
Invite the rook, <sup>1</sup> who high amid the boughs,  
In early spring, his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well pleased,  
I might the various polity survey  
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen <sup>2</sup>  
Call all her chirping family around,  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,  
Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,  
Graceful, and crow defiance. In the pond <sup>3</sup>  
The finely checker'd duck, <sup>4</sup> before her train,  
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his ozier-isles,  
Protective of his young. The turkey <sup>5</sup> nigh  
Loud threat'ning reddens; while the peacock <sup>6</sup> spreads  
His ev'ry-colour'd glory to the sun,  
And swims in radiant majesty along.

<sup>1</sup> Corneille. — <sup>2</sup> Poule. — <sup>3</sup> Étang, vivier. — <sup>4</sup> Canard. — <sup>5</sup> Coq  
d'inde. — <sup>6</sup> Paon

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## THOMAS GRAY.

Thomas Gray was born 1716; he received his early education at Eton, after which he studied in Cambridge. He made a journey on the continent with Sir Horace Walpole and his letters descriptive of this tour are among the most perfect epistolary specimens in the English language. Gray's first publication was an 'Ode to Eton College' which appeared in 1747; his 'Pindaric Odes' in 1754 were not well received. He refused the office of Poet Laureate, offered to him at the death of Colley Cibber and retired to live a quiet life at Cambridge where he remained with little interruption till his death in 1771. He has earned his principal fame from his being the author of an 'Elegy on a Country Church-yard'. In conclusion of this short sketch we may quote a passage from Mr. Tuckerman's 'Thoughts on the Poets', he says: 'of his harmless and studious life time has fairly spared but one beautiful relic. His reputation as a scholar is like a tale that is told; his odes are quite neglected, but his 'Elegy on a Country Church-yard' will bear his name gracefully down the tide of ages. It is one of the immortal poems of the language; and every year sees it renewed, illustrated, and more and more hallowed'.

## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, <sup>1</sup>  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the bleatle wheels his drony <sup>2</sup> flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds; <sup>3</sup>

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, <sup>4</sup> wandering near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or housewife ply her evening care: <sup>5</sup>  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield! <sup>6</sup>  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th'inevitable hour;  
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.



Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise, <sup>7</sup>  
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? <sup>8</sup>  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant <sup>9</sup> with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: 10 nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:

“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
“Brushing with <sup>11</sup> hasty steps the dew away,  
“To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
“That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
“His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
“And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
“Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove;  
“Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,  
“Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,  
“Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;  
“Another came; <sup>12</sup> nor yet beside the rill,  
“Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
“Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne;  
“Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
“Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,  
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to Mis'ry all he had — a tear;  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

1 *Lea. Field* selon Nares, *Ground enclosed*, selon Walker. — 2 *Dronny*, bourdonnant, de *drone*, bourdon. — 3 *Folds*, troupeaux. — 4 *Of such as*, de tels qui..... de ceux qui errent..... — 5 *Evening care*, soins, occupations du soir. — 6 *Afield*, à travers les champs. — 7 *No trophies raise*, n'élève pas de trophées dans ces longues ailes, où..... — 8 *Fleeting breath*, souffle qui s'envole. — 9 *Pregnant*, plein, enflammé. — 10 *Their lot forbade to command the applause of Senates, etc.* — 11 *Brushing with*, foulant à grands pas. — 12 *Another came*, un autre jour vint.....

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## WILLIAM COWPER.

William Cowper was born in 1731 at Great Berkampstead in Hertfordshire. When he was about six years old, he had the misfortune to lose his mother, of whom he preserved a vivid recollection all his life, and his 'Lines on receiving her picture', prove the strong affection he had for her; these verses are well known and universally

admired. In his youth he was very timid and of a feeble constitution and therefore much tyrannised over by boys older than himself. At the age of twenty one, Cowper took chambers at the Temple, there he became first subject to those fits which rendered his whole life miserable, and ultimately destroyed his mental faculties. He stayed in the Temple from 1752 till 1763 but made little progress in the study of the law. While there he lost his father, and an event occurred which completely shattered his intellectual powers. The circumstances were the following: A dispute in parliament rendered it necessary for him to appear in his official capacity as Clerk of the Journals, and the bare idea of this appearance in public so terrified him as to impair his health, and overthrow his reason; he even made an attempt at self-destruction. He however recovered and soon afterwards entered the house of a certain Mr. Unwin, at whose request he published a volume of poems containing: 'Table Talk' etc., but as they were written in a somewhat deep style, they were only gradually appreciated. In 1767 upon the death of his friend, Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney in Buckinghamshire. In the year 1770 the death of his brother aggravated his disease, and until 1776 he was watched over with a mother's care and solicitude by Mrs. Unwin, through whose attention he was at length restored to bodily and mental health. As yet Cowper's productions were few in number but at the age of 50 during his convalescence he composed, at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin and other friends, a volume of poetry comprising, 'Hope,' 'The progress of Error,' 'Charity and Expostulation.' At the advice of Lady Austin he began the 'Task;' to her promptings we are also indebted for 'John Gilpin.' Some time after this he wrote the 'Tirocinium,' a poem exposing the then existing system of public education in England, in which the feeling produced by his own sufferings when at school, is very easily traced. He then undertook the translation of Homer which he published by subscription. Soon afterwards, he again fell into religious despondency, and the death of Mrs. Unwin (1796) proved a final blow both for his mind and body. He lingered three years in misery, and died in 1800, aged 69, and was buried in the parish church of East Dereham.

#### THE ROSE.

The rose has been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,  
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;

The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,  
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was  
For a nosegay <sup>1</sup> so dripping <sup>2</sup> and drown'd;  
And swinging <sup>3</sup> it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
I snapp'd it — it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,  
Some act by the delicate mind;  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
. Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;  
And the tear which is wip'd with a little address,  
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

1 Bouquet. — 2 Qui tombe en gouttes. — 3 Le secouant.

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#### THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,  
Afric's coast I left forlorn;

To increase a stranger's treasures,  
O'er the raging billows borne;  
Men from England bought and sold me,  
Paid my price in paltry <sup>1</sup> gold;  
But, though slave they have enroll'd me,  
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,  
What are England's rights, I ask,  
Me from my delights to sever,  
Me to torture, me to task?  
Fleecy locks <sup>2</sup> and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature,  
Make the plant for which we toil?  
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,  
Lolling at your jovial boards;  
Think how many backs have smarted <sup>3</sup>  
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as you sometimes tell us,  
Is there ONE, who reigns on high?  
Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
Speaking from his throne, the sky?  
Ask him if your knotted scourges,  
Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
Are the means that duty urges,  
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers — Wild tornadoes, <sup>4</sup>  
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Are the voice with which he speaks.  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons should undergo,  
Fix'd their tyrant's habitations  
Where his whirlwinds <sup>5</sup> answer — No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;  
By the miseries we have tasted,  
Crossing in your barks the main:  
By our sufferings since ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart;  
All-sustain'd by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart!

Deem our nations brutes no longer,  
Till some reason ye shall find,  
Worthier of regard, and stronger,  
Than the colour of our kind.  
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings  
Tarnish all your boasted powers,  
Prove that you have human feelings,  
Ere you proudly question ours!

1 Vil, méprisable. — 2 Cheveux laineux. — 3 Ont souffert une cuisante douleur. — 4 Ouragon. — 5 Tourbillon.

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## THE POST COMES IN WITH THE NEWS-PAPER.

Hark! 'tis the twanging <sup>1</sup> horn on yonder bridge,  
That with its wearisome but needful length  
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright; —  
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen looks;  
News from all nations lumbering <sup>2</sup> at his back.  
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;  
And having dragg'd th' expected bag, pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks, <sup>3</sup>  
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
With tears, that trickl'd down the writer's cheeks  
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains  
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
But O th' important budget! usher'd in  
With such heart-shaking music, who can say  
What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd?  
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,  
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?  
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd  
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,

Or do we grind <sup>4</sup> her still? The grand debate,  
The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
And the loud laugh — I long to know them all;  
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,  
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.

1 *To twang*, resonner retentir. — 2 *Entassés sans ordre*. — 3 *Fouds publics*. — *To grind*, broyer. opprimer.

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## JAMES MACPHERSON.

James Macpherson was born at Kingussie, Invernessshire in 1758, and educated at Aberdeen for the church. A poem called 'The Highlander' which he wrote at the age of twenty, and published in his own name, is a wretched production: but in the year 1760 he created a commotion by the publication of a volume, entitled 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.' The public received this work with great favour, and a subscription was soon raised to enable the translator to make a journey into the Highlands, in search of further materials. This journey was not without fruit, for in 1762 he published 'Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books', and in the following year 'Temora', in eight parts, both of which he affirmed to have been originally written in the Gaelic tongue. In 1773 he tried to make a translation of the *Iliad*, but completely failed. Macpherson having become rich, purchased in 1789 an estate in the Highlands, and built a house on it in the style of an Italian villa, where he died 1796, and was at his own request buried in Westminster Abbey. The authenticity of his works has caused a controversy which is not yet satisfactorily concluded. The opinion of many is, that those poems which he represents as origi-

nally written in the Gaelic are the production of his own pen; the supporters of this argument maintain that there were no Epic poems among the old Scottish clans. The Highland Society have not succeeded in discovering one poem with the same name or the same contents as those published by Macpherson; on the other hand many of the names and incidents in the poems coincide with those handed down by tradition, in the North of Scotland. The style of Ossian, whose poetry Macpherson pretended to have discovered is grand, wild and melancholy, yet a sameness of the ideas soon renders its perusal tedious.

## FROM THE POEMS OF OSSIAN

### THE SONGS OF SELMA.

#### ARGUMENT.

Address to the evening star. Apostrophe to Fingal and his times. Mionna sings before the king the song of the unfortunate Colma; and the bards exhibit other specimens of their poetical talents; according to an annual custom established by the monarchs of the ancient Caledonians.

STAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn <sup>1</sup> head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. <sup>2</sup> The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee; they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering <sup>3</sup> is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery co-

lumn of mist; <sup>4</sup> his heroes are around; and see the bards of song, grey-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin, with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass. <sup>5</sup>

Minona came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, <sup>6</sup> that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the teneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

*Colma.* It is night, I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent pour down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place, where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung; <sup>7</sup> his dogs panting <sup>8</sup> around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer <sup>9</sup> hear me! Salgar it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the beach <sup>10</sup> beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, <sup>11</sup> speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief; I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the <sup>12</sup> tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of friends.

The hunter shall hear, from his booth. <sup>13</sup> He shall fear, but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly-blushing <sup>14</sup> daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant: the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house: their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned, one day, from the chase, before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned: his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne <sup>15</sup> Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

*Ryno.* The wind and the rain are past: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

*Alpin.* My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art

on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in thy hall unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe <sup>16</sup> on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hill. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave. O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low <sup>17</sup> indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. <sup>18</sup> Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? <sup>19</sup> who is this whose head is white with age; whose eyes are red with tears; who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of

dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth, Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin? he said. Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt <sup>20</sup> and please the soul. It is like soft mist; that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, <sup>21</sup> O Connar! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou awake with thy songs? With all thy voice of music?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow along the heath! streams of the mountains, roar! roar; tempests, in the groves of my oaks! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face, at intervals! bring to my mind the night, when all my children fell: when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed! <sup>22</sup> Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon



on Fura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong. Thy spear was swift in the field. Thy look was like mist on the wave: thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused: fair was the hope of their friends!

Erath, son of Odgal, repined: his brother had been slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar! There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his love? She went; she called on Arm. Nought answered, but the son of the rock.\* Armar, my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Arnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! — Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice; she called for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura!

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand; five dark-grey dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide<sup>23</sup> around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft.<sup>24</sup> It sunk; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal,

\* By 'the son of the rock' the poet means the echoing back of the human voice from a rock.

my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock, and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood! The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill came over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired; and left thee, Armin, alone. Gono is my strength in war! fallen my pride among women! When the storms aloft arise; when the north lifts the wave on high; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless,<sup>25</sup> they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small is my cause of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the day of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona;\* the first among a thousand bards! but age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call

\* Ossian is sometimes poetically called 'the voice of Cona.'

of years! they say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

1 Pas tondû, chevelu. — 2 Apaisés. — 3 Leur réunion. — 4 Comme une colonne humide de bronillard. — 5 L'herbe au faible murmure. — 6 Bouffée de vent. — 7 Qui n'est pas tendu. — 8 Palpitant. — 9 Errant. (Salgar). — 10 Rivage. — 11 Du sommet du rocher, orageux, exposé aux vents. — 12 Élevez le tombeau. — 13 De sa cabane. — 14 De la douce, modeste rougeur. — 15 Porté par le chariot. — 16 Chevreuil. — 17 Tu es humble. — 18 Qui t'as conçu. — 19 Qui est-ce que je vois appuyé sur son bâton. — 20 Attendrir. — 21 Les rejetons de ta maison sont vigoureux. — 22 Tomba. — 23 Les membres sont étroitement liés de courroies de peau. — 24 La flèche aux plumes grisâtres. — 25 A Demi cachés.

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## THOMAS CHATTERTON.

This extraordinary youth was born at Bristol in the year 1752 of poor parents who could only afford to give him a slight education, yet his poems written when he was eleven years old were superior to those of Cowley and Pope when several years his seniors. In 1768 he commenced his impositions which consisted principally in the compiling of manuscripts which he professed to have been found in Bristol Cathedral, and affirmed that they were the works of a priest of the fifteenth century named Rowley, and so well were they imi-

tated and written, that they occasioned disputes between the most competent judges in England as to their authenticity. The evidence which betrayed them, was the too careful disguise of language employed in them, and the fact that the name of Rowley was nowhere mentioned in history. Chatterton pretended also to have made many additional discoveries and thus deceived the citizens of Bristol for a long time. At the age of seventeen he went to London in the expectation of being able to procure himself an easy livelihood. There he wrote political papers; however it appears that he had no opinions of his own but exerted himself for that party which he found to his greatest advantage. The contributions were not sufficient for his subsistence and after living some time in absolute want he put an end to his life by means of arsenic August 25th 1770 at the age of 17 years and nine months. His works in modern English are greatly inferior to his imitations of the old style, Campbell says that 'no English poet equalled him at the same age'.

#### THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the power of human skill,—  
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O! teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own<sup>d</sup> thy pow'r,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but thee  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,

Omniscience could the danger see,  
And mercy look the cause away. <sup>2</sup>

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?  
Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

<sup>1</sup> *Own*, reconnaître. — <sup>2</sup> *To look.... away*, faire disparaître d'un regard.

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## ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, Scotland's national bard, the son of a poor farmer, was born in 1759 in the parish of Alloway near Ayr. His father gave him what education he could afford, but that was very slight indeed; when he left school he possessed but few books such as 'The Spectator', Pope's Works, Allan Ramsay, and a collection of English songs: but these few he studied thoroughly. In 1786 Burns published his first volume which created a great sensation, and the impatience of the public could scarcely be kept within bounds for the 3rd edition. After this success he took the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries and married. In 1788 he obtained the situation of Exciseman in which, however, on account of his rather jovial habits, he could not advance, and in 1791 he retired to Dumfries where he subsisted upon his paltry salary of L. 70 a year. He then published a third edition of his works with the addition of Tam O'Shanter and other pieces composed on his farm at Ellisland. He died in 1796 aged 37 years. His best known poems are his 'Cotter's Saturday Night' and 'Tam O'Shanter', but the feeling of the author is not so well expressed in them as in his poem 'To a mouse on turning up her nest with a plough' and some of his smaller and less known productions, in which his pathos and original inspiration are strongly to be noticed.

### A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause,  
Of all my hope and fear!  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun;  
As something loudly in my breast,  
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me  
With passions wild and strong;  
And list'ning to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short, <sup>1</sup>  
Or frailty stept aside,  
Do. Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,  
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,  
No other plea <sup>2</sup> I have,  
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

<sup>1</sup> Là où la faiblesse humaine a failli. — Défense, excuse.

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TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring <sup>1</sup> star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st <sup>2</sup> in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?

Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr<sup>3</sup> we met,  
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;  
The fragrant birch,<sup>4</sup> and hawthorn<sup>5</sup> hoar,  
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;  
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray<sup>6</sup> —  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods<sup>7</sup> with miser care!  
Time but th' impression stonger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest!

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

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1 Lente, retardataire. — 2 Tu annonces, introduis. — 3 Sinueux. —  
4 Bouleau. — 5 Aubépine. — 6 Branche, buisson. — 7 Couve, médite.



## ELIZA.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
And from my native shore;  
The cruel Fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar:<sup>1</sup>  
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
The maid that I adore!  
A boding <sup>2</sup> voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more!  
The latest throb <sup>3</sup> that leaves my heart,  
While death stands victor by,  
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh!

<sup>1</sup> Le rugissement d'un océan sans bornes — <sup>2</sup> Prophétique. — <sup>3</sup>  
Le dernier battement.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland on the 7th of April 1770. He was educated at Cambridge, made a long

journey on foot through France, Switzerland and Italy and then fixed his residence on Rydal Lake in Westmoreland, where he led a quiet life devoted exclusively to poetry. He was the originator of what is generally called the Lake School of poetry. (The Lake School was so called, because the poets — Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey — belonging to it, resided near the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland.) His first work, entitled 'An Evening Walk' appeared in 1795, and 'Descriptive Sketches' followed it in the same year. His next publication appeared in conjunction with some poems of Coleridge in 1798, under the title of Lyrical Ballads, which were condemned by all critics; nothing daunted by this, Wordsworth continued to write; his greatest work is certainly 'The Excursion', which was intended by the author to form the third part of a long moral epic poem. This composition, contrary to the poet's earlier style, is written in a highly finished and elaborate manner. The other works of Wordsworth in the same style, are: 'The Egyptian Maid', 'The Romance of the Wales Lily'. His 'Laodamia', composed in 1814, and indeed all his later works are as highly adorned and as elaborately written, as his early productions were remarkable for their simplicity. He died on the 23d of April 1850.

#### THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries have I been,  
And yet I have not often seen  
A healthy man, a man full grown,  
Weep in the public roads alone.  
But such a one! on English ground,  
And in the broad highway I met,  
Along the broad highway he came,  
His cheeks with tears were wet.  
Sturdy he seem'd, though he was sad;  
And in arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
As if he wished himself to hide:

Then with his coat he made essay  
To wipe those briny <sup>1</sup> tears away.  
I followed him, and said, "My friend,  
What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"  
—"Shame on me, sir! this lusty lamb,  
He makes my tears to flow.  
To-day I fetched him from the rock;  
He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single man,  
And after youthful follies ran,  
Though little given to care and thought,  
Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought:  
And other sheep from her I raised,  
As healthy sheep as you might see;  
And then I married, and was rich  
As I could wish to be;  
Of sheep I numbered a full score, .  
And every year increased my store.

Year after year my stock it grew;  
And from this one, this single ewe,  
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
As sweet a flock as ever grazed!  
Upon the mountain did they feed,  
They throve, and we at home did thrive,  
— This lusty lamb, of all my store,  
Is all that is alive;  
And now I care not if we die,  
And perish all of poverty.

Six children, sir! had I to feed;  
Hard labour in a time of need!

My pride was tam'd, and in our grief  
I of the parish asked relief.  
They said I was a wealthy man;  
My sheep upon the mountain fed,  
And it was fit that thence I took  
Whereof to buy us bread.  
'Do this: how can we give to you,'  
They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'

I sold a sheep, as they had said,  
And bought my little children bread,  
And they were healthy with their food;  
For me — it never did me good.  
A woeful time it was for me,  
To see the end of all my gains,  
The pretty flock which I had reared  
With all my care and pains,  
To see it melt like snow away!  
For me it was a woeful day.

Another still! and still another!  
A little lamb, and then its mother!  
It was a vein that never stopp'd —  
Like blood-drops from my heart they droop'd.  
Till thirty were not left alive,  
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one.  
And I may say, that many a time  
I wished they all were gone:  
They dwindled one by one away;  
For me it was a woeful day.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,  
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;

And every man I chanced to see,  
I thought he knew some ill of me.  
No peace, no comfort could I find,  
No ease, within doors or without;  
And crazily, and wearily,  
I went my work about.  
Oft-times<sup>2</sup> I thought to run away;  
For me it was a woeful day.

Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,  
As dear as my own children be;  
For daily with my growing store  
I loved my children more and more.  
Alas! it was an evil time,  
God curs'd me in my sore distress;  
I prayed, yet every day I thought  
I loved my children less;  
And every week, and every day,  
My flock, it seemed to melt away.

They dwindled, sir, sad sight to see!  
From ten to five, from five to three,  
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;  
And then at last, from three to two;  
And of my fifty, yesterday  
I had but only one:  
And here it lies upon my arm,  
Alas! and I have none; —  
To-day I fetched it from the rock;  
It is the last of all my flock."

<sup>1</sup> *Briny, amer*, — <sup>2</sup> *Oft-times* souvent.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER. 1

Behold her single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
Oh, listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers, in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands:  
Such thrilling voice was never heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,<sup>2</sup>  
And battles long ago:

Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang,  
As if her song could have no ending:  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—

I listened — motionless and still;  
And when I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

1 Moissonneuse. — 2 Choses on personnes lointaines.

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771 - 1832

(See his biography p. 237.)

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FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

### THE MINSTREL'S LOVE FOR HIS NATIVE LAND.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
    This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
    From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despise <sup>1</sup> those titles, power, and pelf, <sup>2</sup>

The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems, as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.

1 *Despite* malgré. — 2 *Pelf*, vaines richesses.

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## FROM "ROKEBY."

### WILFRID'S SONG.

#### THE CYPRESS WREATH. 1

O Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree!



Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
The May-flower and the eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine:  
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Yet dimpled <sup>2</sup> mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give;  
Then, Lady twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses, bought so dear;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and hare-bell <sup>3</sup> dipped in dew;  
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green —  
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;  
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now!  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my last!  
When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,  
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the cypress tree.

1 Couronne. — 2 Qui a des fossettes, naïf. — 3 Sorte de fleur.

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#### LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall,  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest green,  
With bended bow and blood-hound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall,  
The lark was wont my matins ring;  
The sable rook my vespers sing;

These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee, —  
That life is lost to love and me! —

---

FROM "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH."

A MELANCHOLY SONG.]

Yes, thou mayst sigh,  
And look once more at all around,  
At stream and bank, and sky and ground:  
Thy life its final course has found,  
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,  
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,  
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,  
And the deep bell its death tone utter —  
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid:  
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,

A fever fit, and then a chill;  
And then an end of human ill,  
For thou art dead.

1 Cette romance est chantée par une jeune aventurière française au duc de Rothsay, fils aîné de Robert III, roi d'Ecosse, quand ce jeune prince est conduit traitreusement dans un château où il doit mourir de faim. — 2 *Soul-mass*, messe des morts.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol in 1774, and as well as being a poet of great talent, he is one of the first, and most prolific prose writers among the English modern authors. His earliest works are the dramas entitled 'Wat Tyler' and 'Joan of Arc' in which he expresses republican opinions; these were however soon abandoned, and he became a staunch royalist. In 1813 he obtained the office of Poet Laureate, and in this situation his new political opinions became strengthened. His first poetical production of any considerable merit, is 'Thalaba' published in 1801; which although written upon an extravagant subject, viz: a series of adventures, met with by an Arabian hero, possesses in many places great beauty of expression. Then appeared 'Madoc', which is founded upon a tradition concerning the discovery of America. This was followed by 'The Curse of Kehama' the most elaborate of Southey's poems but still more extravagant than Thalaba, as the author has chosen the Hindoo mythology for his basis, and although it shows him to possess a considerable amount of learning, it is nevertheless on the whole a monstrosity, valuable more on account of its poetry than of the substance. 'Roderic the Last of the Goths' is the most pleasing of his works; it relates the insurrection of the Spaniards against the Moors and the punishment of the last Gothic king of Spain who sold his country to that people. Sou-

they's prose works are more extensive than his poems and all possess considerable merit. The principal are; 'The Life of Nelson', 'The Book of the church', 'The Lives of the British Admirals,' 'The Life of Wesley,' 'History of Brazil', 'History of the Peninsular War.' He has also written many essays principally critical, all of them bearing witness to the author's extensive learning and sound judgment. Southey died at Keswick (Cumberland) in 1843.

## THE WIDOW.

Cold was the night, drifting <sup>1</sup> fast the snow fell,  
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,  
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,  
Weary and way-sore. <sup>2</sup>

Dreary were the downs, more dreary her reflexion,  
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom:  
She had no home, the world was all before her,  
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,  
"Pity me! feebly cried the homely wanderer.  
"Pity me, stranger! lest with cold and hunger  
"Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends — but they have all forsook me!  
"Once I had parents — they are now in Heaven!  
"I had a home once — I had once a husband —  
"Pity me, stranger!

"I had a home once — I had once a husband —  
"I am a widow poor and broken-hearted!"  
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,  
On went the horseman.

Worn out <sup>3</sup> wit anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,  
 Down sunk the wanderer; sleep had seized her senses;  
 Then did the traveller find her in the morning;  
 God had relieved her.

1 Pouser, s'amonccler. — 2 Triste et fatiguée. — 3 Harassée.

## THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore, the author of 'Irish Melodies', was born in Dublin in 1780 of Roman catholic parents. He studied at the Dublin university, where he translated into English verse the Odes of Anacreon, in the publication of which he appeared under the name of Thomas Little. In 1803 he received a post at Bermuda where he remained 12 months. Afterwards he travelled in France and Italy, but got himself into difficulties in money concerns by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. While in France and Italy he formed a great friendship for Byron with whom he lived some time. He was however industrious during his absence, for in that time his 'Odes and Epistles' were written. Upon his return he wrote political satires in which he excelled by the elegance of his stile, and the severity with which he treated his opponents. Amongst his comical writings the 'Fudge Family' and the 'Twopenny Post Bag' are considered the best; the latter consists in a selection of letters of eminent persons, pretended to have been intercepted. In 1813 Moore began his 'Irish Melodies' by which his name has been rendered illustrious and which of all his productions will probably remain the longest, and establish for him the widest reputation. In 1817 he published 'Lalla Rookh', an oriental romance, consisting of four poems, united by a story in prose, written in the manner of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales'. In all these poems he has taken oriental life for his subject and has worked them up in a highly coloured manner. Moore wrote

also another Oriental poem entitled 'The Loves of the Angels' which he composed in Paris. He also appeared as a prose writer, and published the lives of Byron and Sheridan, the Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the polemical work, 'Travels in search of religion'. His last publication was a work in prose, entitled 'The Epicurean'. It is a story of the early Christians, the scene of which is in Egypt: this production is written in the style of Lalla Rookh. All his compositions are distinguished throughout by a delicacy of feeling, elegance and humour, and the delightful command of the language which the author seems to be able, in almost any manner, to use to his advantage. Moore resided in a small cottage in Wiltshire during the last years of his life preferring quiet country comfort to the gay society in which he might always have shone. He published his poetical works in ten volumes which were hailed with great satisfaction by the public. He died in 1852.

#### THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE. <sup>1</sup>

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,  
A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,  
Till spells came o'er him, and day and night,  
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er  
The golden sands of that island shore,  
A foot-print sparkled before his sight,  
'Twas the fairy <sup>2</sup> foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,  
As, looking down on the stream, he lay,  
Behind him stole <sup>3</sup> two eyes of light,  
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd — but lo, like a startled bird,  
The Spirit fled — and he only heard  
Sweet music, such as marks the flight  
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,  
 The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,  
 And, guided only by memory's light,  
 Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

'Oh thou, who lovest the shadow', cried  
 A gentle voice, whispering by his side,  
 'Now turn and see,' — here the youth's delight  
 Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

'Of all the Spirits of land and sea',  
 Exclaim'd he then, 'there is none like thee;  
 And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight  
 In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite.'

1 Esprit, fantôme. — 2 De fées. — 3 Une forme D. v. *To steal*,  
*se glisser.*

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### THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you 'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him. —  
 'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard,  
 'Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under; †



The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder: <sup>2</sup>  
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery.'

1 Ne pouvait pas dompter son âme. — 2 Il les brisa en deux.

---

#### THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,  
And many a heart, that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk the dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

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## LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron (George Noel Gordon) was born in London on the 22nd of Jan. 1788. At the early age of eleven he came into possession of the title and lands of one of the oldest English aristocratic families, and his prospects in life being thus improved, he entered Harrow School, and afterwards Trinity College, Cambridge. Byron appeared first before the public in 1807, when he published his 'Hours of Idleness', a work which was severely and even coarsely criticised by the Edinburgh Reviewers; this criticism was the cause of that magnificent satire of Byron 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers'. Almost immediately after writing the latter, the poet travelled for two years, and upon his return he published the first and second cantos of 'Childe Harold', which appeared 1812, at once placed him above all criticism, and procured for him the first rank among the English Poets. This production was followed in rapid succession by 'The Giaour', 'The Bride of Abydos', 'The Corsair', and 'Lara' in which Byron opens another source of interest, and forms a new era in literature, in bringing before us scenes from the east, and particularly modern Greece. Byron contracted about this time a marriage with Miss Milbanke which proved very unfortunate, for after the birth of a daughter Lady Byron left her husband without assigning any sufficient cause, on which occasion Byron expressed his feelings in those beautiful lines 'Fare thee well etc.' in which he so affectingly took leave of his wife. He left England almost immediately after, but before his departure he gave to the world 'The siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina'. He now travelled through Belgium and Switzerland, and resided several years in various parts of Italy and especially in Venice, where he lived in a manner too profligate to be excused, even the loose manners of the period and of the country taken into consideration. At about this time (1817), Byron made his first attempt in the drama and published 'Manfred', which is rather a series of grand and majestic soliloquies, than a play; and indeed Byron has repeatedly insisted that it was not written with the view of being represented on the stage. This work was followed by the 'Lament of Tasso', and the fourth and last canto of 'Childe Harold'. He has written several

tragedies of which the most famous are 'Cain', 'Heaven and earth', 'The Deformed Transformed', Marino Faliero', 'Sardanapalus', 'Werner', and 'The Two Foscari'. In 'Don Juan' Byron has pictured almost all the features of modern society and in many parts most satirically criticised what he considered the weak points in that of his own country. The chief feature in all Byron's poetry is the melancholy grandeur with which the whole is clothed, and the exceeding boldness of all his ideas. He excels in the conception and portraiture of character, and in the expression of dark and terrible sentiments but his principal heroes are almost all repetitions of one another, and have always their blackest qualities brought forward and strongly depicted. The religious principle of all his later works is bad, yet in spite of this, his high poetical feeling shows itself everywhere, and his works are now and will ever be read with great delight and fascination. Towards the end of his life Byron interested himself in the Greek war of independence; and after employing large sums of money in behalf of the Country, he went himself Jan. 1824 into Greece where he died April 19th in the same year, in the midst of his exertions, which event was lamented by the Greeks as a national calamity. His remains were refused admission into Westminster Abbey on account of his religious opinions; therefore he was buried at Newstead.

### FROM "CHILDE HAROLD"

#### THE CIRCUS AND GLADIATORS AT ROME.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
- In murmur'd pity, or loud — roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.  
And wherefore slaughter'd! wherefore, but because,  
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws  
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie;  
 He leans upon his hand — his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low —  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him — he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who  
 [won —

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
 He reck'd' <sup>1</sup> not of the life he lost nor prize, <sup>2</sup>  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,  
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday —  
 All this rush'd with his blood — shall he expire,  
 And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

<sup>1</sup> *He reck'd not*, il ne se souciait pas. — <sup>2</sup> *Nor prize*, ni du prix.

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### FROM "CAIN,"

#### CAIN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SLEEPING CHILD.

He smiles and sleeps! — Sleep on  
 And smile, thou little, young inheritor

Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!  
Thine are the hours and days, when both are cheering  
And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit —  
Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must the time  
Come thou shalt be amerced † for sins unknown,  
Which were not thine nor mine? But now sleep on!  
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,  
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long  
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;  
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue  
Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream —  
Of what? Of Paradise? — Ay! dream of it,  
My disinherited boy! 'tis but a dream;  
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,  
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

† *Mis à l'amende!*

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## FROM "THE GIAOUR."

### GREECE COMPARED TO DEATH.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers).

And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And, but for that sad shrouded <sup>1</sup> eye,  
    That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
    And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon; <sup>2</sup>  
Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, aye, one treach'rous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's pow'r;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look, by death reveal'd!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb;  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hov'ring <sup>3</sup> round Decay,  
And farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heav'nly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?

1 Voilé. — 2 Il s'arrête à regarder. — 3 Halo, aureole qui plane.

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FROM "DON JUAN."

THE SHIPWRECK. <sup>1</sup>

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters; like a veil  
Which if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
And grimly darken'd o'er the faces pale,  
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

\*

\*

\*

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell —  
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave —  
Then some leaped overboard <sup>2</sup> with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,  
And down she sucked with her the whirling <sup>3</sup> wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,  
Loudly than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed, <sup>4</sup>  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash, <sup>5</sup>  
A solitary shriek; the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

\* \* \*

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew, <sup>6</sup>  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
Was more robust and hardy to the view;  
But he died early; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate <sup>7</sup> told his sire, who threw  
One glance at him, and said, 'Heaven's will be done!  
I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown  
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof <sup>8</sup> his fate;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:  
And when the wished-for shower <sup>9</sup> at length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!



The boy expired — the father held the clay,  
 And looked upon it long; and when at last  
 Death left no ~~doubt~~, and the dead burthen lay  
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,  
 He watched it wistfully, until away  
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast,  
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

1 Naufrage. — 2 Hors du vaisseau. — 3 Tournoiment. — 4 Apaisé  
 — 5 Éclaboussure. — 6 L'équipage pâle, affreux. — 7 Compagnon  
 de table. — 8 Éloigné. — 9 La pluie désirée.

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## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire 1772. After having been educated in Christ Church, he entered Cambridge University in his nineteenth year, but on account of his Socinian opinions on the subject of religion, he was not allowed to take his degree; so he fled to London and enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. He was however recalled by his friends and after leaving Cambridge went to live at the Lakes where also Southey and Wordsworth took up their residence, thus giving origin to the denomination of 'Lakers' and the Lake School. Coleridge brought his compositions forward for the first time in 1796, and soon afterwards published separately his 'Ode to the Departing Year', in 1797, that entitled 'France', 1798, his 'Fears in Solitude'; and after having translated Schiller's *Wallenstein*, he associated as a poet and author with Wordsworth, in an edition of whose works appeared several of his compositions. Coleridge has not given us an extensive collection of poetry.

but what he has written is of exquisite beauty and high poetical worth; it only lacks quantity to make him the greatest poetical writer of his day: but although he possessed an immense stock of materials, yet he seems to have left everything unfinished. He died in 1834. Of his poetical works we may mention 'The ancient Mariner', 'Christabel', 'Love', 'Foster Mother's Tale', 'Dejection', 'The Nightingale.' His prose works embrace the subjects —, theology, history, politics, the principles of society, literature and its criticism, logic and metaphysics, and of them may be mentioned the following: 'The Friend', 'Lay Sermons', 'Aids to Reflection., etc., but they all convey the same idea of incompleteness. Coleridge lived in the future and although his ideas were complete he always seems to have thought, he would have time to give a finishing stroke to them at some future period.

### HOME-SICK. 1

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week  
Through city-crowds must push his way,  
To stroll alone through fields and woods,  
And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day.

And sweet it is, in summer-bower,  
Sincere, affectionate and gay,  
One's own dear children <sup>2</sup> feasting round,  
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,  
Who having long been doom'd to roam,  
Throws off the bundle from his back,  
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;  
This feel I hourly more and more;

There's healing <sup>3</sup> only in thy wings,  
Thou Breeze that playst on Albion's shore!

1 Nostalgie. — 2 Ses propres enfants, ses enfants chéris. —  
Guérison.

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## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, born at Essex in 1792, was educated at Eton where he suffered the oppressions common to a scholar in an English public school, which made a great impression on the sensitive mind of this poet. At Oxford his religious opinions developed themselves, he became an adherent to the doctrines of Atheism, and was in consequence expelled from the university. An early marriage, against the wishes of his family, proved unhappy: he therefore lived separated from his wife and travelled on the continent. The latter committed suicide, a short time after, and Shelley married a second time, again went abroad with his wife after having published in England, 'The Revolt of Islam' and passed the remainder of his life in Switzerland and Italy, during which time he produced the greater number of his works. He was accidentally drowned in the gulf of Spezia near Pisa, July 7th. 1822; his remains were burnt and their ashes preserved in an urn. In Italy he wrote 'Promethens Unbound' a play in which many of his religious and political opinions are fully expounded; its style is grand but sometimes too elaborate. Then followed 'The Cenci', a most horrible tragedy: it is, however, held in great estimation, as being one of the finest modern specimens in this department. 'Hellas' and 'Rosalind or Helen' were the next in succession; in the latter the poet endeavours to prove that marriage is an evil and ought not to be allowed in the present state of society. 'Adonais' is a beautiful lament for the death of Keats whose early decease was sincerely deplored by Shelley. Of his remaining works the fol-

lowing may still be mentioned: 'Queen Mab' written when the author was eighteen years old, 'The Witch of Atlas', 'Epiptychidion'. 'The Masque of Anarchy', 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude', 'Julian and Maddalo' etc.

#### NATURAL APPEARANCES OF RETURNING SPRING.

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,  
 But grief returns with the revolving year;  
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;  
 The ants, the bees, the swallows, <sup>1</sup> re-appear;  
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier.  
 The loving birds now pair in every brake,  
 And build their mossy homes in field and brake; <sup>2</sup>  
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,  
 A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,  
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
 From the great morning of the world when first  
 God dawned <sup>3</sup> on chaos, in its stream immersed,  
 The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;  
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,  
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight  
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

<sup>1</sup> Les fourmis, les abeilles et les hirondelles. — <sup>2</sup> Ronces, broussailles. — <sup>3</sup> Commença à poindre, à paraître.

**FELICIA HEMANS.**

Mrs. Hemans (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born in Liverpool 1793 and passed her childhood in North Wales where she gained that love of nature which is to be found in all her works. She published her first volume at the age of fifteen which although not particularly successful did not prevent her from producing in 1812 another volume entitled 'The Domestic Affections and other Poems.' In this year she married Captain Hemans, but the union proved an unhappy one, and in 1818 her husband left her and went to reside in Italy after which they never met again. She published in 1830 'The Sceptic,' and in 1823 her tragedy 'The Vespers of Palermo,' was brought out in London, but met with no approval. In 1836 appeared her 'Forest Sanctuary', which is considered her best poem; in 1828 'Records of Woman,' 1830 her 'Songs of the Affections' and 1834 her 'Hymns for Children' came into print. Her songs are generally written in a sorrowful style, but in many of them she has shown loftiness of spirit and heroic feelings. She died at Dublin on the 16th of May 1855.

**GENTLY TOUCH THE CHORDS OF THE HEART.**

If thou hast crushed <sup>1</sup> a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted: .  
But on thy harp or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast loosed <sup>2</sup> a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,

Still, still he may be won

From the skies to warble near thee:

But if upon the troubled sea

Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,

Hope not that wind or wave will bring

The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised <sup>3</sup> a vine,

The summer's breath is healing,

And its clusters yet may glow,

Through the leaves their bloom revealing:

But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown

With a bright draught filled — oh! never

Shall earth give back that lavish'd <sup>4</sup> wealth

To cool thy parch'd lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,

If thou waste the love it bore thee:

And like that jewel gone,

Which the deep will not restore thee;

And like that strain of harp or lute

Whence the sweet sound is scattered: —

Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,

So soon for ever shattered!

1 Ecrasé. — 2 Délivré. — 3 Fracturé meurtri. — 4 Prodigué.

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**ALFRED TENNYSON.**

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1810 in a village in Lincolnshire, where he passed his boyhood till he went to Trinity College at Cambridge. It was there that, with the study of the ancient poets, his own poetical talents were developed, and already in 1830 he gave out the first volume of his poems. His intimate friendship with Ayrton Hallam, a young man of the most highly gifted intellect, served also to cultivate his mind, and two years after he published his second volume. In 1834, Hallam died, which event gave a serious and rather sad turn to his character and his writing. In 1842 he gave out a new volume of his poems and a book entitled 'In Memoriam' containing ballads and songs written when he was still oppressed with grief by the death of Hallam. Three years before he had also published a work called 'The Princess,' a fantastical narration in poetry. He is now poet laureate, which office he succeeded to on the death of Wordsworth. In poems which treat of love, Tennyson appears to the best advantage; he possesses much poetical talent, and a deal of genius, yet in his higher aspirations he generally seems to fall short of the summit aimed at.

**THE MAY QUEEN.**

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear;  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
New-year;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest  
merriest day;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

There's many a black eye, they say, but none so bright  
as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to  
break:

But I must gather knots <sup>1</sup> of flowers; and buds and  
garlands gay,

Form I'm to be etc.

As I came up the valley whom think you should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him  
yesterday,

But I'm to be etc.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what  
they say,

For I'm to be etc.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:  
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is  
that to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo <sup>2</sup> me any summer  
day,

And I'm to be etc.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the  
Queen;



For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from  
far away,

And I'm to be etc.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy  
bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches <sup>3</sup> blow the faint sweet  
cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in  
swamps and hollows gray,

And I'm to be etc.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the mea-  
dow grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten  
as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the  
livelong day,

And I'm to be etc.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,

And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily  
glance and play,

For I'm to be etc.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear,

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
New-year:

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest mer-  
riest day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

## II.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.  
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think  
no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my  
peace of mind;  
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall  
never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a  
merry day;

Beneath the hawthorn <sup>4</sup> on the green they made me  
Queen of May;

And we danced about the may-pole <sup>5</sup> and in the hazel-  
copse, <sup>6</sup>

Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white  
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on  
the pane:

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out  
on high:

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw <sup>7</sup> from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover <sup>8</sup> pipe along the fallow lea, <sup>9</sup>  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer  
o' er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering  
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the  
hill,

When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the  
world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the  
waking light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wood the summer airs blow  
cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bul-  
rush in the pool. 10

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn-  
shade;

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am  
lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you  
when you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and plea-  
sant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, 11 but you'll forgive me  
now;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and  
brow;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
You should not fret for me, mother, you have an-  
other child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;  
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon  
your face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what  
you say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm  
far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for  
evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the  
door,

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be  
growing green:

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:

Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never gar-  
den more:

But tell her, when I'am gone, to train the rose-bush  
that I set

About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother, call me before the day is  
born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,

So, if you' re waking, call me, call me early, mother  
dear.

1 Boutons de fleurs. — 2 Faire l'amour, rechercher en mariage. —  
3 Fossés. — 4 Aubépine. — 5 Arbre de Mai. — 6 Coudrette ou cou-  
draie, lieu planté de coudriers. — 7 Croasser. — 8 Pluvier, oiseau  
échassier. — 9 Champs en friche. — 10 Jongs dans les étangs. — 11  
Mauvaise, capricieuse, de mauvaise humeur.

THE END.

15 MAR 1876

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